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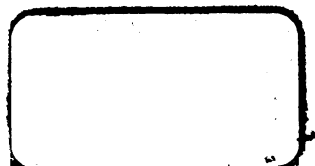
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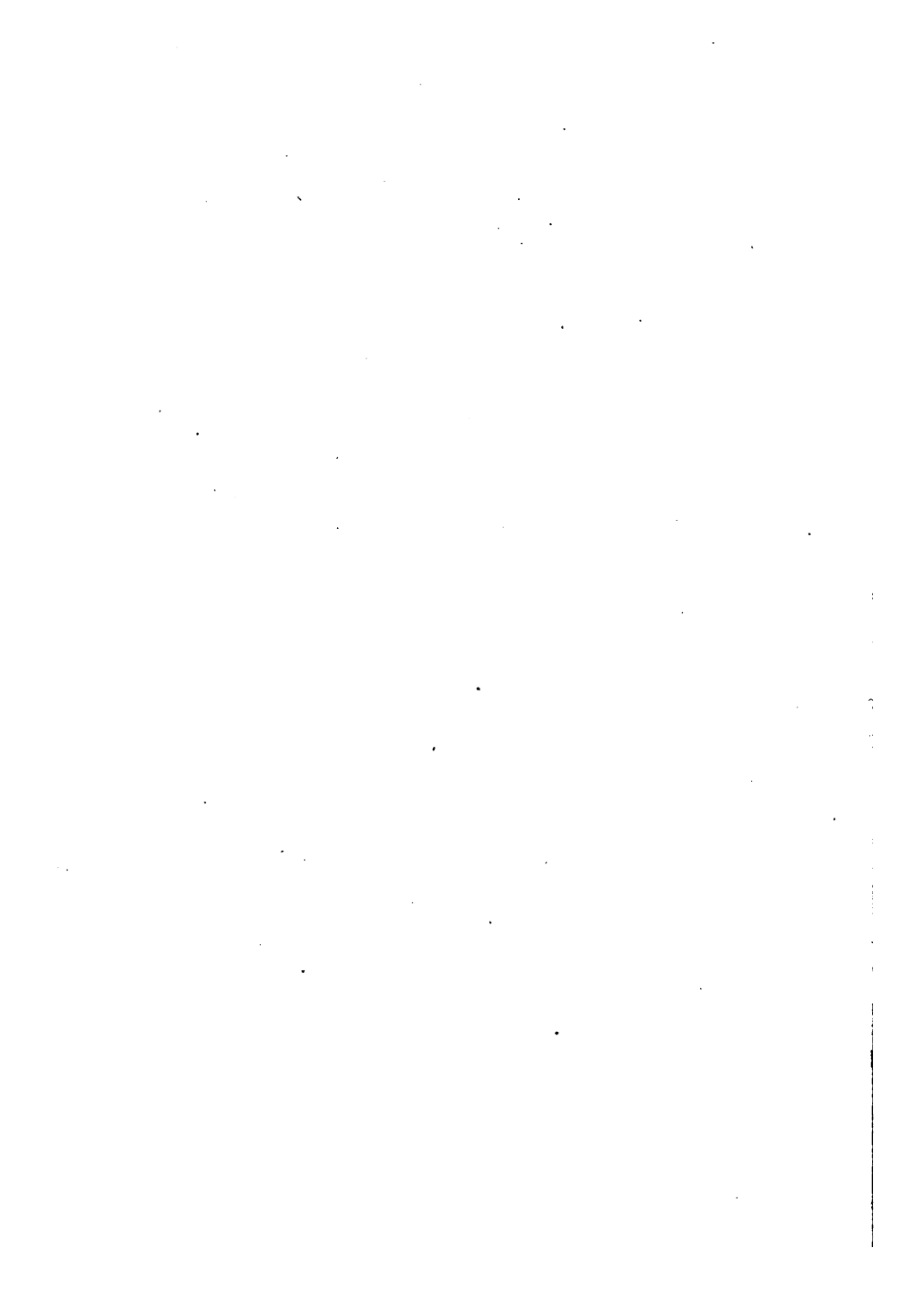
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NIGHT



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M
Nail-Lett

Mrs F. S. Richards





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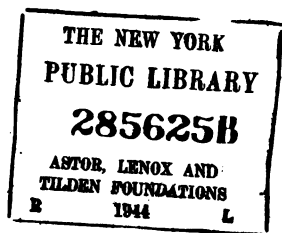
Naisbitt



I am only one, but I am one,
I cannot do every thing, but I can do something,
What I can do, I ought to do,
And by the grace of God, I will do!

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BY
HENRY W. NAISBITT

EXORDIUM.

This volume of "Rhymelets" is sent forth by the Author at the earnest solicitation and by the unexpected aid of some very highly appreciated friends. That the contents thereof have been inspired by the faith, associations and experiences of a long and active life in Utah, and as a relaxation rather than as from a profession of letters, will be evident to every reader; the Title itself indicates no assumption of poetic genius, such as glorifies the illustrious and much loved names of "the Immortal Bards,"—they are simply the expression of the "moods" and homelike aspirations which belong to the masses to whom they are respectfully dedicated, in the hope that sympathy may stir each reader's heart; so that utility and blessing may come to them for similar reasons and from the same source, which is hereby acknowledged to be inspirational, whether the product is designated as Poetry or as Prose run wild.

Respectfully,

H. W. N.

Parlson 8 July '94, Vol. 1.

INDEX TO RHYMELETS.

LOVE—

Pages 11, 14, 23, 31, 84, 90, 103, 143, 156, 180, 190, 198,
208, 244, 259, 327, 363, 381.

BEREAVEMENT—

Pages 13, 39, 58, 87, 89, 120, 143, 146, 155, 165, 193, 244, 260,
266, 280, 299, 304, 323, 361, 365.

SENTIMENT—

Pages 12, 16, 37, 54, 66, 101, 106, 120, 122, 123, 164, 172, 224,
233, 238, 251, 257, 285, 304, 342, 355, 378.

RELIGIOUS—

Pages 35, 38, 57, 87, 91, 150, 157, 169, 181, 226, 230, 232, 243,
263, 270, 357, 364.

SUGGESTIVE—

Pages 19, 33, 34, 41, 92, 103, 111, 115, 116, 127, 156, 174, 187,
192, 222, 228, 243, 268, 279, 339, 383, 389.

SPIRITUAL—

Pages 21, 43, 56, 89, 99, 113, 184, 189, 231, 242, 278, 296, 346,
383.

PATRIOTIC—

Pages 42, 85, 260, 260, 270, 286, 296, 305.

DOMESTIC—

Pages 50, 117, 124, 131, 145, 198, 245, 322, 349, 354, 396.

PROPHETIC—

Pages 25, 59, 60, 129, 170, 174, 175, 215, 225, 240, 252, 272, 326,
329, 391.

COMFORTING—

Pages 26, 34, 36, 53, 58, 63, 89, 106, 146, 186, 194, 200, 201, 209,
210, 211, 216, 246, 260, 283, 328.

MISSION FIELD—

Pages 27, 110, 167, 195, 209, 215, 227, 236, 368.

BIRTHDAYS—

Pages 28, 220, 290, 347, 357, 378.

SYMPATHETIC—

Pages 32, 36, 110, 179, 251, 275, 279, 298, 331, 366.

INDEX TO RHYMELETS.

NARRATIVE—

Pages 44, 50, 72, 77, 78, 79, 80, 94, 124, 152, 197, 204, 255, 259,
268, 292, 311, 335, 346, 348, 370, 376.

SABBATH SCHOOL—

Pages 49, 99, 265, 274, 287, 388.

CHRISTMAS—

Pages 52, 205, 337, 351.

PIONEERS—

Pages 60, 77, 81, 85, 106, 154.

NEW YEARS—

Pages 64, 67.

WORSHIP—

Pages 49, 69, 98, 178, 189, 204, 212, 237, 282, 298, 333.

MEMORIAL DAY—

Pages 70, 203.

TEMPLE—

Pages 96, 305,

FRIENDSHIP—

Pages 128, 208, 213, 226, 275, 289, 361, 300, 319, 359, 395.

ZION—

Pages 132, 147, 159, 218, 263, 277, 309, 374.

THANKSGIVING—

Page 141.

SABBATH—

Pages 72, 151, 235, 237, 274.

RETROSPECTIVE—

Pages 18, 170, 198, 224, 225, 307, 310, 319, 373.

JUBILEE—

Pages 219, 315.

MARRIAGE—

Page 298.

GATHERING—

Page 301.

"Between Two Stools."

"Why don't you print a volume of your verse?"

Some loyal friend has often-times enquired.
Than many a printed volume naught is worse;
Compared with which your own would seem
inspired.

And more than once, I own, I've had in mind
To satisfy a loyal friend's request.
My verse, methought, sustained by words so kind,
Might pass unharmed the most impartial test.

And then, on second thought, that wisdom rare—
"Of making many books there is no end"
Has come to mind, and bade me quick beware
Of printing verse to humor e'en a friend.

And last, this thought, which set all doubts at rest—
My friends, while never daring to asperse,
Might *sotto voce*, vary their request—

"Why did he print a volume of his verse?"

Charles R. Ballard.

My Book.

A shrine for flitting thoughts from far,
Evoked by mood, by whim, or star;
Not meant as gems by genius cut,
Or food for critics' jest or butt.

But mainly—just to please myself,
Without a sigh for fame or pelf;
“Its own exceeding great reward,”
These echoes of a mightier bard.

I claim to sing, although my note,
Hath no more tune than raven's throat;
In hope, some day, to hear a song,
Which doth not now to earth belong.

There yet shall sweep o'er earth's rough face,
With inspiration's glow and grace,
That anthem of the good, the blest,
The poet-prophets, sabbath, rest.

The Sowing Time

Now is the seedtime; God alone,
Beyond our vision weak and thin,
Beholds the end of what is sown,
The harvest time is had with him.

Yet, unforgotten where it lies,
Though seeming on the desert cast,
The seed of generous sacrifice,
Shall rise with bloom and fruit at last.

And he who blesses most is blest,
For God and man shall own his worth
Who toils to leave as his bequest
An added beauty in the earth.

Whittier.

RHYMELETS

IN MANY MOODS.



Beside the Swinging Garden Gate.

The stars had lit their ruddy fires
O'er all the crowning arch of night,
For day had fled to gild the spires
Of western lands with living light;
The silent beauty bade me wait
Beside the swinging garden gate.

'Twas springtime then and perfume filled
The evening air as twain we stood,
While love tones through my being thrilled
As hand pressed hand to say—I should,
And bright eyes told that lips would wait
A kiss beside the garden gate.

As gently round my arm I swept
I clasped her to my bounding heart,
'Twas then the love which long had slept,
Made two souls one no time could part;
And now— no need to wish or wait
My kiss beside the garden gate.

For weal or woe, love's impulse swells,
And that true heart is mine, my own,
My every pulse and action tells,
That happy hours from love have grown;
But memory knows I once did wait
My first kiss by the garden gate.

Drifting.

Drifting apart two fallen leaves
On the rippling face of a laughing tide,
Yet each coquetting with make believes
That yet they are floating side by side.

Dancing and drifting to music sweet—
Murmuring music 'neath autumn's sun;
They in the springtime and summer's heat,
On the same tree had their life as one.

Drifting apart, obstructions tell—
Further and further they now divide;
One goes down where the rapids swell,
The other finds home by a silent ride.

Quiet it floats and a peaceful nook
Controls its end where it sinks away;
The other—is dashed and rudely shook,
But like its fellow it meets decay.

Drifting apart, two human hearts,
 Though life's sun glows in their azure skies,
 And ever from each the one thought starts,
 "'Tis only a moment," they both despise.

A moment of life, yet fraught with death,
 From chilling words or a dark surmise,
 'Tis drifting apart—yet neither saith,
 The distance is creeping with slight disguise.

The one by a quiet pathway hies
 Out of the current, in shady nook;
 The other—the whirl of excitement tries,
 For pleasure is followed by garish look.

Destiny—acting on self—is met,
 Through self-delusion the end portray,
 Laughing or silent the sun will set,
 And drifting apart love meets decay.

Came and Went.

Just came to show how sweet a flower,
 Could bloom on earth's cold rugged sod,
 Then drooped and died, transplanted sure,
 To bloom beneath the gardener—God.

Oh what a paradise is there
 Where all His culled in beauty bloom,
 Beneath its skies and ambient air,
 Far from earth's tears and graves of gloom.

There fragrant beauty doth not fade,
'Tis life alone which triumphs there,
And that which was by wisdom made,
Evolves in triumph everywhere.

The soul aspires to gain that goal,
Decreed of old by Fatherhood,
The consumation is the whole,
'Tis God enshrined—man understood.

The Time to Love.

When wintry winds are whistling round,
'Neath cloudy sky, o'er frozen ground,
When fairy hands, o'er twig and tree,
Their silvery frostwork scatter free;
As round the fireside glow and blaze,
We lengthen out the shortened days,
There is the time for love,
The time to love.

When spring puts on her robe of green,
And wakes the earth with pulse as keen,
As that which bids the maiden blush
Like crimson with young love's first flush;
When flowers with perfume fill the air,
And life's flood surges everywhere,
Then is the time for love,
The time to love.

When summer's beauty decks the land,
More startling than by magic wand,
 And prophecy of future good
 Hath sprung from every simple bud;
When sunlight wraps the earth in flame,
And flowers gem all her broad domain,
 Then is the time for love,
 The time to love.

Still more when autumn spreads her store,
With treasured wealth for rich, for poor,
 Drawn from her glad maternal breast,
 From north to south, from east to west;
And nature's anthem sings in glee,
Through every home from sea to sea,
 Then is the time for love,
 The time to love.

And so all seasons welcome Love !
That great gift from the worlds above;
 Through every clime it wins its way,
 To gild man's night with living day;
We hail it wheresoe'er we roam,
But wish its presence most at home;
 There is the place for love,
 The time to love.

Footprints in the Sand.

The ocean moaned, and rose, and fell
With sparkling foam, on crested wave;
And left but grains of sand to tell,
Of many a thousand moons the grave.

It chanced one gladsome summer's day
A wanderer trod the lonely beach,
And chased the ebbing tide to play
With breaking waves beyond his reach.

The fascinating music still,
Allured him on with open hand,
'Till yielding 'neath his hurrying feet
He marked his "Footprints in the sand."

Returning tides rolled o'er the spot
The indentation hid from sight,
And he who wandered soon forgot
The laughing waves in death's long night.

How many a weary age hath sped,
How much convulsed by fire and flood,
Old ocean since hath changed its bed
And sweet vales bloom where mountains stood.

Proud man exhumes and uses *now*,
The rock to build and grace the land,
As thousands wonder where and how,
Came those deep "Footprints in the sand."

There is an Ocean wide and deep,
Which surges o'er the plains of time;
How many a secret it doth keep,
Since this old earth was in its prime.

Before the flood its strand was strewed
With hopes, bright hopes, and soaked with tears;
Loves' sweet sad tale, though man was rude,
Exhaled amid that mist of years.

Wars' rough, red hand its trophies laid,
Religious strife marked then the strand,
As if existence was but made,
For blood red "Footprints in the sand."

Still hurrying, jostling thousands tread
That narrow strip o' the ocean's shore;
Eternal waves break o'er its bed,
To hide each track till time is o'er.

Great souls have trod, great hearts broke there;
Weak ones faltered, strong ones failed;
Old age, bright youth, and infants share
Alike, that grave which sin entailed.

The new earth come, each soul shall find
Its *rock* exhumed from Time's old strand,
For angels teach the Master mind
Shall use each "Footprint in the sand."

I Would Not Wish a Nameless Grave.

And yet—what reck's it where we sleep,
What spot we lay our bodies down?
On green hillside, or 'neath the deep
With breaking waves for shroud and crown?

The slumbering dust *may* conscious be,
May feel perchance unrest as when—
The babe removed from luxury,
Till used to poverty's rude ken.

There may be peace more potent, where
By flowers and shrubs the grave is drest,
Where perfume gives the ambient air,
A sense of Paradise and rest.

And sculptured urn and marble tomb,
With ideal trophies and device,
May be affection's treasured home—
The grave of love and lavish price.

But flitting years will crumble all,
Each name engraved will be forgot;
Kinship and friendship, love will pall,
And time will e'en erase the spot.

I would not wish a nameless grave,
I would not lay unmarked at last;
But should this be my lot I crave,
A monument no power could blast.

I'd live in human hearts for e'er—
 By psalm and hymn and thrilling song,
 I'd wake those echoes every where,
 Which should to our old earth belong.

In words of flame with lips of fire,
 By inspiration's fountain fed,
 I'd soar with wing no time could tire,
 And speak as living when called dead.

This would be fame—to work for God,
 To give to earth the clime of heaven;
 To bless each stricken human clod,
 And with the eternal spirit leaven.

No marble then need deck my grave,
 No rough pine board need mark the spot;
 Uncounted hearts my name would save,
 'Mid dark oblivion—unforgot.

The Little Spot of Blue.

Fierce fell the storm o'er land and sea,
 And whistling, howling winds blew free;
 Mixed rain and hail and sleet combined,
 While dense black clouds rolled unconfined.
 The traveler forward pressed—in vain,
 For darkness hid his path from view;
 He paused—till in the heavens again,
 He marked “a little spot of blue.”

What joy, what rapture this inspired,
This rifted cloud in blue attired,
 Expanding, swelling, till on high
 Across the dense, the cloudy sky,
From zenith to the soaking ground,
A brilliant rainbow arched around.
 The storm flew by, and heaven's clear dome
 The wanderer lighted back to home.

'Tis pictured life, when hearts are chilled,
By cloud and storm and sorrow filled;
 When disappointments cross our way,
 And darkness veils life's stormy day;
When hopes are slain, when friends fall back,
And trials come by fire and rack;
 Happy the soul that then can view
 In heaven's dark dome, "the spot of blue."

Content to trust, content to trace,
A Father's hand, a Father's face;
 Whose hope can see from earth's cold sod,
 The rainbow springing up to God;
Whose soul can mark the expanding blue,
That heavenly pure celestial hue,
 And draw that sunshine from yon dome,
 Which guides all wanderers back to home.

Angels Ever Near Us.

Angels around us? to the "open vision"

Not quite so rare as men have often thought;
 They're clad in flesh—a Father's rich provision—
 Not shadowy, vague, or winged; a myth, a naught;
 Often we've marked them in our life's past
 phases,
 Have often basked beneath their precious light;
 Not as pale glowworms in bewildering mazes,
 But suns to guide us in the path of right.

Unroll the record of our early story,
 Turn o'er the pages of our riper years,
 Whether adorned with an unfading glory,
 Or dimly seen throughout the mist of tears;
 Angels *were near us*, mother's voice of music,
 Father's rich counsel better far than gold,
 Their love unselfish, all their care and struggle,
 Much we remember—but, can half be told?

Sisters and brothers, all our gladsome meetings,
 When hours but crept between us in the day;
 Years now have sped, but oh, their earnest
 greetings
 Proves they were angels in life's changing way;
 Ah, in those halls, where memory's echoes wander,
 How few are hushed, how few are laid to sleep;
 They are immortal, and we love to ponder
 To catch their music from that mighty deep.

When love first flashed its ever blinding glory
Across our pathway, strewn with gems and
flowers,
We bent our ears with rapture to the story,
That angels dwelt on earth and might be ours.
Rapt devotees before the shrine of beauty,
With incense curling to the arching dome,
An inspiration in each passing duty,
A beacon light which points to Heaven, to home.

But not alone in life's first flush is beaming
The angel faces, heard their thrilling voice;
Where those strong ties whose golden bands are
gleaming,
Where wife and husband love, in mutual choice.
This is the Eden which the Father gave us,
No sword of flame prevents the open gate,
Its greatest trials are but meant to save us,
To bring that good which makes us truly great.

There dancing round us to celestial measure,
The merry offspring, fruit of sacred law,
Sent forth as flowers, to bloom for Father's
pleasure,
To scatter perfume, where the world hath woe;
To aid the "Angels of the Churches" dwelling
In tabernacles formed of common clay,
Secure the triumph of the truth which swelling
Makes man immortal, gives eternal day.

In every land where patriots, poets, sages,
 Toil to exalt the future of our race,
 Where art and science, without price or wages,
 Seeks to refine, to elevate, and grace.
 With every creed, where'er the earnest spirit
 Pants for the right, *the best which they have known*,
 Our God is with them, that they may inherit
 And reap a harvest from the seed they've sown.

Then let us prize the "Angels ever round us,"
 Their loving kindness, all their words of cheer,
 The trials, feelings, hopes, and scenes which
 bound us,
 Give mutual right and sympathetic tear;
 And if perchance a few have crossed before us,
 That bridge which links eternity to time,
 The path of right, will sure enough restore us,
 Their rich affection in a better clime.

My Own.

It came like a dream of the midnight,
 More vivid than day can give;
 For it left an impression as lasting
 As the life I have to live.
 The day had been bright and sunny,
 Each hour on its dial flew;
 Nay, had they been twice as many
 Her presence I only knew.

I caught the spirit of beauty,
Her eyes with their lustrous gleam;
And a voice as if softest music
Was played in a midnight dream.
A step like the Spring, whose presence,
But wakes to a radiant life,
The forces which nature keepeth
Through silence for ever rife.

Her lips with their rosy fulness,
As pure as the morning light,
Were lit by a smile and dimpled,
Which a laugh half veiled from sight,
There was soul in its full expression,
For Love had its dwelling there,
That Love which is born in Heaven,
On earth, is a treasure rare.

To-day in the storm and shadow,
I watch for her angel face,
For its glow is an inspiration—
Finds ever its favored place.
My heart hath its dream by daylight,
Its thought when the stars outshine,
That this sweet—this God sent treasure,
I lovingly call, is mine.

Mine when my joy is trembling,
Mine should a sorrow fall;
Mine in the gladsome sunshine,
Mine, she's my life, my all;

Linked through this strange probation,
 Linked on the other side;
 My dream, my real, my beauty,
 My wife, my Eternal bride.

The Grand Old Oak Tree.

"The age of a man shall be as the age of a tree."—*Bible*.

The stately oak of the peaceful vale,
 Was once an acorn small,
 Which fell from its stem with the wintry hail,
 Unnoticed its silent fall.

But when springtime breathed o'er mother earth,
 She hid in her glad embrace
 That tiny seed, and its wondrous germ
 Of life, with a smiling face.

Then south winds blew and the warm rains came
 To cherish this trifling thing,
 No gold, could purchase, no wealth inflame,
 Earth's genius forth to bring.

Endowed with life from its fountain now,
 And conditions—it thrives apace,
 It grapples to earth with a shoot below,
 And another springs on her face.

As the years flit by with sun and storm,
 It lifts its royal head,
 Fibre and root spread far, and form
 Through earth's luxuriant bed.

Generations, Centuries, sweep along,
Uncounted thousands die,
While a summer's anthem and winter's song,
From the oak goes up on high.

It fills its mission, then ends its life,
Its glory a thing of pride,
Man droops and dwindles, no field so rife,
Or with unfilled purpose tried.

Prophetic vision points out a day,
When wisdom from God shall shine,
And man as a tree shall in age display,
The power of a life divine.

Blessed Are They That Mourn

How signally man's wisdom fails,
When sharp affliction bars his way;
How royally, the truth, prevails
When inspiration makes his day.

Dark is the night, and starless gloom,
Marks earth—mankind, in every stage,
Whether beside the open tomb,
Of babe beloved, or weary age.

Imagination's shadows glide,
They startle, curdling richest blood;
The pomp of life, its towering pride
Sighs vainly, stricken as it stood.

Oh, what a problem thou art—life;
 What an enigma—death, art thou,
 Save where when revelation, rife,
 With glory gilds a darkened now.

Their lives the real of a holy trust,
 A calm surrender to the powers above;
 A cheerful sadness when we give to dust,
 The forms we worshipped wildly in our love.

Waiting, ah waiting till we greet anew,
 Beyond probation's narrow hour of pain;
 Till resurrection shall again renew,
 The tabernacle free from every pain.

“Blessed are they who mourn!” Yes, this is so—
 “They shall be comforted,” in God's own way;
 This is the promise, and its truth we know,—
 By rich experience, in life's darkest day.

Fireside Musings.

Written while in the Mission Field.

Musing by the fireside, crowding thoughts arise,
 Gathering in like flood-tide, under sunny skies.
 Thinking of the loved ones, far in Utah's vales,
 Thinking of their sweet tones, and their pleasant
 tales.

Thinking of the wee things, toddling all around,
 Thinking if each day brings laughing music's sound.

Thinking ah, of distance, miles which lay between,
Thinking what assistance, should I danger dream.

Thinking night and morning, noon and hours between;
Thinking in the dawning, and 'mid starry sheen.

Thinking—not in doubting, that a care they miss,
Thinking, there is pouting, lips for ready kiss.

Thinking, God reliant, when the work is done,
Thinking—what a giant step to setting sun.

Thinking, steaming, railing, ah, 'twill pass away,
Thinking,—once 'twas sailing, and the ox-teams' day.

Thinking—ever thinking, blessings guard from ill,
Thinking—hope unshrinking, home will home be, still.

Thinking, Zion, dreaming, all of earth is thine,
Thinking, God's love gleaming, heaven's best gift is mine.

A Favorite's Birthday.

Oh, rolling time what pen can mark thy flight,
As months, or years, or life itself goes by?
A Birthday comes, is past, like dreams of night—
We hardly count them till one more is nigh.

When budding youth, impatient, sees afar,
 The opening gates of womanhood and dreams;
 They nearer come, with or without a jar,
 And glimpses 'yond, a Paradise there seems.

Love's landscape ever glows with heaven's own light,
 And flowers bestrew the path we mean to gain;
 Yet oft in clouds and darkness falls the night,
 Or blossoms hide the thorn which gives us pain.

Yet who would dare to say, the sun goes down,
 When all its brilliance lights our eager feet?
 Who would of shadows tell, at grand high noon
 Unless soul faints with unexpected heat?

Youth's fairy land is surely one of bliss,
 A cynic he, who'd hint a thought of fear,
 When warmth is on the cheek, and love's blest kiss
 Gives wealth of sunshine in the face so dear.

Oh, swelling heart could'st let this birthday pass,
 Without a dream, a thought, a wish, a gift?
 Not when the soul doth as in mirror glass
 The past, or bid the curtained future lift.

For birthdays merely point a paltry space
 Of life or time, which never did begin;
 And ne'er will end, how far so e'er we trace,
 'Tis there, or here, or yonder, as we win.

God's great drop-curtain hides the record made,
 It hides the future too, by His decree;
 Else who would willing mark life's glories fade
 Were memory not a blank, as yet to be?

If thought or effort could for thee give joy,
Or hold for years the sunshine on thy brow;
Thy voice of music hear in all employ
 'Twould give to me Heaven's foretaste even now.
May rolling time bring you all bliss that's good,
 May wife and mother, each, give you their crown,
A lovelit home, a husband understood,
 Then with the best beyond the stars sit down.

Looking Backward.

Weary and fretful, faint and sad
 I turn mine eyes to Thine abode,
Surely (I say) Thy soul hath had
 In life long past its trying load?
Or how could help be given to those,
 Now struggling up life's stormy steep,
Hadst Thou not tasted all their woes
 And had Thine eyes in sorrow weep?

So succour is within man's reach,
 And sympathy is his, of right;
Could angels aught more simple teach
 Or wisdom vast more truth indite?
'Tis fitting—worthy of that hand,
 Which beckons Seraphs to its will,
Yet stoops to those in every land,
 Whose broken hearts need healing still.

Compassion! Thou art all divine,
 On earth, as in the Heavens above;
 Thy lustre makes the holiest shine
 In every face that's lit by love.
 All Saviors are inspired of this,
 It nerves them for each sacrifice;
 Then fills them with that perfect bliss
 Which blends two worlds in richest guise.

Grand as eternities can form,
 Or embryotic as is earth;
 This inspiration quells each storm,
 And makes each teardrop tell its worth;
 Oh, when transfused through human hearts,
 When love's glad impulse thrills earth's sod
 You'll find that Zion, all imparts,
 For there's the Kingdom of our God.

My Love, of Thee.

When evening's twilight gathers round,
 When every flower is hushed to rest;
 When summer leaves breathe not a sound,
 And every bird flies to its nest.
 When dewdrops kiss the blushing rose,
 When stars are glittering far above;
 When nature's self seeks sweet repose,
 'Tis then I think of thee my love,
 I think of thee, my love,
 Oh, then I think of thee.

When day breaks o'er the mountain peaks,
And each ravine in shadow lies;
My soul to thee in thought still seeks,
To link thee with the glad sunrise.
So as the rosy hours flit by
Thou art my life, my cooing dove,
Oh, thou art dear, although not nigh,
I ever think of thee my love,
I think of thee my love,
Oh, then I think of thee.

'Twould be a Change.

If thoughts were acts and words were deeds,
A mighty change would greet the sun,
Naught would there be in human needs,
That could not be right fairly won.

There'd be that sympathy of soul,
That word of cheer and friendly aid
Which doth all circumstance control
And re-creates the poorly made.

Self would retreat as if abashed,
While each to each would be as friends,
Till things which have for ages clashed
Would harmonize as God intends

"One blood" what grandeur there is felt,
Is kinship real and true indeed?
Can brother for his brother melt
In tears or joy as each may need?

Oh, golden age to come, roll on,
Break up the rule of self and sin;
Let Right and Truth now shine upon
The stony hearts men bear within.

Then peace shall as the rivers roll,
When rills have done their tiny part;
And Love shall dominate the whole
As soul fills soul and heart meets heart.

Justice and Mercy One.

"Behold the law," stern Justice spoke,
"The culprit hath its precepts broke,
And penalty must urge its claim,
Or justice will itself defame.

"'Twas for transgressors surely made,
None can defy, or yet evade;
'Tis fine, imprisonment, beside—
Was not the culprit fairly tried?"

"Well urged, and true," said Mercy there,
"My client knew not, and 'twere fair,
That ignorance should plead in vain,
But his intent should be most plain.

“For truth and right he hath been famed,
And motive none have ever claimed,
If Justice now will overlook”—
He smiled, and Mercy closed the book.

“The Still Small Voice.”

’Tis not the dream of wealth or fame
The hope to have a deathless name,
Which prompts to toil or thought.
There is not power in ruddy gold,
Nor charm in being high enrolled—
The man can not be bought.

His soul hath had far nobler things,
To move its forces, stir its wings;
And bid it soar on high.
Perchance it was to point the way
By which to shake earth’s clinging clay,
Through whispering—“Brother, try.”

No startling thunder peal was used,
No lightning’s flash its fires transfused
To win a crushed sad heart.
The “still small voice” as music fell,
It touched and thrilled life’s deepest cell
And woke without a smart.

It kindled brave resolve at last,
And stifled all the hated past
Which was not all 'twas deemed.
The torch was lit to guide the feet,
The path was shown to win a seat,
Thus was a soul redeemed.

"Go save yourself," the world hath cried,
"Save others," said the Crucified,
'Twas all that Calvary meant.
His followers choose that thorny way
Where fallen nature, lost, doth stray
They to the sick are sent.

Thus none but Saviors can be crowned,
None can be God's unless they're found
Worthy a throne, esteemed.
Upon Mount Zion these shall stand,
Whate'er their speech, or creed, or land,
Redeemer and Redeemed.

A Love Story,

There's a place in my heart for thee, dear,
A nook where no tenant dwells;
It waits for its queen to-day, dear,
It lists for those magic bells
Which ring at the touch of Love, dear,
And peal in its deepest cells.

Thy lips can the signal give, dear,
The word which is fraught with bliss,
And thou hast the power to-day, dear,
To whisper the word I miss;
When Love responds to its own, dear,
And seals with its fervent kiss.

Come lodge in this empty heart, dear,
Come rest in its holiest shrine;
Thine image is there to-day, dear,
In thought thou art wholly mine;
Response is the thing I long for,—
Wilt say thou hast made me thine?

My Reply.

“What cheer?” Was the query pressed by a friend,
Who looked at the surface, the outer life’s trend;
“Is thy soul not dismayed, at the outlook to-day,
As the network of circumstance brings thee to bay?

“Thy barns are not filled, nor is plenty laid by,
Thy future hath little on which to rely;
No gold in thy coffers, no silver in store,
And thy draft on the bank would be spurned from
its door.

“Thy years have not left thee in strength as of old,
For thy toil has been ceaseless, thy trials untold,
The needy hath never been turned from thy door,
And thy purse-strings untied to the cry of the poor.

"Now empty, thou canst not impart or bestow,
And no more may do this while dwelling below;
Nay, thou all dependent, may charity crave,
And die full indebted for casket and grave.

"Ah, well!" "I have riches that gold cannot buy,
I have treasure laid up in the coffers on high;
There those once befriended will welcome with zest,
The once ardent toiler to infinite rest.

"The teardrop of sympathy there hath reward,
A coin once bestowed heaven's gate hath unbarred;
'The cup of cold water' is turned into wine,
And the crust of old earth into manna divine.

"Each warm word of counsel which grew into deed,
A hand pressed in sorrow, a prayer when in need,
Are inscribed by the pens of the angels above,
An investment compounded in Ledgers of Love.

"Poor, ah no, never! Great riches are mine,
With friends as unnumbered as stars ever shine;
The trials of now, and the outlook, though bare,
Brings triumph, and blessings, and life, over there."

Might versus Right.

If might made right, and right was might,
And might prevailed o'er all the land;
Life's burthens would be strangely light,
For man would feel no tyrant's hand.

But might makes wrong, secure and strong,
And Power is bought by chink of gold;
Earth's toiling myriads, cringing, long
That dawn by Prophets oft foretold.

'Tis climbing up the steeps of Time,
While nations reel beneath the fray;
As legions tramp to crush that crime,
Which long hath made man's darkest day.

His sovereign rights, have stolen been,
His soul and body slaved and bound;
Yet Heaven and Truth hath ever seen
Wrong slain, and Right triumphant found.

Encouragement.

Lift up thine eyes my stricken soul,
"Thy Maker is thy friend;"
Thy vision canst not see the whole,
He knows from end to end.

Life's curtain all the past shuts out,
With every infant's cry;
Again it falls or turns about,
Where'er we droop or die.

No human lore hath looked beyond,
Beginning, or its end;
And wisest sages have not conned,
This strange mysterious trend.

'Tis inspiration which unseals
 Life's secrets, past—to come;
 The wisdom of the God's reveals
 Or human lips are dumb.

To those that fear Him, He is nigh,
 He ope's the sacred seal;
 Revealing kinship, tenderest tie
 Father and child may feel.

Man is His offspring, and 'tis fit
 That like Him, man should be,
 By Birth and Law, and right to sit
 'Mid Gods, eternally.

“Darling Nellie May.”

'Twas spring, and perfume filled the air,
 From bud and leaf one gladsome day,
 When to our home a stranger came,
 A present from the far away,
 She nameless was, we welcome gave
 And called the darling—“Nellie May.”

Her mother's name was thus entwined
 With flowers and sunshine—month of May;
 Oh, how we loved that angel guest,
 Who came from Heaven to gild life's day.
 Perhaps, parental pride, too great,
 Saluted, Darling Nellie May?

She grew in strength and winning grace,
 Around our heart-strings wound her way;
Her lustrous eyes and stately mein,
 Suggested more than childhood's play,
Though ne'er a dream or passing thought
 Fore-shadowed loss of Nellie May.

Her gentle soul had goodness rare,
 And love for flowers told memory's sway;
Her teachers marked her, "Far too sweet,
 To find on earth a lengthy stay;"
'Twas thought a waif from Heaven had strayed,
 Disguised as darling Nellie May.

When frost and snow had chilled the earth,
 Our floweret drooped, was nipped one day;
The angels whispered—"Loved one, come
 To bloom beneath a sunnier ray,
The tenderest plant can bloom up there;"
 "All ready," smiled our Nellie May.

Oh, like a lightning stroke it fell,
 E'en while the Priesthood knelt to pray;
Death wrought unmoved by human tears,
 As angels bore her far away:
They only left the lifeless dust—
 The idol form of Nellie May.

We crowned her casket white, with flowers,
 The fragrant growth of earth's rude clay,
She culls far richer flowers beyond,

'Neath bluer skies and warmer ray,
'Mid friends of old, companions once,
Before we named her Nellie May.

The flying years may heal the smart,
And Faith may tell, "His will hath sway,"
We'll greet beyond the gates of gold—
Spend with our loved Eternal day,
Forgetful of the loss now felt,
When kissing there our Nellie May.

Upon the hillside laid to rest,
Reposes that once precious clay;
The angel's trump will wake again,
As dawns the resurrection day,
Combined to climb in loftier spheres,
That babe and girl, Our Nellie May.

Each soul must pass alone, that path,
(A shadowed valley, by the way)
Except the right hath been its aim,
Then angel guides soft music play,
Till friends swing wide Heaven's massive gates
To welcome all like Nellie May.

Storm from the Lake.

Beyond the sullen briny lake
The storm king hath his place,
Where mountain ranges hiding make,
Each canyon prompts the race.

The desert feels that mighty force
 Upon its breast of sand,
And from its sweep comes music hoarse
 A giant's voice and hand.

The dense salt sea is flecked with foam,
 Its rollers swell and break,
Till miles afar, each farm and home
 Must taste that noisome lake.
Across its waters Boreas leads
 His viewless host along
All laden with the crystal beads,
 Of salt, with frenzied song.

Its oozy shores without a charm,
 A baleful smell throws out;
The signal of a storm to harm
 Along the tempests route,
The whistling hurrying legions fill
 The air, bids every crevice sing,
The soaring poplars bend their will—
 The storm king makes them swing.

This doleful, dismal sougning wind,
 It saddens, chills the soul;
'Tis as if those who sorely sinned
 Were lost or viewed the goal.
A bitter fitful, sobbing sigh,
 A wintry tone at best,
Across the great dead sea just by
 From stormy West, Southwest.

Yet when it turns its mad career,
 When rain or snowflakes fall,
 When its wild music on the ear
 Hath lost its stormy call,
 The earth refreshed awakes to life
 And beauty all around,
 So from this elemental strife
 A blessing oft is found.

Is this not typical of more
 Than wind and lake and salt?
 Is man not led by trials sore
 Full oft to call a halt?
 From things unpleasant there may spring
 The blessings we implore,
 And saddened spirits thus may ring
 With joy for ever more.

My Surest Trust

Father Thou art my trust, my all,
 To Thee in trials oft I call;
 My voice is hushed to friend, to kin,
 But Thy great heart hath room within.
 So I Thine ear would supplicate,
 Though dwelling in a low estate,
 Nay, sinful, weak and erring, I
 Still love Thy name, my God, most high.

I sing Thy praises, read Thy word,
 My prayers, Thou Lord hast often heard,
 And I Thy servants will sustain
 Long as Thy Spirit I obtain.

Mercy from Thee I humbly claim,
 Unworthy yet to bear Thy name,
 As I to all this boon extend,
 So do to me, my own best Friend.

When this life like a dream is past,
 Give me a place near Thee at last;
 Where Love and Truth and Life are one,
 Within the Kingdom of Thy Son.

The Painter and the Artist.

"I have used similitudes."—*Hosea, 12: 10.*

"To vindicate the ways of God to man."—*Milton.*

Within a lofty, spacious, airy room
 A budding painter stood; his studio this—
 The lattice opened wide, with trailing
 Woodbine decked, whose pendant blossoms as they
 Swayed, shed perfume far around.

Beneath his feet the beauteous landscape spread,
 Which bounded was by distant towering hills,
 Whose summits bathed themselves in amber light.
 'Twas such a scene as Poets' passion
 Crowns with ardent love!

The quivering air seemed instinct with
A gorgeous jeweled life, as Summer's
Incense rose from earth's broad altar to its
Maker—God! Glad green verdure wrapped our
Mother in its cool embrace, while flowers
In rare luxuriance gemmed the verdant scene,
The dancing rills, and babbling streams made varied
Music, as each breeze but swelled or died!

And still—*The Painter*—stood:
His outward gaze transfixed; his inward
Soul adored the hand which fashioned,
Painted, bid that glowing scene to be!
Silent, earnest reverence, swelled within
His heaving breast, bursting the bounds of earth's
Grand temple, forced for itself a passage
Straight, where beauty hath its dwelling place
Within the palace of Creation's King!

The Painter turned to where his easel stood,
The paraphernalia of his art around
Was strewed, models of countless form which
Erst had served to cultivate his taste
And form incipient fame; pallets and
Pencils, tools of every size and shape,
Colors of every hue and tint as found
In nature's broad domain, confusion seem'd
To be, but purposed order reigned.

I marked his eye suffused, his form
Was bent, his knitted brow, and step of baffled
Power, the while with restless tread, he seem'd
To spurn those schoolboy aids, as trifling toys,

For all his labors past—had failed to write
On fame's grand muster-roll his humble name.

The Painter turned again, but how transformed,
For inspiration newly drawn from nature's living
Fount had laved his wrinkled brow, the fire
Of genius lit his steadfast eye, his step
Elastic might have walked the wind!

An Artist now, with compressed lips
Denoting purpose doomed to be fulfilled;
Upon the canvass, immortality to win!

He grasped the pencil and his grand ideal
Soon in prophetic outline dimly gleamed,
The wondrous work commenced, while idle
Gazers laughed to scorn his simple means
And deemed the man was mad!

The hours and days, nay years,
Swift rolled along, till gradual, patient
Toil, evoked from crude material
Startling forms of beauty, grace majestic
Such as undeveloped mortal hath not dreamt,
For *soul* was there, each as if breathed, and from
The fabric fain would start to walk 'mongst men
As Gods!

What varied tints and shades this wondrous art
Hath given to life! Here,—dark and glossy
As a raven's wing; there,—as with pencil
Dipped in golden light; here,—imperial purple;
Nigh and 'yond,—cerulean blue; here,—like
The ruby's flash, and there the emerald's green,
With countless intermediate hues

In grade and lustre, such as best befits
The loving Artist's soul !

The picture thus transferred from active mind
To outward show, now claims intense regard
And special care, the Artist's highest skill
And power; a slight touch here, there a darker
Shade, with general blending where the colors
Join, 'till none so keen can say, where this begins
Or that doth end;—this softening, toning down
Bespeaks the master-hand; o'er all he throws
The surface glaze, which hardening seems to bid
Defiance to old 'Times' corroding touch!
Upon the canvass now complete, behold
The work, its subtle power and beauty
Men in unborn time shall sway, 'tis instinct
With a life's divine ideal, one only born of influx
From the fount of inspiration's vast
Creative skill,—millions shall gaze, and worship
As they weep, 'till centuries pile their ever
Ponderous weight, crumbling Arts' proudest
triumphs

In the dust, sweeping the idol and the hosts who
Bowed, then worshipped where glad eternities
Unveil the only real of man's *ideal*, the substance
Of the shade, 'mid light for evermore.

Such is the secret of our common life!
That power which poised the planets in their orbs,
Those central suns of systems, grand, sublime;
Who formed the myriad moons, or satellites
Which circle there; prescribed the erratic

Course of comets through the ether fields of space
And the majestic universe designed,
Hath deigned to look on man!

He, on the fabric of the human soul
His outline forms, guards from the cradle with
A jealous care each individual one;
In every providence of fourscore years,
His hand distinct we trace; the lights and shadows
Of the weary years are his; in suffering
Forming darkest lines, and in prosperity
The lines of light; in every phase and change,
Through all combined,—His ideal grows apace!

The Master Artist on life's pallet blends
Each circumstance and color, here repressing;
There,—an exaltation gives, and varied shades
Of character creates, develops good;
And real evil curbs by just and wise device
Of friends, associates, teachers, rulers,
Social joys and precious gifts.

O'er all He throws the rich deep glow of pure
Religion's mellow light, thus wisely blends life's
Coloring, rounds the angles o'er, and grace
Imparts, 'till by its searching power it rules,
Preserves, and in the lapse of ages, will,
Secure the consummation of the grand design,
To form a man, to be a son, an heir,
And thus develop—Gods!

For this creation is; for this each rounded
Orb, first formed, then tried, then proved,
And purified when ruled, controlled by highest law.

For this—the eagle soars, and sparrows twitter
On the eaves; for this—bright flowerets bloom,
The precious grains, and luscious fruits abound!

For this—the sparkling fountain showers
Its crystal drops, the rills and rivers run
Their ordered course; for this the seas exist
And glistening waves are broke on every strand.

For this—all elements combine, and myriad
Forms and grades of life are found, each in their
Sphere to minister to man, below the angels
Formed; yet destined to be crowned
With glory, honor, immortality
And power of endless lives!

The frivolous dreams of men are dross to this,
Their aims are sordid all, their lives misspent.
Ours may it ever be by passive mood,
Or active aid, to win this higher stand,
The platform raised by—Gods—for fallen man,
For man and Gods! Thus—righteous progress
Pioneers the path to happiness and bliss!

A Sabbath Song.

Throughout these mountains, Father, we
In groups this day appear,
And all our Sabbath schools, agree
To praise and pray and hear.

Their songs are sweet to all our hearts,
They pleasant are to Thee,
Thy spirit oft through them imparts,
Glad thoughts from harmony.

And children are Thy special care,
Where'er on earth they dwell,
Though greater blessings here they share,
For Zion must excel.

God is her light, her teachers He
Inspires with words of truth,
And their reward is when they see
The progress of the youth.

God bless our schools, forever bless,
O'er them Thy spirit throw,
And may our lives for e'er express,
The gratitude they owe.

My Loved Lost Boy.

I see him still, athwart the years,
A tireless lad—a child indeed;
He scarce was three, yet smiles and tears
Across his fresh and rosy face,
Each other chased at startling pace,
A happy mood, or scolding fears,
Though oft he played he did not heed.

His hat thrown back (a rough old thing)
 Held by his curls of golden hue;
 I see him ride an unmarked ring,
 His horse a willow from the wood,
 And whip, no whalebone half so good.
 Oh, miles, each day, he'd kick and cling,
 Till tired and worn to bed he flew.

He had his pets, too, (rosy boy)
 His pigeons, ducks and chickens frail,
 Scarce out the shell, 'twas his employ
 To wrap in flannel by the fire,
 To feed and watch, to never tire,
 If sad mishap, 'twould damp his joy;
 A little grave, his thrice-told tale.

His tiny spade prepared the spot—
 Beneath the trees for so-called rest;
 'Twas once "a wabbit," said the tot,
 And then a kitten died one day
 That he interred in earnest way;
 When spring brought flowers, he ne'er forgot,
 To strew the little mounds, love pressed.

Full soon he tired of skirts and curls,
 To "be a man"—supremest bliss;
 In overalls one day he whirls,
 His eyes aflame and cheeks aglow
 "Now Ma, I'll work for you I know,
 My skirts you give to yon poor girls,
 And you shall have my sweetest kiss."

No coaxing since had power to change
His blank refusal, sobs and tears,
Although his capers told how strange
His pants and jacket, cap and tie,
Made sunny face, 'neath laughing eye,
The break from childhood's happy range
In widening thought of youth appears.

What seer hath skill to read the scroll,
The future of this life begun?
The aspirations of a soul,
The weal or woe, if short or long,
A dirge or rapt and thrilling song;
Its harmony and rounded whole
'Neath clouds or storms or radiant sun?

Will child-blessed life upon the farm,
Be envied as the years roll by?
Will dreams of pets and graves disarm,
Temptations force in wider sphere
And be a check when sin is near?
I am no Prophet; hopes are warm;
My query 'tis, my prayer, my cry.

Christmas Carols.

As through the bleak and stormy streets,
I hear the carols ebb and flow;
There's music in the tramp of feet,
And crackling of the frozen snow.

There's music in the gusts of wind,
 In passing shower of rattling hail,
 All music, but 'tis winter's kind,
 And all unwished its nipping gale.

Yet none so poor, but feels a thrill,
 Of gladness on old Christmas eve;
 As chimes the carol song—"Good will,
 To man." If he the Christ receive.

'Twas Gospel light, 'twas Love divine,
 Which gave that message from on high,
 The angels bid two worlds combine,
 The Savior's work to glorify.

From all the ills of life, that song
 Will point the way to Heavenly bliss,
 To prove in trial man made strong,
 To find in all a Father's kiss.

The Light of Truth.

No light hath lit this nether world,
 Like Truth whose brilliant rays,
 Down from his throne hath darkness hurled,
 'Mid satraps wild amaze.

No flag unfurled was ever seen
 So white and fair to view,
 There's nought can soil its dazzling sheen,
 'Tis always—ever new!

Though human souls have oft preferred
 'Mid darkness, dwelling place,
Or following *ignis fatuus* erred,
 And fallen in life's race.

Nay, far too oft the crimson flag
 Hath led earth's hosts along,
A flaunting, bloody, dripping rag,
 Sustained by bacchantes' song,

No God, no brotherhood in this,
 No conquest worth its cost,
Both war and superstition miss
 The prize, 'tis ever lost.

But they who live 'neath sunlit skies,
 Illumined by the Truth,
Will form the race which never dies,
 Theirs is perennial youth.

And their white flag will float for e'er,
 No more shall it be furled,
The token pure as heaven can share,
 Or give a ransomed world.

Not Quite Despondent.

Forsaken? Well, it looks that way,
 I ask, and ask, and ask again,
But yet expectancy doth say,
 It is not, cannot be in vain.

And then I turn'd again in prayer,
Yes, any time and any where.

I have not asked for wealth or fame,
Or sighed for power or place, in pride,
Nor have I wished a mighty name,
Among the great and deified;
These have I counted naught, at best,
By men unworthy oft possessed.

I've had ambition, none the less,
Have wanted love and friendship true;
Have wished to heal by Truth's caress
Or burning words would joy renew;
The poor to bless, the tear to dry,
And check the force of sorrow's sigh.

Have wished to live in some few hearts,
For doing good by word or deed;
To taste the bliss which this imparts
Or have returns if I should need;
To take or give, or give and take
For Love Divine, and Christ's dear sake.

Then why should Heaven deny my quest
Since I for self have made no plea,
If what I asked, was not the best,
Which human wisdom failed to see,
I only ask for patience, grace
To trust the hand, I failed to trace.

In Darkness—Night.

When inspiration fills the soul,
How light sits earthly sorrow,
For waves doth o'er him conscious roll,
Which bids him wait the morrow.

Day follows night in mental range,
'Tis night precedes the morning;
E'en spirit moods recur and change
Almost without a warning.

But sunshine is the law of life,
At least if thought would ponder;
That rule divine is ever rife,
Howe'er weak man may wonder.

His line of vision (small at best)
But scans "a wee sma'" fraction,
God knows the whole, and so doth rest,
'Mid man's intensest action.

Could he but see as Father sees,
Faith would be lost in knowing;
Nor need that he on bended knee,
Should seek the power bestowing.

So on a dark or twilight path,
Man's future oft is hidden,
That he might seek and find by faith,
The hand to sight forbidden.

The Omnipresent One!

"If I make my bed in hell, Thou art there."—*Psalms.*

When 'mid life's battle fiercest conflict rages,
 When with its shock we reel and totter most,
 When its maddening fury every power engages,
 As foe to foe, or legioned host to host,
 Then Thou art there!

When by temptation's heaviest forces pressing,
 When our defense seems puerile, weak and faint,
 When its play weakens, or in smiles caressing,
 And each would cry, "'Tis hard to be a saint!"
 Then Thou art there!

When 'mid the darkness, groping, feeling onward,
 When roars a tempest and the breakers roll,
 When all seems lost as oft the faint one pondered,
 Hope hardly left to a despairing soul,
 Then Thou art there!

Then by Thy spirit, calm and peaceful pleading,
 Then by Thy servants as by angel bands,
 Then by Thy word, its soothing, gladsome reading,
 Oft is salvation sent to waiting hands,
 Then Thou art there!

There, oh, how precious is this truth beholding,
 There Thou to mortals lend a listening ear,
 This on the earth is heaven's rich unfolding,
 For all thy children know that Thou art near,
 Then Thou art there!

The Babe Went

A moment here, that's all, and yet,
What history linked by that arrival?
The past! What thoughts this doth beget,
What might have been in her survival?
But queries thick as snowflakes are,
They come and go 'yond computation,
We only know that from afar,
Her visit had God's approbation,
And we, unmurmuring yet shall know,
And have the babe, we loved below.

Death versus Life.

There's a dirge in the air,
There are sighs from the heart,
There are tones of despair,
Which the stoutest may start.

For death unexpected,
Hath summoned the best;
All hearts are dejected
Aud mourning's the test.

'Neath the shadows of loss
There is sorrow and tears,
And the weight of that cross
May be carried for years.

There is triumph above,
That is welcome I hear,
'Tis the music of Love
In a happier sphere.

All the watchers were out
For the comer that day,
And the welcoming shout
Filled the shadowy way.

Reunion at last
And a rest that was sweet,
A reward for the past
Of the travel-stained feet.

The Coming Man!

"Ah," said a gentleman to me in conversation,
"What we want is a *Man*, we need a *Man*!"

Not in the pomp and trappings of war,
Not as a crowned head,
To battle for dynasty's waning star,
Where the thundering legions tread.
Not to the music of groans untold,
Not to the cannon's roar,
And glistening bayonets bought and sold,
O'er the shrine of this Moloch—war!

Not by diplomacy, craft or clan,
Not by conventions named,
Unknown to the world is the coming man,
Nor will he by them be claimed;

Unknown to philosophy, science, and schools,
Unknown to that motley throng,
Who dream they are wise, but are really fools
Who have ruled the world too long.

Politicians and priests of every grade,
Grown fat with the spoils of power;
Your reign is short and the grave now made,
To hide in the downfall sure!
Disunion, strife and confusion reigns,
The fruits of your godless clan,
And the people groan, as each nation wanes,
And prays for "the coming man."

Now mark, he comes and his giant tread,
Is the knell of each tyrant's doom;
For the right shall rule, when this royal head,
Shall sweep from the earth its gloom!
A kingdom grows from this nucleus here—
A kingdom by God began,
And the world shall bow, as the saints do now,
To Jesus, "The Coming Man!"

Then and Now.

How many a moon hath waxed and waned,
How many a year hath swept around,
Since a few pilgrims travel-stained,
Where now this City stands, were found.

They o'er the desert plains had passed,
 Had reached this valley, thought it fair,
 Although they felt they were at last,
 "A thousand miles from anywhere."

A thousand miles from human aid,
 A thousand miles from white man's home;
 They had by him been robbed, betrayed,
 And forced an unmarked land to roam.

No books, no schools or papers here,
 No telegraph or daily mail,
 No railroad did with whistle cheer—
 The thousand miles was but a trail.

But dauntless men led on that host,
 Progressive men and men of thought,
 Though destitute of food almost,
 A nation's corner stones they brought.

They laid them deep and firm as e'er
 The mountains which engirt them round,
 And now in lands afar and near,
 The work those pilgrims wrought hath sound.

We call them Pioneers—'tis true,
 They were in all that makes a State;
 The schoolhouse rose, the press it grew,
 The church and sabbath did not wait.

God prospered them and blessed their hand,
 But for this fact they would have failed,
 And perished, on the desert sand,
 But with it brave hearts never quailed.

And now gaze on the pictured scene,
Our central city, loved and fair,
With pleasant homes and farms between
The nestling towns of Utah rare.

The railroad binds us to the east,
Its lines grasp firm the glowing west,
By spanning wires this world at least,
In Utah finds a welcome rest.

With breakfast we receive from far
The countless items of mankind,
With setting sun and evening star,
In daily circuit still we find.

Change—what a mighty, mighty change—
Undreamt by those of early times,
And there will come a grander range,
E'er sixty more years ring their chimes.

We may not see that crowding host,
Who shall these valleys fill that day,
But they will not forget to boast
Of those who pioneered the way.

And when the seasons come around,
With gift and gladsome wish to them,
May truthful manhood more abound,
The tide of self and pride to stem.

So shall this mountain nation be
To all the world a shining light,
Its press a force from sea to sea,
Its aim for God and man and right.

Strong arms shall wrest each sterile waste,
 Their silence give to bud and fruit,
 And life shall swell with tropic haste,
 To song of bird and sound of lute.

Oh land how blest,—oh manhood crowned,
 Blessings of earth and heaven entwined,
 God and his Priesthood here hath found
 Room for a Paradise enshrined.

Blessed are the Dead.

Triumphant let our songs ascend,
 Loud let the pean swell,
 And bid the rushing thoughts to blend,
 Or in soft cadence tell,
 How one hath soared from earth and time,
 To join the blest in happier clime.

Let music soft be fraught with peace,
 And mingle with the strain,
 Which thrills above at each release
 From trial, death and pain,
 An echo from yon choir sublime,
 Repeated on the slopes of time.

No gloomy thought belongs to saints,
 No chill on sight of death,
 'Tis but the darkened soul which faints,
 When friends give up their breath,

'Tis revelation lights the soul,
And makes of life a rounded whole.

Lift high your heads, oh Israel, now,
Arouse each stricken heart,
And to the Father's purpose bow,
E'en when the teardrops start,
He will restore the faithful dead,
And bid them live in Christ their head.

All hail the resurrection's morn,
All hail each bursting grave;
What countless hosts will then be born—
From every land and wave;
This is Thy triumph, Father, we
A welcome wish from friends and Thee.

New Years' Midnight Musings.

I'm a lover of books, I read the lists,
As they come to my table day by day;
I note the titles, I mark the price,
And dream of the contents far away;
In cloth, morocco, or calf, 'tis said
They're covered to please each fancy found;
Gilt-edged, or colored, uncut at times,
This literature—the world around.

A taking title may catch the eye,
 Or its illustrations may win the thought,
 Some deft review, from *the issuing house*,
 Compels desire, 'till the book is bought.
 Oh, oft misled by a trick of trade
 An author's whim, or a poor pretense,
 But spite of all, we are curious yet,
 And "ads" *ad libitum* are defense.

'Twas years ago, our vision fell,
 On a volume issued by Father Time,
 We'd waited for it a few brief days,
 It came at last with the midnight's chime.
 Hope thought it bound in the richest style,
 Nay fondly claimed it a gilt-edged tome;
 Its *non-de-plume*, was, "A Glad New Year,"
 Which welcome found in a love-lit home.

Page after page, we have cut and turned,
 Conned preface and headings of chapters there;
 To-day hath closed the volume now read,
 "Finis" is written, perchance for e'er.
 In memory's columns the contents stand,
 Changes, experience, what a whole.
 Written by Providence, chequered, strange,
 And countersigned by a human soul.

Errors and lapses, and letters turned,
 Nay, blurred all through with the ink supplied.
 Paper was poor, or the proof unread,
 The Press in issue, not once belied.

The volumed year from the earth hath passed,
By predecessors there still was room;
Recorded life of the years gone past
For judgment shelved till the day of doom.

The clock strikes twelve, as the volume flies,
I see in its stead, there's a new one placed,
Labeled and bound with its leaves uncut,
The date alone on its cover found.
Father, thine aid, I would ask in faith,
A better record to write, this year,
Unmarred its pages by aught of sin,
Or soiled by needed repentant tear.

Edition *de Luxe*. let this one be—
One Worthy the Master's praise at the last;
Printed and bound and gilded by love,
And comprehension of life most vast.
Thou, Father, shall have the praise, while I,
Thy humble worker, will ever tell,
That books which can bear Thine imprint will
The best of man's handiwork excel.

The Passing Day.

Evening's shadows tell the story,
One more day hath joined the past;
Mingled with the ages hoary,
All had first-day, will have last.

What the record made or written,
Human wisdom can't decide;
Many a soul deemed Heaven smitten,
Finds its crown—the other side.

Men in judgment, mark each weakness,
Oft condemn through feeble sight;
God knows all the heart—its meekness,
And His wisdom finds the right.

Keen the verdict earth will render,
Many a broken heart doth turn,
Faith, trusts Father's love more tender,
Patient waits the truth to learn.

This the secret, mid life's sorrow,
When a dark cloud veils the sun,
Past probation, there's a morrow
God's and angels say, Well done.

First Day of the Year.

Softly the twilight gathers
The curtains of evening fall,
The sun hath gone down in splendor,
And crimsoned the mountains tall;
His train had the western heavens,
Illumed with a rosy glow,
As if 'twere a benediction
That the God's above would show.

The day had been ideal,
 One such as the poets love,
As sweet as if April's angel,
 Had lured it from above.
Strange, for the season's greeting,
 The first of the opening year,
Suggestive, or full of promise,
 A welcome without a tear.

In the air was a Sabbath spirit,
 The spirit of calm and peace,
Care had its pinions folded,
 Had given the world release;
As rare as are angels visits,
 Perhaps they were hovering nigh
Unseen to the common senses,
 But felt by a keener tie.

The earth wore a snow-white mantle,
 From valley to mountain peaks,
Which sun-kissed wept and melted,
 As 'twere when the spring first speaks.
I hailed the day at its dawning,
 I loved it as on it flew,
And its evening shadows filled me,
 With dreams that may yet come true.

'Twas an omen of good most surely,
 A portent of happier times,
For the poor—the toiling millions
 Who greeted the New Year's chimes.

Work is the needed blessing
 And pay when 'tis earned at last,
 That the smiling wife and children
 May forget the fearful past.

For surely the morning dawneth
 The break of the day is nigh,
 I hail it while this day's shadows
 Creep over the starlit sky.
 When this year's curtain falleth
 If the Christ has not appeared
 'Tis that much nearer surely—
 So the waiting soul is cheerd.

Congregational.

Humbly within these sacred walls,
 Oh, Lord we come to Thee,
 Our sins and follies oft appalls,
 But Thou hast made us free.

Thy Gospel Thou hast well restored,
 Thy mercy is our stay,
 While we Thy blessings have implored,
 In Thine appointed way.

Conscious of sin, could we do less,
 Than in repentance bend,
 Thou in our faith didst truly bless
 And proved Thyself our friend.

RHYMELETS.

Thy spirit 'neath Thy servants' hands
We tasted—longed for more,
Then fell from us our alien bands,
Adopted, evermore.

Thy love hath been our life, our hope,
Thy Son, our Savior seen,
Thy spirit gives us strength to cope,
When foes oft intervene.

For all these mercies, Father, now
Our lives we consecrate,
That in Thy kingdom we may bow,
And humbly work or wait.

Content to know that Thou art good,
Though foolish children we,
Teach us Thy truths which understood,
Will save eternally.

Memorial Day.

Yes, memory hath its ample round,
Its circles wide to sweep or scan,
And no one day the thought can bound—
This little life of weary man.

What heart but hath a record graved,
Its loved that lived, then passed away?
And bitter tears have ever laved,
Those shores where breaks eternal day.

'Tis not to times of feud confined;
 'Tis not alone from battle field;
 That precious dust in earth is shrined,
 Which sad perennial memories yield.

'Tis father, mother, daughter, son,
 'Tis wife or husband, friend, nay more,
 And one by one the race is run,
 The goal, yon distant unknown shore.

Bring flowers? Yes, for blue or gray,
 Each died to save a nation's life;
 Then on this one "Memorial Day,"
 'Neath wreaths of perfume hide the strife.

But flowers we bring for all our dead,
 Tokens of love and hope aflame,
 So when within our narrow bed,
 Will some not think and act the same?

Not that the dead care aught for this,
 That spirits grieve an unmarked grave;
 They know Omnipotence will kiss
 To resurrection every slave.

Though laid away 'mid wintry snows
 Or fanned by summer's sweetest breath,
 Where deserts spread or ocean throws
 Its crested waves, men call it death.

Yet death and life are met at once,
 We, garland sadly earthly rest,
 But angels give as quick response
 And garland life without unrest.

Peace to the dead; our hearts and hands
Forget their faults and strew with bloom,
While heaven and all its angel bands
In love forget beyond the tomb.

Our Country's Flag.

Shake out the starry folds unrent,
What power can bid our flag be furled,
It spans a glorious Continent,
And will be stretched to wrap the world.

A Twilight Reverie.

'Twas Sabbath eve,
The Indian's summer haze hung all around,
The mountains slopes were veiled, save where they
melted
To the shadowed plain, yet far, oh, far away,
Beyond, above the mists, in Titan greatness
Rose the snow-capped, burnished mountain heads,
Now crimson-tinted by the burning sunset's fires;
For ruddy Sol was lost to lower lands, his kiss
Was on the broad Pacific, nay his stealthy
Course was to the Orient bent, while nearer home
'Twas as if some old priest of Baal; or devotee
Of Zoroaster had just lit their signal fires
On high, for sacrificial rite.

Serene and placid stretched the vistaed streets,
In wordless way proclaimed, man's hour of prayer;
A higher type of worship
Than Egyptians ever knew, or ever claimed,
Or Pagan priest had dreamt, or had revealed.

The peace of God—the Christian's God, there
seemed
Tobrood and rest, e'en nature dozed, was half asleep;
The leaves had colored, fallen, whirled about,
(The summer leaves of every dormant bough)
While earth, all carpet-strewn, was perfumed by
decay

Though not a breath then quivered or disturbed;
A hasty passing foot—a zephyr circling
Might make rustling music, then 'twas rest again.
Silence oppressive seemed, but yet 'twas noways sad,
It was the calm of peace, a benison indeed.
E'en haste would have obtrusive been, unwelcome,
Out of place, a discord in the mood, at least.

The laughter of a child, the ringing voice
Of happy youth, for years enjoyed and loved
Had surely jarred, if far or nigh at hand,
As on the city streets, the twilight softly fell.

If far the eye had ranged, from hidden furnace
Fires which ne'er a Sabbath knew, smoke dense as
night,

In strange wild contrast, poured the black clouds out,
As canyon breezes swept them o'er a landscape
Lost to sight, yet, oh, familiar, long ere toil
From out the hills, or mountain depths had forced,

The shining ores, and bid their fumes destroy proud
Nature's beauteous livery of green.

'Twas not the mood or wish to look afar,
To nearer scenes and things, heart turned again,
The trees, if near denuded, had no voice,
No bird deigned trill or song, or flitted by
To meet for "good night" summer's mate, or later
brood.

Yet hith, as if from spheres beyond, comes music
Sifting through the air, it swells and dies, anon
There strikes responsive on the soul, a sacred song,
A song of Zion, born of inspiration's
Power, and wed to music but the echo
Of a glorious past, half reproduced on earth;
A thrilling strain withal, "The Fatherhood of God."

I neared the sacred place, a moment just too late
To catch the purport full, while memory had
The whole.

Oh, what a sacred hush was there,
As priestly hands were lifted to the heavens,
While hearts responsive bowed, then said "Amen."

The electric lights flashed out, suggestive lit
The patriarchal head, grown gray in service
Of his Lord, by power divine his weary limbs
Had found new life, as rose the earnest simple
prayer

His ears more ready seemed, to list the given
Sacramental form, and from the bread and cup
He gathered grace to help in every time
Of present—ah, of future need.

Triumphant then
Again the organ pealed, while consecrated
Hearts united sang—
“Now let us rejoice in the day of salvation,
No longer as strangers on earth need we roam;”

Our God was there, there, His Spirit witness bore
Alike to old and young; mothers, matrons smiled
Their ready thanks, as tears fell down like summer's
Glad refreshing rain; maidens and stalwart youth
Sensed well the Spirit's power, and in “the mouths
Of babes and sucklings, lisped perfected praise.”

For there “the man of God” discoursed at length
In counsel, warning, stern rebuke, yet loving
Words of potent force; by strength divine he filled
His role, a messenger indeed of God and Christ.

When Amen came, 'twas all too short; though
Hungry souls were fed and filled.

A *Jubilate* rested
Mental strain, and benediction fell as dew;
Retired in peace, communion had with Heaven
Gave to life new zest, and strong resolve to brave
The ills of daily toil, temptation's siren voice,
And bade the powers of evil stand aside,
Thus live to be “a Saint,” endorsed of Heaven,
Nay, sure to gain a crown if “faithful to the end.”

The groups, subdued and reverent passed outside,
A whispered greeting, comment best expressed
How deep the feelings had been touched; for e'en
The children had no boisterous mood, they too,
Were charmed to peace.

The moon was rising o'er the eastern hills,
The stars were out, the mists had cleared away,
'Twas Sabbath still—the Sabbath of the heart,
And prayer untrammelled, free the Heavens sought,
All blessed the day the Gospel came, and sacred rite
To yonder sea-girt isle, and distant Fatherland.

Still more, that Love divine there faith instilled
To prove the Truth, to taste its sweet and precious
joy;

To know its power, then gather far from native soil
To live with those, who out from every land have
Reached these vales, and wrought by Heaven's
Aid to build that Zion long by Prophets seen,
To trust the Shepherd's voice, or in God's Holy
house

To work for those in flesh, or for the silent dead.
This is the work for praise; it calls for patience too;
But He is good, He lives, and gives His people
strength,

To Him be Praise, Dominion, Power for evermore.

These precious thoughts in many a loving home
Found soil luxuriant, ready, waiting hearts.
They bless the Sabbath day, its heavenly calm,
Its peaceful rest, and words inspired to lift
Earth's load of care; creating happier homes
Which richer makes the world, and builds the
Kingdom

Of these glorious Latter-days.

Praise God, Praise, God!

The Butterfly.

One summer's day, a child at play,
 Looked up and saw a butterfly;
 Its lustrous wings in spots and rings
 And colored stripes had caught his eye.

Its life seemed gay that summer day,
 Now up, now down, or out and in,
 It lit awhile, provoked my smile,
 When Leslie tried the prize to win.

He missed it, fell, and gave a yell,
 Away it flew on airy wing;
 It met a mate, escaped the fate,
 Decried upon the fluttering thing.

But round and round again it found,
 A flower perfumed to suit its taste,
 Then came the boy with feverish joy,
 His face aglow with earnest haste.

Elusive still, it soared at will,
 Then lingered on the willing grass;
 An insect's life, devoid of strife,
 If enemies, they let it pass.

There came a rush with heightened flush
 Down on it fell the ardent lad;
 His cap had caught the fragile mote
 But crushed and marred, it was too bad.

A laugh at first, a cry then burst,
The prize was now not worth the cost;
The dream was o'er, 'twould fly no more,
One wing was broke the other lost.

Its life in bliss, man may not miss,
Or even know its work or part;
To one above, the God of Love,
It had a value to His heart.

And all may know as this doth show,
Too eager, oft we lost the prize,
'Tis wasted, lost, whate'er the cost,
Aim misdirected fails and dies.

My Little Story.

"Come under my pladdie," a brave lad did say,
In the rich brogue of Scotland, now far, far away;
It smacked of the heather and blue bells I ween,
Tho' learned on the Clyde from a motherly queen.

"Come under my pladdie," in more tender tone,
In fear, as if worship were too rudely shown;
'I'll love thee for e'er, with heart earnest and true,
As staunch as our mountains, as fresh as their dew.

"'Tis but little I have, but my strong willing arm,
Will respond to my heart to keep Jeannie from harm,
For she's sweet as the day-dawn, and in her bright
eye,
There is wealth for the loving, for her I would die."

Shy Jeannie down looked, but she colored all o'er,
From the crown of her head to her heels on the floor,
"Oh Robin, I'll trust you, you're steady and kind,
To your old trembling mother, I often had mind."

See flew to his arms, like the bird to the bush,
Yet both there were silent, 'mid love's holy hush;
And the days flitted past without cloud in their sky;
If Robin was proud, his loved Jeannie was shy.

The minister married them, blessed them and all
Who knew them, said "good things" should ever
befall,

The twain who together had started life's race
As a prelude to bliss, in the Kingdom of grace.

In loved sacrifice, as the years rolled around,
At their table a few "olive branches" were found;
Brave lads and stout lassies, the pride of a home,
From which no temptation could lure them to roam.

"Come under my pladdie," meant bairns then and
wife,

'Twas a word of the household in every day life,
And when to full manhood the boys grew apace,
They wooed as their father, and near the old place.

The girls grew in virtue, were clever and bright—
Heaven's sun threw around them its glorious light,
Yet they when a suitor was anxious to wed

"Come under my pladdie," was all that was said.

RHYMELETS.

They never were rich, seeing toil was their task,
 But they'd treasures undreamed of when Rob first ~~t~~
 did ask:

These valleys bear witness, their lives had no stain,
 The whole world was richer for Robin and Jean.

They are tottering now, but the twain are content,
 They wait full of faith, 'till the message is sent—
 "Come under my pladdie" from Father above
 "You're worthy my Kingdom, my Kingdom is love."

Had I but the gift, the old brague to have used
 The charm of my story might more have amused,
 I have told it my way, less the music of yore,
 I first heard and loved on old Scotia's shore.

The Battle of the Birds.

'Fore Utah was a fruitful field,

Before God's blessing bid it yield.

It was a treeless, birdless waste,

Nere where the rills and streams made haste
 To join the Salt Sea far away.

Which glistened in the summer's day.

Coyotes roamed the desert place,

A rabbit here and there to chase:

Some Indians had its sterile lands,

Found here subsistence to their hands:

Few snakes and lizzards, here and there,
To breathe the dry and silent air.

Where streams debouched upon the lake,
Wild ducks and geese might scant partake
 Of food well gathered far and wide,
 By streams which drained each mountainside.
In silence or in hurrying leap,
'Mid leveled vales or canyons steep.

The hardy God-led Pioneers,
Possession took, devoid of fears,
 'Twas trust in Him and in their head,
 Who o'er the prairies had them led—
Declared this was the spot ordained,
For peace and growth, in love unfeigned.

Together toil and faith combined,
To till the soil, the waters bind;
 By tributary streams to wake,
 The thirsty soil for life's dear sake.
What trials, hopes, or failures there,
What labor backed by earnest prayer.

When hope ran high, from prospects bright,
When hunger marked a crop in sight,
 The crickets, ironclad, came down,
 A legioned host for battle thrown;
The few—if men—could not withstand,
The teeming myriads of that band.

Had birds been numerous, no such sign,
Had tried the faith in power divine,
 For all consumed had surely been,
 E'er they became a menace keen.
They flourished, grew, increased at will,
With not an enemy, to kill.

They forward moved, an army vast,
A black and hungry foe, at last,
 In trembling balance hung the fate,
 Of all who'd toiled from morn till late.
A thousand miles from any aid,
Unless these gourmands could be stayed.

Faith, works, and prayer as one became,
From Heaven alone relief could claim;
 The angels surely heard that day,
 And answer brought in strangest way,
A myriad Gulls inspired as one,
From yon far distant lake came on.

An instinct marked their wondrous flight—
They were directed for the fight;
 They fell upon that moving mass,
 Voracious, none their glance could pass,
And yet, disgusted with their food,
They ate as if they understood.

They saved the people. God be praised!
And none since then his hand hath raised
 Against the Gulls, they safely soar,
 Or run the upturned furrow o'er.

As friends, protected, loved and blest,
These white-winged saviours of the west.

But birds have multiplied, to love,
The blackbird, sparrow, lark and dove;
 They come and go, in bush or tree,
 Are always welcome, always free;
There's food enough, thank God, for all,
For man and birds, whate'er their call.

True, some would limit, rob their nests,
Call birds a nuisance, robbers, pests.
 I love them round the home, the farm,
 Nor "me or mine" would do them harm.
We ask no law, or man or boy,
To either nest or eggs destroy.

For they're our friends, nay, our delight,
Their morning concert, homeing, night,
 As clouds they come with whirr of wing,
 Some moan, some whistle, few may sing,
They all one unmixed blessing seem,
'Twas Father gave them, so we deem.

To Eden, birds did all belong,
In color, habit, form or song,
 No doubt they came from sunnier skies,
 To dwell on earth 'neath human eyes;
Familiars, from our first estate,
Created by our God most great.

Let's keep our birds, no robber hand
Hath right to drive from Father's land;
 Could this be done on earth, no doubt
 To kill above, some one might shout;
If humblest thing should be destroyed,
Man claims its Maker ill employed.

Summer's Evening.

The silver moon sweeps o'er the sky,
 And perfume fills the evening air;
The fleecy clouds go scudding by,
 Like couriers clad in vesture rare;
Silence is round, no hurrying feet
Disturbs the moonlit shadowed street.

But here and there at lingering pace,
 With ghost-like tread, a voiceless twain,
As if it 'twere sacrilege to chase,
 Or by a word the midnight stain;
Yet thoughts swelled high 'neath placid look,
As each turned o'er life's leafy book.

A page of Love? A page divine,
 Which links man with the Eloheim;
The light from which makes earth-life shine,
 And glow with Heaven's divinest beam;
'Tis love translates the words of fire,
Which everywhere doth hearts inspire.

A page of Falsehood? All untrue,
 Deceptive as the serpent's tongue;
 A page writ on when earth was new,
 And scarce the morning-stars had sung.
 A lie in Paradise—Eve fell,
 And serpents yet the same tale tell.

Beneath the solemn midnight sky,
 Beneath the gliding silver moon,
 Both flattery's tongue, and silence, try
 To cloud the sky of life's bright noon;
 Then angels drive the sinner out,
 And wave the flaming sword about.

Yet Love hath writ its hallowed page,
 Beneath dark clouds and starry skies,
 And truth hath lit life's varied stage,
 With iridescent heavenly dyes;
 What glow, what beauty Love is thine,
 Thy power doth water turn to wine.

Utah's Glorious Day.

Hail the day to Utah sacred,
 Shout aloud from north to south,
 Freedom reigns in all her mountains,
 Life and Health in all her fountains,
 And her banner floats for truth.

Hail her rulers, love and duty,
Are the guards of Priesthood, here,
God through them hath given them glory,
Israel's host repeat the story,
Swelling still from year to year.

Hail the past to memory sacred,
Pioneers inspired of God,
Persecuted, driven, plundered—
Living yet, though nation's wondered,
Firmly fixed on Utah's sod.

Hail her present peace and plenty,
Order dwells in all her vales,
And her foes though plotting madly,
Shake themselves, and murmur sadly,
"We have failed," she yet prevails.

Hail her future, glorious future,
Triumph comes as sure as light;
God hath spoken this the token,
All her foemen's ranks are broken,
Truth's victorious in the fight.

Shout, then shout, ye gathering thousands,
Fathers, mothers swell the song;
Bid your countless sons and daughters,
Shout with voice like rushing waters
Utah's triumph is the song.

Our Boy.

Shall we mourn the sad loss of our beautiful boy,
 May we murmur and query the wisdom above,
 Sure happiness is not without its alloy,
 And sacrifice often is claimed from our love.
 In spheres before this did our darling we know,
 And was this brief visit an understood thing?
 To this far away earth just a moment to show,
 Then back to his home like a bird on the wing?
 We shall know thee again though but short was
 thy stay,
 And our clasp shall be warm in the mansions of
 bliss;
 Unsullied by sin, thou dost bask in that day,
 Which a few only reach who have tarried in this!
 For a moment, "farewell;" tis a mother's fond
 heart,
 "Farewell for a while" father greets thee—his son;
 The tear-drops fall ready, the bitter sobs start,
 Yet, Father, we pray, let Thy will yet be done.

Trust in the Lord.

A failing heart is mine, oh Lord,
 When all my faults I view,
 Thy love alone hath e'er restored,
 Or could that heart renew.

Wilful and blind, yet conscious oft,
That I Thy spirit need;
A heart of stone will ne'er be soft,
Unless the fire Thou'lt feed.

And so because I fail and fall,
Then try, and try again;
I ask Thy help—on Thee I call,
I dare not now refrain.

'Neath olden promise I entrench,
"No bruised reed I'll break,"
"The smoking flax I will not quench,
'Till judgment victory make."

Who would not bless so great a word,
Who would not here have hope?
Though ne'er by court condemned or heard,
Save self with sin to cope.

Give me the aid a mortal needs,
Let me Thy spirit feel,
Then growth shall come from precious seeds,
And sin's old wound will heal.

No scar shall tell of trials past—
No garment bear a stain;
The blood of Jesus Christ at last,
Will cleanse, and break each chain.

Oh love Divine, ah power above,
Thy rule entrances still;
And fallen man can really prove,
His renovated will.

Not Lost but Gone.

Only a moment, then she flew,
 A bird of Paradise once more,
 And that sweet babe, we scarcely knew,
 Was lost to earth's ungenial shore.
 But we shall find our loved again,
 A pure, a spotless angel fair,
 If we can flee all earthly stain,
 And fit ourselves, for life up there.

'Twas like a thunderbolt from skies,
 Serene and blue as earth may give,
 Her coming, going, were our surprise,
 We mourn her dead yet she doth live.
 And we shall meet her, kiss her where,
 All love shall triumph o'er the past;
 Our baby girl 'mid angels there,
 Is yet our own, faith holds her fast.

The Querist's Invocation.

Thou art our Father, frail are we
 And cast in earthly mould,
 Though long our spirits dwelt with Thee
 Ere earth's long ages rolled.

Though we may doubt our kinship now,
Because of weakness lent,
Nay more, that sin our heads must bow,
Till our hard hearts repent.

Thou, in Thy mercy, surely knows
How much of self doth stain,
And Thou canst tell how man bestows,
From sire to son his pain.

Lord, what I am, help me to bear,
And make me what thou wilt,
So that Thine image I may share
Redeemed from sin and guilt.

And if my imperfections here,
Are overcome at length,
I'll praise thy name in higher sphere
And thank for giving strength.

Love Unappeased.

No thought have I darling, but clings unto thee,
'Tis the dream and fulfillment of life unto me,
The shadow and substance of love ever thine,
As boundless as space amid which the stars shine.

The light of my eyes, and the wish of my heart,
Though fortune coquetting may deny me a part;
E'en time may be cut by the scissors of fate,
I'll welcome thee yonder, for my darling I'll wait.

Love's highest endeavor may falter and fail
 For the greater that love, 'tis an ever true tale,
 In silence and distance oft worships unseen
 The woman enthroned in the heart as its Queen.

In life, call it strange, give a sneer if you will
 There are those ne'er united where love lingers still.
 Whether that is of earth, or of memories past,
 Few ever have questioned, though ever 'twill last.

May be it was kinship, or friendship, or love,
 Which had its beginning in mansions of above,
 If so, 'tis immortal and death will explain
 The secret of loving—in loving again.

Another Query.

'Tis not because I have deserved
 That I Thy blessings share
 For I alas have often swerved—
 Caught in the fowler's snare.

Nor have I always valiant been
 E'en to my better thought;
 Perchance Thine enemies have seen
 My life with weakness fraught.

Too oft I've had to grieve, lament,
 O'er my unworthiness,
 This must have been Thy spirit, sent;
 For Thou didst surely bless.

If for my father's faith and truth
I have remembered been,
Through childhood's hours and tempted youth
In dangers seen, unseen—

I praise Thy name, I wish to be
Found worthy of that love;
So meet again my Sire and Thee
In happier world's above.

The Poet's Passion.

How distant, often, seems what is beloved,
When silent worship is the highest key,
Who hath not by this real of life been moved,
A memory of the past—or, yet to be.

Not by the forms we see e'en now and then,
Whose surface, contour, may arrest the sight;
Oh, things may seem quite fair to common men,
And yet lack soul which thrills like song at night.

The landscape may be lovely as a dream,
Its harmonies as if of Paradise;
And one will catch, ah e'en its lightest gleam;
When to another it is simply—nice!

The sculptor's art from marble may evoke,
True inspiration bursting to his will;
What patient toil, what touch, what artist stroke,
But to the soulless, 'tis but marble still.

Tell all the masters who have pencil used,
 And on the canvas bid their thoughts to swell;
 'Till rapt souls gaze as if themselves transfused,
 But millions simply ask, "Why, will it sell?"

So if 'tis music, glorious and sublime,
 Echoes from far off symphonies above,
 And then rehearsed by gifted men in time,
 Are there not querists, "What doth music prove?"

Oh, dull, uncomprehending mortals we,
 Sightless to beauty, to its glory dead;
 Or if 'tis visible, but gold most see,
 And barter turns it into paltry lead.

Yet beauty is, its ideals grace the world,
 Itself hath beauty, 'neath its varied skies,
 And oft the human soul hath half unfurled,
 Trophies of labor, skill, which heaven will prize.

But all these seemings, landscape as it is,
 Man's art, his science, music, painting, all,
 Are nothing to the glory which is his,
 As man, as woman, where there is a soul.

What gulfs between, how one illumined lives,
 Another, sordid, nearly void of good;
 Light, love, and blessing is the wealth one gives,
 While death—not life—the other understood.

In woman, sunshine from the soul steals out,
 With beauty glorified a Queen she stands,
 Or like a meteor as it sweeps about,
 No good distilling, from her outstretched hands.

Worship instinctive give we to the true,
And at a distance love or homage pay;
'Tis soul, not form, the first is ever new,
The latter vanisheth within a day.

Soul is immortal, beauty is its dress,
Its own expression without counterfeit,
Time and eternity but this express,
Perfection's stamp, is Heaven's ideal yet.

Silence befits the Poet, yet for speech
He waits in patience till the influx swells;
Till eloquence can his ideal reach,
Then his vocation in his music tells.

Oh beauty, soulful beauty be to me
The glimpse of Heaven, assurance of its truth,
The dream of life, the is—and yet to be—
God's welcome promise of eternal youth.

Hen and Chickens versus Ducks.

A highly respected old hen we once had,
She had been a good layer and mother as well,
But in early summer she drooped and looked sad
And went clucking around it was fearful to tell.

Her croak was unmusical, her manner more strange,
She food had in plenty and company more,
Yet she all alone, ever noisy would range
If she a new nest had, or lost one had before.

The housewife remembered her good work gone by,
And thought she'd "got notions" with age creep-
ing on;

"Was it best" was the query, "just once more to try
A nest of good eggs, and then set her thereon."

A few (they were ducks) were soon placed in the
shade

Of some bushes, to give her a really good show;
She took to them bravely, she sat and there stayed,
Till the weeks flew away and the shells chipped
I vow.

Six bright yellow puff-balls, became her's of right,
And their bead-like dark eyes were a pleasure to
all;

She brooded, clucked o'er them by day and by night,
Her voice was to ducklings an understood call.

As proud as a mother of higher estate,
She watched them, though wayward yet cute
little things,

They grew, for she culled all the food that they ate;
If a hawk or a cat looked, she called to her wings.

But sad, in her travels, one day quite surprised,
By a pool, with her family, proudly she stood,
Into this they all dashed, (she had water despised)
She looked in amazement so unlike a hen's brood.

She ran up and down, made her calls loud and shrill,
Went for grain, scratched the ground, coaxed
every way,

While they in their element, swam to their fill,
'Twas strange and mysterious to mother that day.

Soon chilled and aweary the ducklings were out,
She brooded and fondled and queried galore;
Determined that near unto water (no doubt)
Her strange crazy offspring should never go more.

They grew, became feathered, disgusted was she,
No more as a slave would she work for disguise;
It was chicks that she wanted, a family to be
Minus water, or web-feet, or beady black eyes.

There are mothers more knowing and proud, I am
told,
Who find in experience a similar loss,
They wish to have progeny rather than gold,
But often they seek through a forbidden cross.

In marriage unequal, the daughters of God
Incubate with the stranger, and law finds its way,
And a race all unworthy encumbers earth's sod,
They're like ducks, are not chicks, in the full
light of day.

Temple Dedication.

Logan, 1884.

Adown the ages there hath run,
Like thread of gold in vesture rare,
A memory, fondest 'neath the sun,
On history's page the one most fair,
Man's grandest work beneath the skies,
'Mid Salem's towers its glories rise.

King David's teeming treasure store,
 Was by Divine command set by,
 Its wealth of gold, its silver more,
 Its precious woods, and Tyrian dye;
 Beneath the power of kingly rod,
 Arose that Temple built to God.

When in its finished glow and grace,
 In order Priests and Levites stood,
 The singers found a foremost place,
 With instruments of brass and wood;
 King Solomon in words of prayer,
 Was heard mid floating incense there.

With full acceptance, fell around,
 The fire from Heaven o'er cherubim,
 The cloudy pillar also found
 Its rest, with Psalm and solemn hymn;
 Oh, wondrous day when Israel saw
 The mercy seat, the ark, the law.

Now here in latter-times we tell
 Obedience by our will, our toil,
 And here our Temples proudly swell,
 'Mid Utah's vales and sacred soil;
 'Tis thus another this day stands,
 By God's command, and willing hands.

Nr sacrificial fires we light,
 No pillared cloud gives shade by day,
 Nor doth the flame illume the night,
 As in the ages past away,

Yet God is here, His spirit glows,
As through each waiting heart it flows.

For Gospel rite, for Israel's good,
Its dedication now hath been,
Its Priesthood here hath humbly stood,
The owned of Heaven in trials keen;
Do Thou accept, oh power divine,
And cause Thy face on us to shine!

So ever from this sacred fane,
May evil faltering fall or flee;
Until redeemed by toil from stain,
This earth shall be restored to Thee,
To sweep amid the worlds sublime,
Triumphant won from death and time.

Invocation.

Thou who dost dwell enthroned in light,
Whose spirit fills immensity;
Wilt Thou our songs of praise indite,
Our worship of the Deity.

Thou art the God of Abraham,
Of all the Patriarchs of old,
Thy name "Jehovah," great "I Am,"
Upon the sacred page enrolled.

Shall we with fear and awe presume,
 To bow or call upon Thy name?
 Or shall Thy truth our souls illumine,
 That we may thee "Our Father" claim?

We are Thy children, though in dust
 And in humiliation here,
 With Thee we had our home, and trust
 Again to reach that glorious sphere,

So we invoke Thy spirit now,
 Wilt Thou not give 'mid earth's dark night;
 Save us, and thus Thy glory show,
 In the eternities of light.

Song of the Workers.

We are watchers, earnest watchers for the coming
 better day,
 By Prophets oft foreshadowed 'mid old Israel far
 away,
 Their beacon fires were lighted by the true the
 living flame,
 God's spirit prompted every one the future to
 proclaim.

Chorus: We are workers, earnest workers, and 'tis
 in a cause we love,
 Onward, upward, is its movement, for
 'tis led by God above.

We are helping, proudly helping, as the dawn we
watching see,
As all the signs predicted tell the morn begins
to be;
Its ruddy light will chase away the long, the murky
night,
'Till sunshine in its splendor falls on every watch-
er's sight.

Chorus: We are workers, earnest workers, etc.

We are working, bravely working, for the truth we
must declare,
As many bands, yet one in heart, we try to do and
dare,
And Heaven hath blessed our efforts, see o'er all
this favored land.
For "Union" is the watchword meant by each up-
lifted hand.

Chorus:—We are workers, earnest workers, etc.

We are looking, earnest looking, for a glorious
future near,
For triumph, and the victor's wreath for each glad
worker here;
Our God is over all, and yet his Priesthood points
the way,
So Sabbath Schools in union move to greet the
coming day.

Chorus:—We are workers, earnest workers, etc.

A Query of the Heart.

I ask in my eager way,
 As often I fall or fail,
 Why laggeth that looked for day
 When right shall e'er prevail?
 Should toil not come to all,
 Who willing, are needing bread,
 And longing for some one's call
 To lift a now drooping head?
 No crime hath the idler done,
 No wrong on his record stands;
 Can brother his brother shun
 Nor think of his idle hands;
 That self-respect is at stake
 And downward life's weary trend,
 Will a pauper unwilling make
 Or a soul's pride break or bend?
 These queries unbidden swell,
 They come from a wounded heart,
 From a soul long used to tell
 And act the deliverer's part;
 The wind o'er a stricken one
 Brings more of a blessing now
 Than the cold unfeeling tone
 Of a friend will deign to show!
 Who knows of the weary day
 Or the sleepless silent night,
 Who cares for the part to play
 Of a friend in the cause of right;

I ask in the Savior's name,
I ask in a brother's tongue?
Not seeking for wealth or fame,
Or charity told or sung,
'Tis work! and pay, to be sure;
The first would a welcome find,
But the latter, however poor,
Would a friend for ever bind,
For I'm sinking by slow degree,
Yet sure as the day hath past,
But a few more such will see,
An end of a solemn cast;
Waiting, weary and tired,
Beggared and broken down;
What good if a man inspired
Points up to a coming crown
It is bread to-morrow, to-day,
Bread earned by a willing hand;
For this should I beg and pray
And cringe as I waiting stand.
Forgive, if I ask, Oh Lord,
Thy Spirit in some good heart,
Where Love hath that slender cord
Which tends to a friendly part;
The praise shall be Thine at last
From self and dependents here,
When trials and storms are past,
Still Thine in a brighter sphere.

True Love.

When Love doth make its dwelling place,
 'Neath cottage roof or palace dome,
 What gentle sway the soul can trace,
 As Heaven is formed, by man called—Home.

How sacrifice in silence moves,
 As noiseless as the stars above;
 While every heart-beat throbs and proves
 The force of true unselfish Love.

How this refines the rudest soul,
 And holds in check all self and sin;
 It brings beneath its sweet control
 The being—all unknown—within.

And when the twain are one indeed,
 They taste the wine of life, they eat
 That manna which the Gods decreed
 Should give new zest to weary feet.

It is not riches, 'tis not fame,
 That lights this lamp, called Love divine;
 Yet oft the counterfeit hath name,
 As rushlight burns, where sun should shine.

Evening in Spring.

The sun beyond the lake went down,
 And left its trail of glory spread,
 On every cloud and mountain's crown
 In amber, gold, and changing red.

A streak of burnished silver lay,
High lifted by the sunset's glow,
As if to mark where dying day,
Had found its grave in deeps below.

A dream-like silence was around,
'Twas nature's benediction fit;
The blue of Heaven, the vision bound,
And here and there its lamps were lit.

The breath of Spring, oh soft and sweet,
A fragrance had, its rich ozone,
Was health and life to weary feet,
'Twas God who gave it taste and tone.

An added perfume fitful came,
As zephyrs flitted here and there,
Until surcharged, peace gave the name
And whispered—"Violets"—everywhere.

The twilight lingered, indisposed
To hide from longing eager eyes,
The treasure Spring had late disclosed,
In purple bloom and lowly guise.

Not stinted as in days of yore,
Or hid beneath their robe of green,
Profusion laid its wealth and store,
And captured sense in pleasure keen.

The angels surely love the flowers,
Which scattered are with lavish hand,
Suggesting Heaven and happy hours,
Where bloom and beauty grace that land.

Mayhap earth's violets bloom up there?
And favorites loved through years gone by,
May perfume that rich ambient air,
Where life is full and naught can die.

These doubtless came from higher spheres,
Perchance lost much by man's dread fall,
Lost beauty, perfume, tasting tears,
Which sin entailed or gave to all.

Edenic bloom! Oh, rapturous dream,
Our lost restored again, shall shine,
The earth and man God will redeem,
So like His own home it shall shine.

Not ours perchance to see and know,
In this probation every change;
But life above through faith will show,
A Father's hand in grander range.

Will prophesy with tongue inspired,
Of life celestial on the earth,
When sin and death have both retired,
Before that change—the second birth.

Hail wondrous change, hail that great day,
When Zion shall with man be found,
And Christ with undisputed sway,
Shall rule on earth made holy ground.

*RHYMELETS.**It Will Be So.*

Strange thoughts creep o'er a burthened soul,
When bound and cramped by circumstance;
It fain would soar but can't control,
That, which would life and joy enhance.
It sees around a pampered few,
As if by chance raised to a throne,
While sycophants both old and new,
In servile attitude lay prone;
And flattery's incense will ascend
Enough to cloud the sunniest sky;
Pomp will with oratory blend
When Croesus (mortal-like) must die.
Doth Heaven this mockery approbate?
Will this give welcome into bliss?
If so, I shall not seek its gates,
I'll be unknown and glory miss.
But oh my soul, the judge of all,
Will justice in the end dispense,
Earth's moods and methods there will fall
O'er unclad souls and vain pretense.

Pioneers' Jubilee.

The brave intrepid souls who won
This land for freedom's seat,
Made history grander than they knew,
Though done with bleeding feet.

One hundred forty-three all told,
Yet Savors for a host
Who followed up the first sad trail,
Marked well each camping post.
In dust and heat with scanty food
And poorly clad at best,
They blazed that route the pilgrims used
To reach the Golden West.
But not for this the Pioneers
Who chose this arid soil,
They all were fugitives from hate
And seeking peace with toil.
Their story is inscribed in part
Upon a blood-stained page,
Which most would cancel, if they could,
In this a wiser age.
The record cannot be erased,
Though time hath softened all,
And numbers who endured have met
The silent reaper's call.
The few surviving of that year,
Are scattered far and wide,
Yet each finds honor this glad day
Of Utah's strength and pride.
If fleeing years have sped away
And shrunk that Patriot band,
Their generations have increased,
They fill this goodly land.

And one who first with bounding heart,
 Pressed through yon canyon bold,
Still lives and heartfelt homage wins—
 And prayers ten thousand fold.

The central figure now he stands
 In this grand Jubilee,
To Church and State as true as steel
 As men of God should be.

All patient hearts have long enshrined
 His name a household word,
'Tis linked with Utah first and last,
 As every child hath heard.

Nay strangers entering Utah's gates
 Will find for ever strung
The name of Wilford Woodruff joined
 To that of Brigham Young.

Yet not to One alone is given
 Or homage bid to start,
All who arrived in forty-seven
 Were Pioneers at heart.

They came and planted, toiled and built,
 Then new locations found
For Israel's gathering hosts who heard
 The Gospel's glorious sound.

'Twas faith in God and in themselves,
 Those precious corner stones,
Made deserts bloom to wealth untold,
 'Till every table groans.

For poverty hath hid its head
 And plenty fills the, land;
 The desert of the Pioneers
 Built by creative hand.

No marvel Utah celebrates
 And calls her neighbors in,
 To show with pride the progress made
 To all her kith and kin.

In fifty years what wondrous strides,
 Man's wildest dreams come true;
 See cities, trade, see fruit and flowers,
 Where sage-brush hardly grew.

But greater triumphs yet shall greet,
 And Utah's future make.
 She stands enthroned above her peers,
 So stable, naught can shake.

In Science, Art, Mechanics, Trade,
 In Precious Ores a queen;
 Religion, Music, Thrift, are here
 Without a rival seen.

And brightly burns her Patriot fires
 For Nation, State and Home;
 Her sons refute the shams of earth,
 Where'er their feet may roam.

They hasten back, their hearts are here,
 They love its peace and rest,
 For Utah peerless is to them,
The Glory of the West!

The Missionary's Life.

Far from home as a wanderer willing you travel
A message is yours, God-given, divine,
Life's skein of old error by faith to unravel
And make Gospel truth in its glory to shine.

From my heart in its fulness comes treasure of
blessing,

For one a brave worker—one faithful and true,
A Zion-born son through the Priesthood possessing
The right to teach nations, old truth to renew.

A mission to fill in the land of the stranger,
Where fathers and mothers dwelt ages before;
Be this your high honor, knowing no fear or danger
But trusting in God and the Truth evermore.

Is it Not Like.

This life is like an English lane
By summer draped in verdure green,
We try to pierce beyond, in vain,
It dwindles to a point unseen.

Yet as we pass, anon we trace
Far reaching vistas through the trees;
The distant city, spires of grace,
The silvery stream, or tidal seas.

Silence at hand, but teeming life,
 Not far, yet distant, further yet—
 This earth and man forever rife,
 Though rising sun or solemn set.

So all existence bounded seems,
 'Tis veiled from sight at either end,
 Yet oft the loneliest have their dreams
 Of misty past or present trend.

And oft the vistas open out
 Beyond life's narrow, weary round;
 A backward look, the forward route,
 Eternities the only bound.

Oh swelling life, the past was mine,
 The present—but the leafy lane;
 Far o'er the horizon doth shine
 The life to come—the past again.

A Better Thought.

'Tis sweet to linger, where gifted finger,
 Or some rapt singer in burning words,
 Interprets all that a master's soul,
 In music's role outstrips the birds.

Who cares to borrow the tones of sorrow?
 To-day, to-morrow, may bring the sun;
 There's joy and bliss when a soul can kiss
 What seems amiss with the words "Well done."

But who can measure the heartfelt pleasure
Or sense of treasure another feels,
This, one may strike, and that, dislike,
No two alike, as the truth reveals.

The rushing river, bids one heart quiver,
It is a giver of feeling strange;
A quiet stream makes another dream
'Neath twilight's gleam of a narrow range.

'Tis change and turning, yet ever learning,
Nay alway yearning, to know the whole;
Time may not show, nor may man know
While here below, all moods of soul.

Is life a bubble, its harvest stubble,
Its main trend trouble, we ask in vain?
Who breaks the seal, who can reveal,
What thousands feel yet ne'er explain?

Cease man, you're prying, your baby crying
And ceaseless trying, 'tis mystery yet;
There's rule and will, be silent still,
In faith fulfill life's duty set.

Trust that dread power, whose richest dower
From hour to hour bids work and wait,
Till knowledge bloom beyond the tomb
From seed well sown in this estate.

Our Unseen Friends.

"Are they not all ministering spirits?"—*Heb. 1: 16.*

"An innumerable company of angels."—*Heb. 12: 22.*

I heard their garments trailing down the aisles of
 sable night,
 Marked the planets flash and twinkle as they smiled
 upon their flight;
 In the day-dawn, at the twilight, fancy peopled
 depths of space,
 Coming, going, all unerring, to their wisely des-
 tined place.

When 'neath noontide splendor hidden, stars are
 veiled from mortal ken,
 And earth's voices drown the music, heard in
 calmer hours of men;
 From world to world on errands swiftly these glad
 envoys ever fly,
 Some to where dwell glorified ones, some where
 mortals sin and die.

Oft when moonlight gleams like silver, cloudlets
 floating far on high
 Seemed like bannered escorts waiting on these le-
 gions of the sky;
 Where'er their angel presence is a boon to human
 soul,
 Silent ministry is tendered as the orbs of Heaven
 roll.

In the garret, in the cellar, where the poor in sorrow dwell,
Where rags and poverty and toil combine to give a taste of hell,
There God's anointed soothe the soul, with dreams of joy and bliss,
And when death stills the aching heart is felt an angel's kiss.

The babe in waxen beauty lies; the bride of yesterday;
The struggling widow; man of toil; then one too tired to stay;
The broken-hearted Magdalene, the sinner sick to death,
When coffined smile alike for peace came with the passing breath.

The portals of a palace to an angel guest may swing,
Wealth and luxury and honor cannot peace forever bring,
There are sighs and tears, there's sorrow 'mid life's circles high or low,
Philosophers and students need the angels to and fro.

Perchance e'en world's of glory down from Kolob to the sun,
Find need and place for messengers who willing flash and run.

They stand by myriads ready round the mighty
King of Kings,
The vast immensities of space may hear the rust-
ling of their wings.

To world's unnumbered as the sands upon earth's
ocean shore,
As seen, unseen, in ether's depths they roll for
evermore;
Our Father's prescience sees, nay hears His crea-
tures ere they call,
And quick as light He sends relief by servants
great or small.

These dry the tear, they whisper peace, they lift
the head that droops,
And were the loftiest Seraph called, 'twould ne'er
be said "He stoops."
Obedience is the golden chain that binds all worlds
to God,
Archangels, Seraphs, Saviors, to the lowliest on
earth's sod.

The Two Ends Meet.

'Twas a baby boy in a darkened room,
Long looked for token of love's glad seal;
Father and mother with hope were filled
That the stranger guest should a welcome feel.

He stood as a man in perfect form,
An eye as keen as the lightning's flash,
All self-reliant, strong and proud,
To conquer the world by his force and dash.
Out in the gutter, a woeful wreck,
A man had fallen, a lonely street,
'Twas late and dark but the demon drink
There captured a victim, then tripped his feet.
In a drunkard's home a corpse was laid,
A weeping widow and children twain;
The once proud soul had gone—ah, me!
A record of weakness, sin's sad stain.
Away by the gates of gold and pearl
A soul looked up and saw written near,
"No drunkard can enter this land of bliss."
It turned away with a sigh and tear.
Canst trust thy self, oh, boasting man
Where evil lurks and the tempter stands?
Trust thou in Him who is Lord of all,
Then shalt thou conquer and break all bands.

Can it be Sin.

Can it be sin to love the beautiful and bright,
To woo the sunshine and defer the night?
Are flowers in form and fragrance not more sweet,
Than weeds and thistles to the unclad feet?

Yet there are violets, yet the queenly rose,
 Bluebells and daisies lowly in repose;
 Each with a charm which native to itself,
 Invites selection or commands our pelf.

Our love goes gladly out for real or fancied good,
 As found in perfume, blossom, or in bud;
 We make our choice, our loves, or friends as mortals
 tell,
 Their virtues win our hearts by special spell.

More potent than the elixirs of ancient lore,
 These hold enshrined the good or evil more;
 To give our confidence, bestow our love, our heart,
 To make companionship of life a part,—

Demands more wisdom than to simply cull a flower,
 By perfume guided, or by tinted dower;
 These, perish in the using, pass as mist away,
 But Loves or Friendships make or mar life's day.

“Only a Boy.”

Only a boy, 'twas faintly said,
 As the nurse bent over the stranger guest;
 Only a boy who nestled and fed,
 Then slept unconsciously near the breast!
 Boys had been plenty as years flew by,
 Coming at intervals into that home,
 Did disappointment moisten the eye,
 Because girl babies afar would roam?

Only a boy—but after-thought
Gave to the mother its stirring power,
And kneeling beside the Sire she sought
For heavenly wisdom for human hour!
Before the Church with a throbbing heart,
Was dedicated the growing lad;
Amens went out with unwonted start,
As faith in promise each heart made glad.

Only a boy, he grew apace,
Obedient, earnest beyond his years;
The glow of sunshine was on his face,
And hope's bright bow if suffused by tears,
Often he knelt of his own free-will,—
God was with him as manhood swelled,
Surely the angels kept him from ill
And childhood's prophecy far excelled.

Only a boy, when was conferred,
The Priesthood which by covenant came;
That power which all the nations stirred,
And gives unasked its deathless name.
See as from home without money he goes,
The humble preacher of Gospel truth;
'Grand in example he faithful shows,
The wisdom of age in the strength of youth.

Only a boy, yet many will list,
The message they hail from 'yond the sky,
That which in reconciliation kissed
The sons of Adam from sin's deep dye.

A stripling, yet as a giant he,
 Walks o'er earth as of heaven sustained;
 And thousands redeemed from o'er the sea,
 Praise God for, *only a boy*, once named.

Only a boy, yet widening path,
 And grander circle give keys of power;
 Celestial order his practice hath,
 And in posterity there is dower.
 As stars or sand were Abraham's seed,
 The works he did will his children do,
 'Till kingdoms, and thrones, and powers indeed
 Shall tell of the hosts who in homage bow.

Only a boy, yet far and wide,
 His influence lured his race to right;
 Only a boy, yet trusted and tried,
 A faithful soldier in every fight.
 When filled with years he was laid to rest,
 Tears fell thick as the summer's rain;
 He found glad welcome amid the blest,
 And, only a boy, as a king doth reign.

Only a boy—let the "only" pass,
 It savors of fault with decrees divine;
 Fatherhood, motherhood, but doth glass,
 That image which highest above doth shine.
 Little as some may the advent prize,
 Of "only a boy" on this fallen sphere,
 He's not of the earth, but a prince in disguise,
Incog in his travels—a stranger here.

A Passing Thought

This life is as a bubble seen,
It floats a while then bursts and falls;
Unless we look beyond its ills,
And listen as the Spirit calls

That, tells us we had dwelling place
Amid the realms of bliss above,
We tasted there the joys of Heaven,
And tested all its thrilling Love.

To earth we came a few brief days,
In change to prove our fealty here,
And thus through faith to learn God's will,
Full fitted for a loftier sphere.

An Incident.

The mother sat in her nursing chair,
Resting awhile from the day's routine,
With needle in hand she had half-way dozed,
As sun or shadow in turn between,
The twining vines of the porch that day,
Glinting all round where the one child lay.

He rubbed his eyes as the rays of gold,
Fell on the carpet, and o'er his head;
The query fell from his pouting lips,
"Oh, Ma, is Heaven like this?" he said;

"More beauteous far, my darling child"—
She caught and kissed him as he smiled.

The sun went down and the boy undressed,
Went to his cot when the lamps were lit;
"Is dark in Heaven—have they lamps like this?
"I ask you Mamma"—"but wait a bit;
I want to pray 'fore I go to sleep;
Kiss me; Good Night"—there was silence deep.

All through the long weary hours that night,
Sammy was moaning or muttering low;
The fever burned till the curly head,
Was tumbled and sore in the morning's glow;
In broken words to the listener's ear,
"I love the sunshine, my mamma dear."

Delirium wild as the day rolled on,
The mother seized in its iron grasp,
Her prayers and tears were piteous there,
She held her loved with a frantic clasp;
Ah, all in vain, ere the daylight fled,
Grim death had conquered—the child was dead.

The casket bore but a piece of clay,
Yet a smile was carved on the features fair,
'Twas a gleam of light from that far-off land,
That God-loved angels for ever wear.
Now Sammy dwells where no night is known—
Heart-broken mother in grief is lone.

Yet "not alone" for the boy's words ring,
Through a stricken soul, ah sharp and clear,
"Is dark in Heaven? Have they lamps up there?"
She hears and answers by sigh and tear.
"He knows." All things *must* be light to Him,
While this earth swings in the twilight dim.

Thus faith broke through, 'till the shadows flew,
And peace distilled as the Spring's glad rain;
"My boy on earth, may not come to me;
I shall go to him. We shall meet again."
"Heaven hath no need of the lamp or sun,
God is our light, when life's work is done."

Just So.

A kindly word, a pleasant thought,
Makes life alluring, warms the heart;
And precious 'tis when all unbought,
It prompts to good—the better part.

Life glows again like rosy wine,
It blooms beneath a sunnier sky;
The clouds depart when Truth divine
To earth is sent from God on high.

Oh praise His name, for light, for peace,
For promise of eternal bliss,
May this be yours till life doth cease,
To find in Heaven *its* welcome kiss.

The Fallen Leaves.

Oh they bring back the days of my childhood again,
 Those glad days of yore when all life was a song,
 To-day there is only a saddened refrain,
 'Tis the music of Autumn now sweeping along.
 The rustling, fallen leaves.

What rambles by copses whose wealth lay around,
 What joy in the park amid trees bare and stripped,
 Knee deep thro' the leaves with a strange weird-like
 sound,
 They whirled to and fro, or they gathered like
 drift—
 The rustling, fallen leaves.

How they crackled and rattled 'neath sauntering
 feet,
 After falling like snowflakes from high overhead,
 On the grass, on each shrub, on the sidewalk and
 street,
 All fragrant with perfume, dame Nature's own bed
 The rustling, fallen leaves.

All colors and tints, nay all forms by the way,
 As varied as trees are by Father's decree,
 Nipped, painted and loosened by frost of a day,
 After laughing in sunshine, and dancing in glee.
 The rustling, fallen leaves.

Gold, silver, and bronze, green and scarlet were there,

In death and decay there was beauty galore,
Until rainfall and snowflakes were filling the air,
Then the music all died, the crisp leaves were no more,

The rustling, fallen leaves.

Long the flowers had departed, the violets of spring,
The roses of summer, autumn's asters all flew,
They will sure wake again and the joy bells will ring;
For nature will garnish each tree to renew,
The rustling, fallen leaves.

The Little Brown Cot.

A little brown cot on the crest of a hill,
With a vine-covered porch and a half-hidden seat,
Which said, "Here is peace" while all quiet and still
The valley in beauty spread far from the feet.

'Twas sunset and Sabbath, the door opened wide
And a soft mellow voice, with an organ, was heard,
It fell on the ear like the loved rippling tide,
The shores of old Ocean in music hath stirred.

That home came from toil which true love had inspired,

'Twas a nest for the bird, nay a shrine for the bride,
God-given, yet culled by a soul that enquired
For wisdom divine, as a blessing and guide.

When time like a day-dream had noted two years;
 From Eternity's realms came a beautiful boy;
 The mother looked upward through sanctified tears
 To One dedicating her first-fruits with joy.

The Father, the Elder, the Saint, all the Man,
 Grandly echoed the thought of his loving brave
 wife;

They named him for "Joseph," his blessing thus ran
 "He *shall* preach the Gospel, to it give his life."

Unlooked for, death came to that circle one day,
 'Twas an accident some said; 'twas sad at the best;
 Yet John was prepared, and submissive alway
 He passed, full of faith, to the land of the blest.

Full stalwart in body, and true in his heart,
 To manhood grew Joseph, his proud mother's
 stay;

The Priesthood ne'er called, but he willing would
 start

On lines of loved duty by night or by day.

Cheerful and honest, always ready, no thought
 'Yond the Ward where in action his spirit outshone
 When a summons (Box B) surprised, all unsought,
 "Could *He* take a mission to nation's unknown?"

"Well, yes. But my Mother! To whom can she look?
 Since the Heavens called Father we two have been
 one,

In prayers one, in worship, in toil, in each book—
 She is a good mother—I her only son.

He went! There was tears and much sacrifice too;
There was faith though and trust in the One they
knew well;

He went as a soldier, to honor that vow,
Recorded at birth as the records will tell.

The Spirit went with him, he humble and pure,
Testified like a giant and pointed the way;
God honored him, blest, gave strength to endure
When legions withstood him to edge up his way.

Returned, he had "sheaves," he had stars for his
crown,

They marked his example, and rejoiced in his love;
All Gospel-begotten, they will faithful sit down,
With hosts gathered out for the Kingdom above.

In his absence, poor mother, was poverty tried,
But she prayed as she toiled sending though
'twere a dime;

Her heart swelled in rapture when her son glorified
Came back from that mission, his first at the time.

He was worthy a wife, the Lord led Him right,
As his father was led in the days long ago;
His mother loved Mary, her daughter, at sight,
So the little brown cot was a heaven below.

The fruits of that love are in evidence now,
They are growing to manhood, to womanhood fair,
Joseph's hair is unchanged, but his Mary I vow,
Is a picture for mothers, just call, you know
where.

Though aged, blest Grandma looks lovable yet,
 For God's peace is her's on the verge of the
 grave;
 She longs for the loved, she in early years met,
 They'll both wait together for Joseph the brave.

The Witchery of Words.

Oh music full as trumpet call,
 Or soft as song of birds;
 What else can human hearts enthrall,
 Like witchery of words?

The Poet's song whose magic sweeps,
 The soul like rushing flame,
 Or by its pathos silent steeps—
 Words give immortal name.

Where force enshrined in triumph tells
 Of oratorical skill;
 What calm of thought, what passion swells
 By power of words and will.

Where highest flight the seer doth reach,
 Or Psalmist-Prophet sings,
 Where inspiration loves to teach,
 There words are but the wings.

Test every love-tone known on earth,
 Upon life's gamut set;
 Each lover, mother, child, finds worth,—
 Ah, words are music yet.

The voice of prayer, the rapt appeal
Of mercy, pity, truth,
Tell best from hearts which thrilling feel,
Words have immortal youth.

Oh, potent power, when thou dost bless,
With gifts which man engirds;
My choice be Truth, and to impress,
Give—Witchery of Words!

My Friend.

The bloom of youth is on thy cheek,
Its lustre in thy laughing eye;
In youthful tones thy voice doth speak,
Its music tells when thou art nigh.

Upon life's threshold thou dost stand,
Its cares are all unknown to thee;
What quiet scenes, what vistas grand,
Time may unroll or give to thee.

For maidenhood will as a dream,
Be held, 'mid wifely love and truth;
If motherhood is thine 'twill seem,
More glorious than the days of youth.

That is, if Love shall build that nest.
Which keeps the sacred name of home;
Oh life is naught, it hath no zest,
Unloved—as beggars here we roam.

And so I wish thee every joy,
 I trust Religion's mellow light,
 Will turn to gold earth's base alloy,
 And bear thee back to heaven of right.

Progressive Being.

Oft I hear those spirit voices,
 Which my inner heart rejoices,
 'Tis not the heart of flesh I mean,—
 It never heeds this call,
 It throbs and pulsates ever,
 And cold science says 'tis clever,
 Yet it only is the human,
 The spirit is the soul!

Oh, it tells of far off glory,—
 Tells a thrilling, stirring story,
 Of a home and its surroundings,
 Of its unending day;
 Tells of Love, which loving lives,
 Which increases as it gives,
 And ever hath the more to give,
 The more it gives away!

So we mortals dream of heaven,
 But can mortals hope to leaven,
 The bread of earth with that rich life.
 From 'yond the azure blue?

Where the clime is cold and drear,
Where 'tis as a mirror clear,
That uncongenial element
Doth war against the true!

Feeble, futile, all endeavor,
If man could today but sever,
That combination God hath made
'Twixt dust and spirit will.
'Tis destined that the higher
Shall e'er purge as if by fire,
The cruder forms existence tells,
And loftier life instil!

So from this so-called dreaming,
Evanescent though its seeming,
Yet tinged by lustre, glow which comes
From memories deeps of yore;
Man wakes to better life,
Deems his present always rife,
With power to reproduce the past
Amid forbidding lore!

Tries he still and tries in sorrow,
Hopes for better work tomorrow,
Dismayed at last he seeks beyond
For aid in earnest toil;
As 'twas once of old decreed,
Man shall finally succeed,
When inspiration's verdure springs,
On earth's wild barren soil!

On it yet shall bloom and flourish,
 Far from passing thought to perish,
 As in the clime of Heaven itself,
 Where joy hath no surprise;
 Here love shall soar and sing,
 On as glad exultant wing,
 As e'er in flight was known of yore
 'Mid ether of the skies!

With a faith that knows no shrinking,
 With an eye that knows no blinking,
 The God-illumined soul looks forth,
 'Till earth transfigured swings,
 'Till made a Heaven it rolls,
 With all its ransomed souls,
 In orbit round the central sun,
 Where dwells the King of Kings!

The Rose

We kiss the bright bud of the beautiful rose,
 Its perfume gives promise of what it may be;
 We love as its future doth further disclose,
 Its wealth of rich glory, when full-blown we see.
 Its fragrance continues, yes, when the leaf dies,
 We garner the past in its present decay;
 When withered or pressed, it forever recalls,
 The sweet thoughts enshrined in its loveliest day.

So the budding young daughter now stirring our
pride,

With rich bloom of youth, hath the hearts warmest
glow,

As womanhood, motherhood blooms by our side,
Our ready affection its wealth will bestow.

Should death creeping cause the bright petals to
fall,

The perfume they gather will linger through time;
And God will transplant, should his wisdom recall,
To show richer bloom in a sunnier clime.

Our Zion.

Though dark clouds may gather around thee,
Oh Zion, thou Zion of God!

Though the world may unite to confound thee
And make persecution their rod—

Yet thy light shall no more be suspended,

Thy name from the earth be erased,
'Till the reign of oppression is ended,—
Thy foes are forever disgraced!

CHORUS:

Oh, Zion shall triumph and shine as the sun,

As the Prophets said, long, long ago.

For the will of her God on the earth shall be done,

In that kingdom no might can o'erthrow.

Thine enemies now may upbraid thee,
 Oh, Zion, thou Zion of God!
 By dungeon and fine may degrade thee,
 And threaten thy sons with the rod;
 Thou canst point to the martyrs of ages,
 To Prophets, Apostles of old,
 Or tell the wild world of the sages,—
 Of Jesus, “the Lamb” of the fold.

CHORUS:

Oh, Zion shall triumph and shine as the sun.
 The battle-cry need not alarm thee,
 Oh, Zion, thou Zion of God!
 No weapon that’s formed yet shall harm thee,
 Or cast thy head down to the sod;
 Should the smoke of the fray in its blackness,
 Out-rival what Egypt once knew,
 In the Infinite arm is no slackness,
 And beyond the dense cloud is the blue.

CHORUS:

Oh, Zion shall triumph and shine as the sun.
 There is more that are for than oppose thee,
 Oh, Zion, thou Zion of God!
 Then do not in sadness suppose thee,
 Thy pathway of thorns is untrod;
 The angels before thee shall hover,
 Thy rearward by day and by night,
 And the hand of the Father shall cover,
 To keep in the highway of right.

CHORUS:

Oh, Zion shall triumph and shine as the sun.
In the furnace, as gold—He hath tried thee,
Oh, Zion, thou Zion of God!
And His great heart His love will not chide thee,
For feeling, then kissing the rod;
Thou shall sing with the hosts from all nations,
The songs of the Zion divine,
'Mid the Temples with His generations,
From worlds which in glory shall shine.

CHORUS:

Oh, Zion shall triumph and shine as the sun,
Decreed in the long, long ago;
In the Universe *One* will shall ever be done,
For that Kingdom who would overthrow?

Semi-Centennial for Pioneers.

Who can tell the graphic story, 'mid these old
mountains hoary,
Who were the first invaders and their wild re-
cesses found?
Who climbed their rugged steeps, pierced their
then untrodden deeps
And forced a passage to these vales and made
them fertile ground?

Why sought they isolation, far from proud civiliza-
tion,

A thousand miles from any where, 'mid deserts
wild and drear?

Their origin, the wherefore, whys, and their tear-
ful glad surprise,

When they beheld these solitudes, and knew that
home was here?

Prophetic! (no regret) they the land called—Des-
eret;

The Honey Bee, this type they chose, 'twas in-
dustry and toil.

They stormed her cliffs and crags though in pen-
ury and rags,

And waged a war of culture on the dry and
thirsty soil.

There was neither wish nor time to refer to East-
ern clime,

New York and stern New England were a dream
forever past;

Far West and Kirtland once had charm—Ohio
did them harm;

'Till wild Missouri shelter gave, the "Promised
Land" at last.

But jealous persecution swelled, that State an
element then held,

Fanatical and murderous, they made the settlers
flee;

Their homes were left, their dead, made that soil
for ever red,

And Illinois her welcome gave, in Commerce
they were free!

Nauvoo "the beautiful" then rose, 'twas a miracle
to foes.

Nay, e'en its friends and builders fairly mar-
velled as it grew,
Farms and homes spread far and wide and the
Mississippi's tide,

Glassed that house of God—the Temple, as the
days of labor flew.

When the storm began to blow, opposition seemed
to grow,

For patience turned a sickly place into a fruitful
field;

When the envied Prophet stood, stemmed the tor-
rent, now a flood,

Until his followers for their faith and homes,
refused to yield.

Then rage began to plan, said, "we only need the
man,"

The fearless leader, staunch and brave—"and a
devoted few!"

Courts and mobs in eager hate, nay the officers of
State,

To Carthage dragged on false pretense, where
finally they slew!

The martyr's grave was filled, as evil wished and
willed,

A stricken people mourned, bereft, of Prophet,
Patriarch;

The shock them paralyzed, a devoted host sur-
prised,

And for a moment they forgot their mission, in
the dark.

When the Leader stood and cried, on the people to
decide,

The mantle worn by Joseph fell on Brigham,
trusted, known,

So Israel wrought again on their duties once more
plain,

And all moved on, as 'twere of yore, for leader-
ship was shown.

Disappointed and enraged, then the enemy en-
gaged,

To drive the hated, far away, beyond their eye
or ken;

The bayonet's point was keen, and the hand of
plunder seen,

When Nauvoo's thousands signed in tears the
"bills of sale" between.

Never will the truth be known, till eternities have
shown

The suffering, blood and death endured, on that
sad cruel day;

For the yet uncanceled debt, when the judgment
day is set,
Will all collected be with costs from those who
ought to pay.

The fugitives at length, asking God for wisdom,
strength,
Went out when winter reigned around, from de-
mons on their track;
Who can tell how many died, tell where buried
side by side,
Upon that solemn march begun, endured, by
souls upon the rack?

'Tis fifty years 'tis said, since the Pioneers were
led
O'er wilds untracked to find at last, a dwelling
place for right.
Is history but a dream, but a myth of ages mean,
Unknown, unworthy of our times, our liberty,
our light?

Is our Jubilee confession, that the past was false
profession?
That these fair valleys only glow in verdure from
the toil
Of cast out Pioneers, whom the traitors drove with
jeers,
From homes and lands and labor spent on proud
Columbia's soil,

It may be that repentance brings upon its ever
 healing wings,
 That restitution by the child may cancel father's
 sin?

If so, we hail the day, all unshadowed by the way,
 There's full forgiveness in our hearts, 'tis tri-
 umph this to win.

Man plans, but Heaven o'er-rides, and times im-
 petuous tides,
 Are all controlled and lulled by Him for purposes
 Divine.

Oh Truth at last prevails, no need who, what as-
 sails,
 All honor to the great Supreme, the gall hath
 turned to wine.

Resplendent, Utah stands made by earnest horny
 hands,
 The Pioneers of long ago, in faith and trust were
 strong;
 These valleys tell their toil, they redeemed the
 barren soil,
 Untill laden fields and happy homes, 'mid plenty
 bursts in song.

Long years misunderstood now deemed both great
 and good,
 Their works proclaim in thunder tones their
 bravery, their soul;

Now music swells and thrills, cannon, echoes 'mid
the hills,

In honor of the Pioneers inscribed on History's
scroll.

Some weary, worn, have died, crossed o'er the
great divide,

But they are unforgotten on this grand, this fes-
tal day;

If they were here to greet, Utah's joy would be
complete,

Perchance they all are looking on from spheres,
oh far away.

In a few fast fleeting years, 'mid a nation's sighs
and tears,

The last of these great Patriot souls, will sleep
beneath the sod;

The State they made shall stand, be the glory of
the land,

The brightest star upon the flag, true to itself
and God.

Institutions they devised, shall expanding, be
more prized,

While a teeming population fills these valleys of
the free;

And in every State beside, Utah's sons shall be
their pride,

From the great Pacific Ocean to the distant
Eastern sea.

Write their names in light supernal, give them
honor's, ah eternal,

They our Fathers were and Mothers, they our
Friends were, tried and true;

We knew them here and yonder, if our minds the
truth could ponder,

That the Pioneers a mission had, 'twas God their
faith best knew.

Bring flowers, bring banners, song, let eloquence
prolong,

The days devoted to this Half-Centennial Jubilee,
Let proud Utah celebrate, let each home through-
out the State,

Swell the praises of the Fathers as becomes each
"Honey Bee."

Tell prophecy to write what the Century will indite
Concerning that strange exodus across the des-
ert's breast;

'Twill be lauded to the skies, 'twill be history's
surprise,

The Pioneers will homage find throughout a
mightier West.

Thanksgiving Day.

Bleak, stern and cold were New England's shores,
When the dauntless Pilgrim Fathers came;

Scanty and meagre their oft told stores,

Yet they earned unthinking immortal name,

Where Redmen found at the sacred board
The first Thanksgiving and praised the Lord.

But time has flown with an eagle's wing,
All wealth is piled on this God-blest land;
Though prayers less earnest to-day may ring,
Than they did that day with the Pilgrim band;
Successful, proud of the glory won,
By the mightiest nation 'neath the sun.

The same God blesseth, His love, His grace,
Hath deluged ours with a plenty great;
This nation moves at a mighty pace,
As man meets man and State meets State,
And there's Thanksgiving from South to North,
From East to West as the Sun goes forth.

Charity's hand is in nowise stayed,
The poor, infirm and the few in pain—
This hallowed day have a feast prepared,
For the Hand that giveth doth never fail.
Uncounted hearts for this day of days,
Throb nearer Heaven in words of praise.

As one, at the same footstool men bend,
This Sabbath-day of declared intent;
If e'en the morrow shall fail to tend,
The same blest spirit, to give as lent;
I hail the time if 'tis distant now
With no Thanksgiving's especial vow.

But *every day* in its mighty round,
 When the sun shall rise or in glory set,
 From a grateful world like to incense fount,
 God shall be honored and none forget—
 One grand Thanksgiving from sea to sea,
 Earth's proof of fealty, its Jubilee.

Love.

Ah, well, I know the dream of youthful bliss,
 Its thoughts of Love, its warm and ready kiss;
 Know full well also that these dreams oft fail,
 That love grows lifeless as a thrice-told tale.

A dream, 'tis said, a figment of the brain,
 Trusted in rapture, sought for once again;
 An airy shadow, but a substance true
 When based on soul, outreaching, ever new.

As evanescent as the summer's snow,
 Unless there's soil to bid its tendrils grow;
 Then it will swell and reach beyond the skies,
 Love is immortal, *there* it never dies.

The Mother's Lament.

Jer. 31:15. Job 1:21. Luke 19:14.

In the hush of evening gray,
 At morn with its glow of sun,
 And all through the livelong day,
 As the halting days may run,

I look for my darling girl,
I list for her voice so dear,
Her face at the open door,
Her hurrying footstep near.

Oh, my heart swells o'er and o'er,
It throbs for the absent one,
And asks, "Will she nevermore,
Return to my lonesome home?"
No more shall I hold her hand?
No kiss on her cheek impress?
Will she never beside me stand,
Returning my fond caress?

I look at her vacant bed,
And turning her clothing o'er,
I think of her precious head
'Mid her playthings on the floor—
I cannot persuade my heart,
I catch at the slightest move,
Then turn with a sudden start,
But only my loss to prove.

Was anything left, undone,
Ought done to merit this rod?
Thought, backward for years doth run,
And then—to the hillside sod!
To give,—and to bid my soul,
Its treasures of love impart;
Then snatch in an hour the whole,
From my bounding,—broken heart.

I ask, "would a friendly hand,
 Embitter the cup of life,
 As I by the casket stand,
 A fainting mother and Wife?"
 I pause, and there comes, reply:
 "My daughter, I gave thee this,
 Thy flower now blooms on high,
 In regions of perfect bliss!"
 Thou, mother, shalt have thine own,
 Unsullied by earthly stain,
 My wisdom shall then be known,
 When greeting thy lost, again;
 Thy tears for her early fate,
 May fall to the silent sod,
 But "Masie" has gone to wait
 'Mid friends, with her Father—God.

Sister and Daughter.

Within the compass of these magic words,
 What thoughts will crowd, and stir within the
 heart;
 Sweeter in tone, than instrument or birds,
 Although their notes oft bid rich echoes start.
 For there is music in a Sister's name,
 And in her acts, affection is enshrined;
 Beloved at home, is all such ask of fame,
 Where every dream and wish is intertwined.

Projects and loves, and secrets not a few,
Are interchanged, yet sacred as is meet;
No friend though old, no change how fresh or new,
Within the heart finds welcome half so sweet.

In infant years and childhood ever near,
Sisters—yet daughters, charming mother love;
What ties so tender, what to life so dear,
Or whom so looked for in the worlds above?

For mother, sister in that glorious sphere,
Preserve the sacred ties which love doth weld;
And heaven would be no heaven, I sadly fear,
If deathless circles ne'er the loved ones held.

Part of our life! We grew together here,
Sisters, and daughters, mother, one yet three;
And through eternal ages it is surely clear,
Where'er one is, the rest will wish to be.

God hath implanted in the depths profound,
That germ divine which links each soul to Him;
And loving, makes us worthy to be crowned,
Amid that glory ages cannot dim!

Grief Mitigated.

Earth hath no grief, however sore or heavy,
But time will heal by movement of its wings,
For every soul dejected when sustained of duty,
There's times of healing, when it soars and sings.

The lone and cheerless, waked again from sadness,
 Pierces by faith the ether of the skies,
 It knows that true affection hath no bounds or
 limits;
 There's solace in the future, when the present dies.
 So to the dust we give our dearest treasures,
 We lay them down beneath the peaceful sod:—
 The spirit is the life, it fills its destined mission
 In smiles or tears, then bears its record back
 to God.

The Beautiful City of God.

Rev. 21:2.

Beyond the eternal ether,
 Away from this cold earth's sod,
 In its grand unrivalled splendor,
 Is the beautiful city of God!
 Its walls are of shining jasper,
 Each gate is a pearl unique;
 An angel by each one waiting,
 Should a stranger-foot entrance seek!
 To the bright and beautiful city,
 The Holy City of God!

Its streets are of gold, the purest,
 Transparent as glass, 'tis told;
 And each foundation is garnished,
 With the gems which are rarer than gold!

Perfected in cycles divine,
Its height, length and breadth, are the same.
I hail that wonderful city,
The "City of God" is its name!
'Tis the bright and beautiful city,
The Holy City of God!

The river of life runs through it,
'Mid slopes of emerald sod;
The glorified angels saunter,
As its paths by their sandals are trod!
Of white are their graceful robeings,
No sheen of the seagull's wing,—
Can equal that subtle lustre,
Which round them doth lovingly cling!
In the bright and beautiful city,
The Holy City of God!

There groves of the highest verdure,
Flowers of immortal bloom,
And fountains of joyous water,
From the river of life find room!
Hillock, and plateau, and valley,
Spread, until distant and faint;—
Stately these palaces ever,
Are homes for the sinner, now saint!
In the bright and beautiful city,
The Holy City of God!

The King hath home in its center,—
Can language of earth portray?

Should vision but turn too sudden,
 It would blind by the shadowless ray!
 Yet, never hath sun in glory,
 Or moon, or a starlit night,
 Been seen in that lustrous city,—
 For God is its life and light!
 In the bright and beautiful city,
 The Holy City of God!

Sorrow and sickness are absent,
 No tear on a pale sad cheek;
 The leaves of the good tree growing,—
 Will heal though the nations may seek!
 No Temple that city hath needed,
 Yet “the great white throne” is there;
 And a “new song” all are singing,
 The Redeemed are gathering there!
 To the bright and beautiful city,
 The Holy City of God!

I long to escape from earth’s shadows,
 Prophets and Martyr’s to greet;
 To find in the heavenly Zion,
 If but lowly, a place and a seat!
 Lord, in Thy beautiful city,
 When leaving this earth I have trod;
 Give, if but welcome of silence,
 To serve in the City of God!
 The bright and beautiful city,
 The Holy City of God!

My Silent Song.

I often sing a silent song,
A song no mortal sense hath heard;
And yet its tones my soul can thrill;—
Far more than music, it hath stirred!
When sense of blessing o'er me falls,
As memory, oft the past recalls.

If undeserved, I yet must sing,
My voiceless song, my hymn of praise;
I know its sweet and mellow ring,
In sleepless nights, and happier days;
Whene'er its inspiration swells,
The low bowed head, the teardrop tells!

I long ofttimes its notes to hear,
When discontent its shadow flings,
Then time to think, to pray sincere,
Brings back my song, whose echo rings!
And darkness flees, as clouds sweep by,—
I bask beneath a sun-kissed sky.

This precious song, o'er moods and ills,
Glad victory gives to weary souls;
A foretaste 'tis of bliss which thrills,
Past golden gates and jasper walls;
"All things together work for good,"
If Father's love is understood!

'Tis proved beyond, if unknown here,
 Or seen by faith, a glimpse at best,
 My silent song, my heart shall cheer,
 While here I wait my promised rest,
 To sing aloud, the same glad song,
 'Mid his redeemed, triumphant throng!

A Sabbath Reberie.

The day was soft and balmy overhead,
 The light clouds floated 'neath the loftier blue;
 Just breeze enough to make the poplar leaves
 Dance as they laughed, that day before the sun.
 The brook ran by, whose fitful murmurs swept
 In music, as Æolian harps are wont
 To swell and die; the drowsy hum of bees
 Was on the perfumed air, and sparrow love
 With worm in beak for callow brood, and whirr
 Of wing went by, to their secluded nest!
 'Twas peaceful Sabbath day, and busy thought
 Went out, oh far, and further still; the home
 If distant, seemed most nigh, where laughing girls
 Chasing the sunny hours with smiles, to think
 That they amid the gathering crowds, full soon
 Would tread the sacred courts of Father's house;—
 Would list the pealing organ's ebb and flow,
 Of richest tone—the Psalm, or hymn of praise,

The word divine, and taste the sacred cup
And bread of holy rite, and covenant
Renew, until a Benediction fell
In peace, in glow of spirit-life, to Home!

In reverie, as profound as infant's sleep
The soul was steeped, surroundings all dissolved,
As snow 'neath genial sun is seen no more!

The tramp of feet is heard, yet without care
Or thought of where, or how, or why; if noise
It might be deemed, unconscious as the rest.

A gentle rustling, then a lull, and strains
Of organ, as by master hand, shed forth
The Voluntary, weird, yet sweet and gentle
As the spring's glad rain, then, higher, lustier peal
And mingled voice of song, whose memory still
Would haunt the ear, and steal away the heart.
'Twas "Hark, the song," the song "of Jubilee,"
Which even now thrills as 'twere not of earth,
But as a stirring pean of the skies—
An anthem which an angel-choir might sing!

The Invocation next, which humbly winged
Most surely moved the Heavens; repentant words,
Yet words of faith and sunny cheer, the Gods
Undoubted heard, for peace fell there as dew!

In mood diverse, again the strain of song,
As pleading, "Jesus, Lover of my soul!"
Its cadence rippling, soft and sweet as breath
Of perfume, 'mid earth's loveliest flowers—
A prelude fitting, for the minister
Arose—a Woman, clad in raiment white—

Who, sympathetic and with mother heart,
Told how, in God's own image man had stood,
Then fallen, victim of temptation's force;
Had wandered far, as prodigals will do,
Yet Mercy, Love and Father-care unchecked
For Jesus' sake (the Anointed One who died)
Would welcome every erring one, nor chide
As human friends and teachers do!

With gentle voice, and lips aglow with fire
Of good; in words just such as woman's soul
Would use and press, so weary hearts of men,
Long sick of sin and wrong, could best receive!

A holy hush, as thoughts of home, mayhap
Of mother's blessing, or a sister's love,
Or father's prayer, or teacher's kindly word,
Perchance companionship or holier love,
Would burst from memory's depths, long, long
concealed.

The silent tear, the half-escaping sigh,
The head bowed down, best told the shaft had hit.
"Amen!" rang out with fervid tone; then song
Again, "I was a wandering sheep," seemed apt,
And all was o'er; again the tramp of feet,—
The spell was broke, *the dream was real at last!*

The evening sun toward the west had drooped;
Eyes, sealed by thought and reverie profound,
Were ope'd again; and tramping feet along
The corridors of Utah's "Pen," awoke
The drowsy eye and ear, as white and black—
(The stripes unloved,) in single file to cell

Marched straight; the dream was past, and now
more real
Surroundings seemed; the iron, hated worse
Than e'er, and e'en the towering walls and guards
Had hate, although the sun and crowning blue
Was there as erst; the soaring mountain tops,
Their greenening slopes were there; the distant city
And the Temple's towers; the homes of peaceful life,
Where wives and children wait return for that
Which time seems loath or lingers long to give!
Yet none despondent, no brave comrade feels
To shrink, if duty point the thorny way;
"Prisoners of Hope," for Truth, in direst strait,
Waiting in patient mood, and spirit flush
From higher aid, to join again at home
In social group, or mid the congregations
Of the Saints, with warmer love and rarer
Thought; appreciating gifts of God
With more intense regard than when in days
Ere separation, trial, prison bars
High thought provoked; and tested strength of
faith;
Or goodness of the Infinite brought home
To chastened souls, where trial is the rod!

The Trial of Faith!

The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away.
Blessed be the name of the Lord.

Yes! The song was hushed on that cheerless day
When he passed to the land above,
And the heart refused in its grief to pray,
For the knees bent not in love.

For the light of our eyes, our pride, our joy,
Was laid with the silent dead—
Struck down, when worshipped, nay blest, that boy
Breathes not on his little bed.

Why promise him life, anoint his head?
Why call on the Friend above?
Why Priesthood seem by the Spirit led?
"The boy shall live, you love."

There the dark cloud hangs like a funeral pall,
Heaven heard not, answered none;
Can the lamp of faith have a light at all,
When our child is dead and gone?

But grief brought sleep, and the dreams of night
Gave balm to the wounded heart.
'Twas the problem solved; ah, I know 'twas right,
And repent of my faithless part!

There I saw that life now checked, renewed
And struggling in giddy youth;
Then the pride of manhood on him I viewed,
Far severed from Right and Truth !

For fierce temptation with siren voice,
To the wine-cup drew him on;
And a drunkard's life had become the choice
Of my proud and beloved son!

I woke, and the dream passed on; but now
My murmuring heart is checked.
The dead boy saved, I had rather know,
Than his life with his manhood wrecked.

I praise thee, Father, Thy will be done;
Thy providence is best,
And Thine hand will restore my absent son
In the realms of eternal rest.

Too True.

The lover hung his manly head,
And checked his beating heart;
While gazing on the one who led
A wild and wayward part.

For he had fondly hoped to win,
To call the maid his own;
Missed not a look, a wish, a whim,
'Till months to years had grown.

When fulsome flatterers 'round her met
And lauded high her grace,
Her form, her lips, her eyes of jet,
Her rare illumined face,

He, sick at heart, beheld her pride
 Of conquest and of power;
 Yet prayed that as a true man's bride
 She might enjoy life's hour.
 But step by step she sank apace
 (Oh, giddy heart and head!)
 Still spurned with one to run life's race,
 By lofty purpose led.
 And he, rebuked, won to his side
 A priceless woman, wife;
 While she, in life's mad whirl, still tried
 To find a happier life.
 Her flatterers passed her, one by one;
 She, wrecked, insulted stood—
 A woman lost; the star, which shone
 As heaven, set, sank in blood.
 Oh, fluttering moth, 'round such a flame
 'Twas poor a life to spend,
 When genuine manhood crowns the name
 In marriage without end!

Confidence!

"Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him."—*Bible.*

How few have scaled those cloudless heights,
 Where faith immortal dwells, inspired;
 Where days of storm or calm-steeped nights
 Are one, and labor hath not tired!

Imbued with strength
From food on high,
They live or die
To win at length.

Were History bade to bring her crowned,
How small a host would centuries span!
While untold myriads might be found
Or nearly universal man,
Who leave no trace,
Though called to this,
Persistent, miss
Their day of grace.

The kingly few as types have been,
The possible of unborn time;
When Kings and Priests, as nations seen,
Shall move the earth in every clime.
With swelling heart
We hail the day
To work and play
A faithful part!

With Seers and Prophets passed away,
With Prophet's-priesthood now who roam,
We greet Truth's universal sway—
Earth's glad triumphant harvest home!
Content to play
In lowliest parts,
So faithful hearts
May bless our day.

In Zion.

We knew of his first coming from a nation o'er the
sea,

A convert to the Gospel such as Elders love to see;
His home had all attraction that fond parents can
bestow,

Religion, education, wealth, society can show.

He heard that glorious message from the opened
Heaven's sent,

And gave obedience to the call to his full heart's
content;

When he had said "Good-bye" to all however sore
his heart,

No murmuring found a lodgment there, he chose
a nobler part.

But knowing little at the time, that little soon in-
creased,

In prayer and faith and all good works his efforts
never ceased,

And God was with him, was his light, to guide his
youthful feet;

Providing parents, friends and health and every
blessing meet.

When on a foreign shore he stood he talked with
God, his friend;

A Covenant Son he wished to be till life should
find its end;

He knew not what his path might cross, tempta-
tion's tests could be,
No arm of flesh, 'twas his to trust his Maker—Deity.

This chosen land, the gathering place, the "thresh-
ing-floor of God,"
Divinely blest, for ages kept, the choicest on earth's
sod;
The rallying point, these mountain vales where
Priesthood rules in love,
Revealing duty, truths to fit man for the realms
above.

Amid fair Zion's daughters found, the Prophet
made it clear,
'Twas God's own plan in Nature's laws in Zion
should appear,
That every faithful son should wed to found his
house and name,
As did these Patriarchs of old who earned immor-
tal fame.

Love kindled, kept that sacred law, invoked those
sealing powers,
Which God's anointed Seers have held in earth's
supremest hours;
For time and all eternity, he found a wife was
given,
And from the altar's sacred steps his soul soared
nearer Heaven.

Eternal increase hath its key, though few may find
 that way,
 Through marriage rite is it decreed to all who thus
 obey,
 If one or ten, are given of Him who rules and
 reigns on high,
 They will be wives indeed on earth and 'yond the
 starlit sky.

This was believed, and broadened soul essayed to
 prove its truth,
 When toil was pleasant and there throbbed the
 heart of hopeful youth,
 No home on earth was e'er more fair, united, true
 and good,
 As wives and children multiplied and truth was
 understood.

No jealous feeling grew or thrived, as one each tried
 to bless,
 In fond relationship of Love, they lived 'neath
 Love's caress;
 To sacrifice was duty plain, each found the way for
 this,
 And if a cloud arose at all, 'twas scattered by a
 kiss.

From out that home went men of power, faith had
 its sacred work,
 And duty never seemed a task for e'en the least to
 shirk,

In foreign climes, in lands afar, though oft with
bleeding feet,
They wooed the sinner back to God by Gospel's
music sweet.

Their going was blest, return was hailed, their
Ward was proud of each,
They went as Saviors, not to learn, but all the
world to teach;
Their converts flocked to Zion as the doves to win-
dows fly,
And all through Utah's glorious land they're men
to whom men tie.

The daughters light a host of homes, are mothers
now indeed,
An army from the days gone by from Israel's
precious seed,
They're known at home, abroad as well, their works
will ever shine
And Zion if redeemed at once, would find those
works divine.

From "small beginnings" He doth make His mighty
purpose grow,
The Lad from 'yond the sea is now a Patriarch
below;
And thousands have been blessed of him and by
his family here,
Who in the realms of bliss for e'er their memories
will revere.

'Tis good to work for Zion's growth, for God who
 formed the plan,
 Ere earth's foundations yet were laid to be the
 home for man;
 And by and by (I hail the time) redemption fully
 shown,
 Will swing it back to shine again not far from
 Father's throne.

The saints enraptured then shall have the right to
 rule and reign,
 Bought by the Christ whose precious blood on Cal-
 vary left its stain,
 Celestialized by power of Truth the Kingdom of
 our God,
 Shall shine in splendor for the Saints on earth's
 delighted sod.

Similitude.

Whene'er the sun goes down in cloudless splendor
 After a day of calm,
 Somehow each tho't seems all inspired and tender,
 Dripping with healing balm.

But when in haze or cloud the day is dying,
 Sombre the moods of thought,
 Steal o'er the senses as if heedless, sighing,
 Sadness and silence caught.

Strange, ah vastly strange, uncomprehended,
 These spells of joy or tears;
All unbegotten of things seen or tended,
 In fleeing days or years.

From other spheres, and spirits not embodied,
 Strange drifts and moods more strange,
Come all unsought, unwished, yet making stolid
 The passive heart to change.

Oh may we woo the best, shun those deluding
 That mock us in their spite;
For surely all are ever dark illusions,
 That lead us from the right.

God's Spirit as is promised, cannot fail us,
 It whispers peace with Sun,
Or if the shadows cover, hell assail us,
 The victor's crown is won.

Life's Dreams.

Childhood dreams, and smiles in sleep,
 Dreams of home, just left awhile;
Angels their glad vigils keep,
 Recognition wakes the smile!

Youth hath dreams, fond dreams of love;
 Dreams of earth, the shadowed past?
Just clouded life's impulses move
 In transient orbit, swiftly cast.

Manhood dreams of riches, fame,
Ambition, power, these forces swell,
'Till pride of life and self, aflame,
Hath burned the record memories tell.

So Old Age dreams. Life's ebbing tide
Bids all the first dreams come once more,
While angels draw the vail aside
Of home beyond time's rugged shore.

Thus life is but a rounded dream;
Its portals veil, unveil at will,
Immortal lives, and heaven's bright gleam,
As Gods their purposed ends fulfill!

The Dying Prophet.

Joseph, Joseph, Joseph, Joseph!—*Last Words of Pres. Brigham Young.*

"Joseph, Joseph, Joseph, Joseph;" softly murmured Zion's chief,
As life's pulses weakened, ebbing, in the midst of loving grief;
Ah, the tale *that* tells is grander than the epics men have moved,
For it speaks of recognition; Joseph—was the man he loved.

He, the dying, prostrate leader grasped in death the friend of yore,
Come to give a welcome greeting as he neared the other shore;

Faithful, steadfast, tried and trusted, well thy mission thou hast done,
Joseph meets thee on the threshold of the kingdom thou hast won.

True beside the great Ohio, true upon Missouri's plains,
True where Far West prairies reaching, untouched by defection's stain,
True where Mississippi's waters glassed the Temple's towering dome,
True when Carthage sent its victims to their desolated home!

True when fleeing from the hunters, as the antelope flees by,
True when camped mid death and sorrow, 'neath the silent winter sky.
True in all that wondrous passage,—pilgrimage to peace, from strife,
True in Utah's proud dominions marked by thy devoted life!

This the mission Jesus gave thee, Joseph on thy shoulders laid,
When his great heart quivered, feeling, that his life would be betrayed,
So he passed in trust unshaken as by revelation filled;
Joseph, Brigham, neither faltered, until death their efforts stilled.

And when murmuring softly, Joseph—proudly
 thou could'st sink to rest,
 On the outer verge of glory, frankly meet the
 "Prophet" blest!
 Ah, that meeting! who can grasp it, realize the
 surging swell
 Of those hearts who proved through all things,
 that affection—acts best tell?
 Who would falter? Mark their leader, emulate his
 life, his death.
 Welcome they shall have when passing, greeting
 friends with latest breath.
 Jesus, Joseph, Joseph, Brigham, 'twas triumphant
 music there;
 Angel bands for introduction, every faithful soul
 shall share!

The Missionary's Wife to Her Husband.

True Love for an absent one,
 Full oft may the hot tear start,
 And only the few may know
 The dream of a hungry heart.
 Missing at morning, at eve,
 Missing the step I have known;
 Missing that voice I have loved,
 Whose music was all my own,

Gone, on a mission of years,
Oh dear, will the time seem long?
Or, will it pass as a dream,—
Like words of an evening song?
’Twas Father who made that call—
His servants that voice obey,
The Altar’s with treasure piled
Are hearts that never say “Nay.”
Honor to husband abroad,
And honor to wives at home;
When duty its finger points,
To stay, or awhile to roam.
True marriage, eternal, looks
Far ’yond the rough shores of time;
And love hath its highest bliss,
In Heaven’s unchanging clime.
Be glad then, my lonely heart,
Fly quick, oh ye months or years,
My Father give patience, and more,
Thy Spirit to dry my tears.
And I will Thy mercy tell,
Extol Thee by day or night;
Feel proud of my husband who toiled
To save by the Gospel light.
Keep him, I pray Thee, for e’er,
Blessings to claim and possess,
I, as Thy daughter, will wait,
His presence, his kiss, his caress!

"Thy Name Be Praised!"

Swells there a grand, inspiring thought—
 It comes from God,
 And breaks, with lofty purpose fraught,
 On earth's green sod.

With tidal force it ebbs, it flows
 As centuries pass;
 Man knows not whence it comes or goes,
 Or why it was!

'Tis meteor-like, now here, now there,
 Impulsive seems!
 Now, in the summer morning air,
 Then, midnight dreams!

In zones apart, in lands afar,
 With us today!
 Then moveless as yon radiant star
 Or milky way!

Erratic, yet there is design
 And wondrous plan;
 What Sage hath lore to help define
 For fellow man?

Yet inspiration shall be felt,
 And wide extend,
 'Till fertile hearts our earth shall belt,
 And Time shall end.

Hail, glorious age, hail Latter-day!
The days of light.
Hail Priesthood's grasp, hail its full sway,
The rule of right!

For purpose is its end and aim,
From sire to son;
To give to God earth back again,
Which will be done!

How proudly beats the true man's heart
But Gods can know;
For they to him that fire impart,
Whose intense glow
Shall light the world to higher spheres,
That day of earth's one thousand years!

The Summer-Land.

Immortality reigns o'er yon fair Summer-land,
Yet its trophies were garnered from earth's
rugged scene,
The change but betrayed an Omnipotent hand,
And a Master-mind guiding, to mortals unseen.

There beauty perennial swells to all hearts;
No blight there, no sorrow, no tear finds a place;
There the soft light falls sweetly, no shadow
imparts,
For all things are light, where God hides not
His face.

No death—oh, what rapture! no death revels near.

Dethroned? Ah, no—never; he hath not been there.

Life, exuberant, joyous, eternal, as dear

To the Gods as to man, in those realms ever fair.

I hail thee, thou Paradise! Heaven is thy name,

And my heart stretches out to thy mansions of bliss,

Well pleased to exchange life's poor flickering flame,

For the light of that land from the darkness of this.

Can man hope for rest 'neath thy skies so serene?

May he dwell on high with the Seraphim band?

Engraven within hath the prophecy been;

It will all be fulfilled in that bright Summer-land.

And the pulses which quiver with parting on earth,

To peace shall be stilled when we grasp hands again,

And the sorrow-bowed head shall be lifted to mirth

With the music of greeting the loved ones again!

Day Dreams.

I dream the old dreams o'er again,
The dreams of youthful joy;
When hearts were full and skies all bright
For I was yet a boy.

To roam beside the brawling beek,
To scale the "Castle hills,"
And trail the moors of purple heath,
Whose breath for ever thrills.

To find the nest with eggs or young,
To see the hare flash by,
Or whirr of partridge wing to hear,
With cuckoo calling nigh.

O'er all the verdant mead the kine,
Low'd lazily, or stood
Knee deep in cowslip fields, or lay
Content to chew their cud.

Ah, peaceful spot full oft compared,
When 'yond the hills afar—
The sun, whose setting lustre gleamed
Like gates of Heaven ajar.

And when the even-song rang out—
"On Jordan's stormy banks,"
How wistful youthful rapture swelled,
With all of childish thanks.

To "Canaan's fair and happy land,"
 Seemed just the green hills o'er;
 Where first the Father's hand was seized—
 For worship was no more.

The sabbath eve, the silent stars,
 (Oh youthful dream of bliss)
 The homeward walk in reverent mood
 Before the "Good-night" kiss.

I see the fields, the hazy hills,
 I list the twilight bell;
 Who then could solve those strange deep tho'ts,
 Or break that dreamy spell.

Who then could prophesy how years,
 Would lengthen o'er the head?
 Ere ripe experience found what force,
 The youthful spirit fed.

'Tis known to-day, no stranger hand,
 Wrote as with golden pen,
 The thoughts I call my morning dreams,
 As precious now as then.

Nay oft I wish to dream again
 And taste that Heavenly bliss,
 Which richer, sweeter was than aught—
 'Twas inspiration's kiss.

Unsullied as the wheeling stars,
 As bright as summer flowers,
 The dreams of far-off years I knew,
 In childhood's happy hours.

For they were gilded by that light,
Which doth unfolded prove
Some dreams come true when earth life ends
With God and perfect Love.

Sunshine and Clouds

What could more beautiful be than the morn
Of that bright summer day as I gazed on the
vale?
For Nature had crowded with treasures her horn,
Luxuriant as Paradise in the old tale.
Fruit, flowers and rich verdure, magnificent there
In state more than regal, our mother arrayed;
And the birds carolled high in the ambient air,
To Him who in goodness the festive scene made.
But a cloud floated upward, and gathered at noon,
'Till the thunder pealed madly and forked light-
ning flew;
And the big drops of rain to a torrent swelled soon,
While the hail drifted by on the storm as it blew.
Soon it passed, and the thirsty earth wafted on
high,
From its flowrets and fields, all the fragrance of
life;
Refreshed and more beautiful looked to the sky,
To that God who brings blessings from quiet or
strife!

I paused to consider, 'tis Providence guides
 All the issues of life, from its cradle till night;
 The sunshine is His, and the storm-cloud besides,
 Which renders more beautiful all that is bright.
 Then welcome the future, life now, or to come;
 Thy will, "Oh, my Father," forever be done,
 Here on earth, in our exile, and yonder, at home—
 Whether wrapped in the darkness, or glad in the
 sun!

Satisfied.

The race is run, the battle fought,
 The cable snapped in twain;
 The web is cut, its threads can ne'er
 Be joined or tied again.

The pattern, good or ill, is fixed,
 Life's shuttle flies no more,
 'Tis all transferred to judgment now,
 Upon a different shore.

No man's caprice can there decide,
 Oh what a theme is this;
 To one prepared to give account,
 And enter into bliss.

Yet justice there must have its dues,
 Though mercy claim its part;
 And if rewarded or condemned
 'Twill meet the suppliant's heart.

For he, all conscious of his sin,
And weakness will obey;
Will cheerful take the penalty
The Gods may give that day.

Will praise the Father for His grace,
Nay bless—if 'tis the rod;
Which bids him climb Salvation's steeps,
To dwell with Christ and God.

Compensation.

The brightest flower oft fades and dies,
The sweetest song-bird droops;
And from the blue and ambient skies,
The rain-cloud often stoops.

The precious things of earth will fail,
E'en wealth and fame hath wings;
On quiet seas, the well-filled sail,
Full oft its requiem rings.

The brightest eye the home-nest leaves,
Best loved—least like to stay;
The wayward one the heart most grieves,
The good soon hies away.

And this is life; which human sight,
Not yet hath power to scan;
The beautiful receives the blight,
The prized eludes the man.

Yet, compensation comes to all,
The flowers will bloom again,
The bird in song will wake the soul,
As verdure follows rain.

Oh memory's riches swell the soul,
They feed the hungry heart;
The past an interwoven whole—
Its tears the smile may start.

E'en things which in themselves are good,
May lure the heart and will,
For gold, and fame, and pride of blood
Are found but bubbles still.

The tempest sweeping ocean's breast,
May waft the barque along;
Or seamanship may find its test,
The wheel be proved as strong.

And if, perchance, the hand divine,
Hath plucked home's fairest flower—
The one which did all hearts entwine
And glorify life's hours,

Beyond the stars we'll clasp once more,
Those whom we deemed the lost,
They simply sailed that ocean o'er,
Which world on world hath crossed.

There mother-love fruition feels,
There each shall find their own;—
God's wisdom surely best reveals,
'Mid light, around His throne.

So dry the tear, Oh praise that Hand,
'Twas doubtless one of love;
And when the gates swing wide, you'll stand
Beside your girl—above.

Gratitude.

Who could refuse with heart and voice,
To swell the tide of Zion's song?
Her sons and daughters must rejoice,
Or e'en the stones would point the wrong.

No common strain befits the time,
When Heaven hath stooped to earth again;
It needs a grand and thrilling chime,
Or grateful hearts would burst with pain.

The great prophetic day is here,
Its opening light hath cleft the cloud;
Which through the ages did appear,
To seal the heavens and man enshroud.

Yet who would mourn the ever past,
Its trying scenes, its darkened skies?
When upward moves the sun at last,
To bless the eyes which watch its rise.

As to the zenith it shall roll,
To bathe the world in living light;
Exult within me, oh my soul,
And sing thy songs by day or night.

The Only, The Best Reply.

Come thee, my soul, why so restlessly turning,
 To shadows and fancies or thoughts long ago?
 E'en if bright, is it wise to be endlessly yearning,
 When mightier forces around thee now flow?

Things now are not "gilded" by memories fading,
 For those were remains of a beautiful past;
 Which all have been canceled or changed by life's
 shading,
 They were not intended 'mid earth's life to last.

Probation! Thy mission, had scarcely been entered,
 No trial, temptation, or cloud had been thine;
 Not then on life's duties had thought become cen-
 tered,
 'Tis friction alone bids the gem's light to shine.

All unused were thy faculties then, and untainted
 By contact with sorrow and sin all around,
 While the past but half-dimmed (where the faithful
 are sainted)
 Was the key to the rapture thy youth ever found.

Thy young dreams will return fully laden with
 treasure,
 The cloud, silver lined, all transmuted to gold;
 Like the sun that went down for thy heart's deep-
 est pleasure,
 To again rise in splendor of glory untold.

The glad song of triumph shall yet be thy portion,
Though blind thou may'st stagger on life's rugged
day,

In Father's creation there is no abortion,
In darkness or sunshine He worketh His way.

Thy soul purified shall emerge from earth's troubles
To range in a grander, a happier sphere;
Where things now most trying shall count but as
bubbles,
That rise in the freshet but die on the clear.

God's wisdom hath planned for a full exaltation,
Of all His obedient, if patient they wait
For the crown and the sceptre of Kingly relation
To God and thine own, in their primal estate.

'Tis Precious Soul.

There is a charm in loving, where,
It finds response in purest kiss;
It soothes the soul, it lightens care,
And gives to life its richest bliss.

'Tis from the soul, and not the flesh,
This, would its glory dim for e'er,
Corrupting thoughts as sweet and fresh
As Heaven's own light or ambient air.

Unsullied Love lifts far above,
 The palling pleasure sin imparts;
 No rival shares, or can improve,
 This loftiest trend of human hearts.

Yet, oft 'tis mixed with wild desire,
 With human nature's taint of sin;
 Love dies amid unhallowed fires,
 Which burn and blast, without—within.

The shrivelled soul abhors its own,
 Both God and man its end foretell,
 Tempter and tempted both go down,
 To welcome in the deepest hell.

Who would be recreant, let him count
 The cost to-day, the cost at last,
 Not coin or figures though they mount
 By computation sums most vast.

A soul! 'Tis precious, saith "The Word,"
 It cost the blood of Christ, the Lord.
 List all ye nations, then when heard,
 Repent and find true life restored.

The Breath of Spring.

I feel the breath of Spring around,
 I love its healing balm;
 Life bursts from every spot of ground,
 The violet or the palm.

The emerald fields arrest the eye,
There's music in the rills,
And as the lark soars to the sky,
My heart with rapture thrills.

I mark His hand whate'er the clime,
His finger-touch is there,
Upon the dial—nature's time—
'Tis Father's every where.

When tropic sun luxuriant swells,
In verdure strange and grand,
Or where the melting snow but tells,
That Spring doth eager stand.

Oh I have marked in moods divine,
These changes near and far;
My soul would oft His praise rehearse
Who formed both flower and star.

For worlds afar bespeak His love,
His wisdom and His skill;
Earth might be like His home above
Would man but learn His will.

It will be Heaven some glorious day,
The angels shall it grace,
For beauty, glory, love shall sway,
All things upon its face.

Rest.

There remaineth therefore a rest.—*Bible.*

There the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.—*Job.*

Rest for the weary soul,
Rest for the aching head;
Rest on the hill-side, rest
With the great uncounted dead!

Rest, for the battle's o'er;
Rest, for the race is run;
Rest where the gates are closed
With each evening's setting sun!

Peace where no strife intrudes,
Peace where no quarrels come;
Peace, for the end is there
Of our wild life's busy hum.

Peace, the oppressed are free;
Peace, the oppressor yields!
Peace, for 'tis equal there
In those silent harvest fields.

Rest till the trumpet sounds;
Rest, O ye weary, rest,
For the angels guard those well
Who sleep on their mother's breast!

Peace! (There is music's sound.)
Peace, till the rising sun
Of the Resurrection's morn
Proclaims the victory won!

David in His Posterity.

"I am the root and the offspring of David."—*Rev.*
He shall see of his seed and be satisfied.—*Isaiah.*

"The harp the monarch minstrel swept"
Hath turned to dust, hath passed away;
The Spirit which inspired hath kept
His words of flame, without decay,
Full fresh as when they first had birth
Beneath yon cedar palace, where
In regal state King David's mirth
Or sorrow found a voice so rare.
The "Holy City" heard that tongue,
As suns set on its burnished spires,
And many a thrilling psalm was sung
Around the sacrificial fires.

Departed is that glory now;
No royal lineage fills that throne;
No temple bids rich incense show;
That "Priesthood," which the Gods could own,
Fallen—from what a favored height!
Palace and temple now no more;
Priesthood returned to heaven's glad light,
From earth's foul sin and hell's mad war.
Yet through the centuries David's voice
Hath been to many an ardent soul
The word divine, the treasure choice,
And still will be as ages roll!

The Poet, Prophet, King, "the Man
 After my heart," ('twas Heaven's own voice)
 Made such a type for Israel's clan,
 And through his loins bids earth rejoice.
 In Israel of these days of ours
 Shall many a "David's harp" be found,
 Inspired with rich prophetic powers,
 Devoid of all uncertain sound.
 These through the ages shall be heard
 In every land, o'er every sea,
 Where'er a human pulse hath stirred
 With thought of heaven on earth to be.

No traitorous hand shall point again
 To ruins (as 'tis done today)
 Of temples, cities, priestly reign,
 Which in the ages passed away.
 The Kingdom stands forever, now!
 'Gainst it no power will e'er prevail,
 'Till earth, redeemed, with truth shall glow;
 'Till David's God shall rend the vail.
 Oh, what a psalm will then resound
 As types and shadows pass away,
 From sainted myriads crowding 'round
 Earth's temples in man's Sabbath day!

"There's No Such Thing as Death!"

Throughout all Nature's grand domain
Life reigns perennial, full, around,
And every pang and pulse of pain
Leads but to higher vantage ground.

Where Autumn's leaves in myriads droop,
They wake to higher forms of life,
And every shower exhaled doth stoop
To earth again with beauty rife.

Disintegrate, earth's granite base
Brings untold wealth from fertile fields,
And in the circling smoke we trace
Those elements which treasure yields.

And where, on sloping hillsides, dwell
The myriads of the ages past,
Doth not their resurrection swell
In forms unknown, or known as vast

Systems and suns, replete with change,
So wandering orbs, or earths or moons,
In resurrections have their range
In morn or night or cycling noons.

Nothing destroyed, naught can be lost;
No particle but finds its place—
Now here, now there, at rest or tossed,
Each process adds to form, in grace.

By rigid law eternal, moves
 In higher planes, refined at last,
 What art of man, from God, but proves
 That change, not Death, hath powers so vast.

Little we know, and that is vain,
 Compared with element advanced;
 We only feel the backward stain—
 We hope for being, Life, enhanced!

Nay, more; that inspiration most have had
 (A drop from Life's great fountain head)
 Assures, though Reason, college-mad,
 May scorn such moods by Spirit fed.

"There's no such thing as Death!" we feel
 Instinctive, in the realms of space;
 But change, with noiseless step, doth tread
 Where'er Omnipotence can trace.

Thus feeble man and fallen earth
 Aspire, and feel their pulses thrill—
 The one to be as Gods in worth,
 The last celestialized by will.

Will that hath worked, will work unspent
 'Till past eternities shall fall
 As single drops to ocean sent,
 Till God shall be the All in All!

Awake!

Awake, arise, my dormant powers,
Let joyous feelings thrill;
Come, let thy life's fast fleeting hours
Be filled with music still!

Art thou not blessed beyond compare,
With earth's all heedless throng?
Should not thy soul, upon the air
Burst forth in grateful song?

A song of gladness, one of peace,
By day or silent night;—
A song whose fervor must increase
From love of God and right!

'Tis this which gives to earth that sheen—
That glow of purest love,
Which makes alike the world unseen,
A Heaven of bliss above!

Life Consecrated.

A young life is a book uncut,
It leaves unread, its end unknown,
Preface or Finis, hardly scanned
Its teeming harvest-field unsown!

Oh, cares will come and trials sweep,
 Its rugged defiles, mountain slopes;
 Through all its quiet valleys creep,
 The brambles of life's blighted hopes!
 Oh, clouds will gather, tempests rage,
 Yet sunny landscapes will be seen,
 And wide spread peace will gild its age,
 If honest effort comes between;
 True friends with many a hearty clasp,
 Will prompt to brave and noble deeds,
 And tell how best to curb and clean
 The oft luxuriant growth of weeds!
 Here let my thought in rhyme just show,
 That consecrated life is best,
 That love of man and God can glow
 In every humble earnest breast,
 And when earth's shadows pass away,
 When proved we are as molten gold,
 In Heaven's undimmed eternal day,
 We'll find the friends and loved of old!

Praise Him!

"There is a Friend."

I praise Thee, God! My heart exults
 That I Thy goodness know;
 I feel that Thou my Friend hast been
 Since life began below.

And in Thy presence, ere I took
This fallen, lost estate,
Thou wast my Friend, my Father Thou,
Beyond heaven's pearly gate!

And Thou didst say, "My son, go down—
Tread for awhile yon sod.
In flesh abide, in darkness dwell.
Prove to thyself—thy God—

That thou wilt faithful be and true,
True as the polestar burns;
Through clouds and storms thy pathway force.
When done, thou here returns."

Through failings numerous as the sand,
Through trials as a flood,
Discouraged oft, again inspired—
I to Thy truth have stood!

But there's one boon my heart craves yet.
In spite of sin and hell,
Since Thou hast been, art still, my Friend,
May I *be Thine* as well?

The Life of Love.

When souls unite in marriage rite,
And love is inspiration true;
What joy or bliss can equal this?
Each asks the question, old but new!

Life swells supreme, a more than dream,
 How real, unreal its silken wings,
 Each morn is bright, the silent night,
 As love in rapture soars and sings!

To youth, to age, this glowing page,
 Is as a taste of worlds above;
 A world so fair, no soul would dare,
 To doubt its sweet undying love!

In human range of startling change,
 This blooming sprite oft droops and dies;
 A word, a pout, the glow dies out,
 Beyond recall this priceless prize.

If patience wait by open gate,
 Through which this treasure often flees,
 'Tis doubtless true, indeed I know,
 Full oft the truant we might seize!

A word of cheer from one held dear,
 Will fan the flame, will make it glow,
 And oft a kiss will keep the bliss,
 From nipping frost and drifting snow!

Love ever warm to keep from harm,
 Must sheltered be beyond a chill;
 Thus it will dwell if guarded well,
 In life or death and every ill!

If "God is Love," man best can prove,
 That kinship formed beyond the stars;
 Love's perfect sway 'mid time's rough day,
 The golden gate above, unbars.

The Dominion of Law!

"The law of the Lord is perfect, enduring forever."—*Psalms.*

How human wisdom pales its fires
Before the light of law divine,
Which orb or atom moves, inspires,
As Heaven in council did design!
No jarring system e'er rebelled,
Nor flowers that bloomed on earthly sod;
Naught hath its tribute yet withheld
Of honor to its law of God!

The sand that swept old Egypt's plain,
The comet in yon fields of space,
The smouldering fires 'neath earth's domain,
Each ray of light this truth doth trace,
That law primeval ne'er hath changed;
No whim, caprice, hath bid it stay;
Creative skill the end arranged
Before beginning had its day!

And as with matter, so with mind;
In all its paths yet trod by man
Each process hath its end defined,
And every step or thought but can
Develop that which God intends,
For which He bid our race to be,
And all life's circumstance but tends
From fallen man a King to free!

For this all trials—every phase!
 On history's page, though writ in blood,
 In all that men call "evil days,"
 There are concealed the germs of good.
 No error, but its aid shall lend;
 No darkness, but shall come to light;
 And every selfish aim shall bend
 By force of law to bring the right!

Oh, had we that baptism of fire,
 Which Seer and Prophet had of yore;
 What force of life we might inspire,
 And revelation's realms explore!
 What Priesthood might we not enjoy—
 What wisdom, knowledge as our rod!
 And Truth, exultant, might destroy
 Our race, now dwarfed, for man as God.

Our Little Mother.

"Our Little Mother," 'twas sadly said,
 As round the confined form they stood,
 But few knew how those hearts then bled,
 Or mourned the loss of one so good.

"Our Little Mother!" Ah, yes, indeed,
 Though childless, yet a mother true;
 For in the Priesthood comes that seed,
 Which lends,—nay gives the chosen few.

"Our Little Mother," she gave her life,
Her husband, all, to God's great work;
No wild rebellion, sordid strife
Could bid that soul a duty shirk.

"Our Little Mother!" Left all at last,
We loved her, and we love her still;
Time, and eternities more vast,
Will find her impress on our will.

"Our Little Mother!" God bless that word,
That power divine which made her so;
Thy kingdom on our home conferred,
"Our Little Mother" loved below.

"O Grave, Where is Thy Victory?"

What voice salutes the startled ear,
And wakes the stricken heart,
Yet seems to drown each childish fear
And life again impart?
Is it an echo of the past
To which we silent cling?
"O grave, where is thy victory,
O death, where is thy sting?"

This doth not spring from earthly soil,
Nor from its wisdom grow.
'Tis not evoked by students' toil,
Though years hath crowned with snow.

No! Rich experience bids this swell
 Divine its precious ring—
 “O grave, where is thy victory,
 O death, where is thy sting?”

Here, where the open bier sustains
 The friend just passed away,
 We know that glad relief obtains
 From all encumbering clay!
 While by the ready grave we stand,
 Exulting faith we bring—
 “O grave, where is thy victory,
 O death, where is thy sting?”

And so we thank Thee, Father, God;
 Thy voice will raise the dead!
 E'en though a thorny path they trod,
 Or were by Calvary led.
 'Twas there Thy Son, our Savior, went,
 And man by this can sing—
 “O grave, where is thy victory,
 O death, where is thy sting?”

In the Mission Field.

An experience in Bristol, England.

I heard a noise in a crowded street,
 The voice of ribaldry loud and strange,
 It echoed beyond the hurrying feet,
 Which gathered *en masse* from a widening range

I turned the corner and startled stood,
To see the eager curious crowd,
A motley lot, some bad, some good,
One here and there had a querist's mood.

A brawling speaker harangued the mob,
Invective used with a fiery tongue,
Which stirred the passions till groan and sob,
With weird tones out on the night-air rung.

Surprised, disgusted, I turned away
From the rabble rout by a fiend enraged,
'Twas lies and venom, with scarce a ray
Of truth or right, in the war they waged.

From the midst of that surging host I passed
With thoughts of sorrow for those deceived,
Though hope ran high that Truth at last
Would find that triumph by God decreed.

Not far from that boisterous, wild, mad crew,
The voice of singing fell on my ear,
I turned again for 'twas fresh and new,
And touched my soul as I lingered near.

The words were stirring, yet wondrous sweet,
Both they and the tune were as if divine;
Then prayer was offered as silence meet,
On that throng fell at the hour of nine.

An earnest man then rose and told
Of Gospel light and a Father's love;
The contrast fell as 'twixt dust and gold
In the two old streets as I both did prove.

The Difference.

To a quiet town in a far-off land
 Went a fearless Preacher out;
 'Tis long ago, and old Time's rude hand
 Hath turned the style about!
 'Twas long before papers and news were thrown
 As now, on each daily board;
 When steam and the press were both unknown
 Or the telegraph did record.

This Preacher related the wondrous birth
 And life of the Sacred One;
 Then told how, 'spite of His truth and worth,
 He was crucified—as 'twas done!
 How enemies dogged His patient life,
 Persecuted and doomed to die,
 And thus made plain that pitiless strife
 Which in evil to good doth lie.

The matron listened with eyes of fire,
 Which flashed as the tale he told.
 "Had I been there with my wild desire,
 I'd have strangled the dastards bold!"
 And the tear-drops fell as the heart drank in
 Those cruel deeds of yore;
 "Could ever a human soul thus sin,
 Or yield to the demons more?

"How long, d'you say, since this took place,
 And where d'you say 'twas done?"
 "Why, in Jerusalem—sad disgrace!
 'Neath Palestine's bright sun.

Since then some eighteen centuries have past."

"Ah, yes; 'tis long ago!

Oh, well, perhaps 'tis untrue at last—

At least we'll hope 'tis not so!"

But now from the ends of the earth each day

Come tidings from nations far;

If science evolve some fresh display,

Or discovers an unknown star,

Whether war or famine or death's abroad,

Man knows it *afore 'tis done*;

The wire is up, and the press we load

Ahead of time—by sun!

My Quiet Summer Eve.

'Tis a beautiful nook, where greenly

The velvety grass, I tread.

The lily grows there quite queenly,

And there is the violet's bed;

Close by is a poplar dancing

Its leaves in the fitful breeze,

And the music is soul-entrancing

Which sweeps through the shading trees!

Shut out from the wild world's striving,

I drink at the close of day

From the fountain where Art, conniving

With Nature, holds regal sway.

And I list for a fairy footfall,
 I long for the tones of love;
 For this is the spot for our tryst call,
 Near the home of the turtledove.

She comes! and her eyes are beaming
 With glad celestial light,
 As the day in the west just gleaming
 Prepares for the starlit night;
 'Twas there, in my glad unbending,
 I told her how much I loved,
 And felt that our souls were tending
 To that which the Gods have moved.

There mutual tones, unspoken,
 Were seen in each love-lit eye;
 There the pressure of hands was token
 As we kissed with a deep-drawn sigh.
 'Tis years since that eve of glory,
 In the nook at the set of sun,
 Since we lisped o'er the same old story
 Generations will do—have done.

Just now, at my hearthstone kneeling,
 My wife—still a faithful one,
 With her last babe round her stealing,
 To make her Papa dream on.
 The others in peace are sleeping,
 Each one in his quiet bed;
 O'er a few the years are creeping,
 Where manhood shall grace their head.

I pray that their young hearts' craving
May gaze on no darker scene
Than memory's waters, laving,
Have treasured quite fresh and green.
Their love, in its gladsome beauty,
Have birth in as fair a spot
As the nook, where—easy duty—
The first kiss gave and got.

The Beautiful Gate.

An Echo.

Five bright little angels were watching above,
And their eyes shone as stars with the lustre of
love;
They each had clasped hands, for 'twas pleasant to
wait
Where, on hinges of gold, swung the beautiful
gate.

As the music swelled grandly from pillar to dome,
Or fell in soft cadence as falls the sea foam,
'Twas unheeded by none save the group I saw
wait
In a lingering attitude close by the gate.

I turned to the little ones, beautiful, bright
As the flowers blooming by in that garden of light;
I questioned, "Whence came you, and why do you
wait
In silent expectancy close by the gate?"

The answer was quick, as it flashed from the eye:
 " 'Tis not long since we lived on yon earth rolling by.
 Our parents both loved us, but we could not wait,
 And singly we passed through the fair, pearly
 gate.

"They mourn for us still; ah, their sorrow we
 know!

While we enjoy more than yon earth can bestow.
 We mourn not, or weep; yet impatiently wait
 To welcome them first when they come to this
 gate!"

And I thought, how delightful, how pleasant that
 love

Hath its full consummation and reigns here above!
 Then sauntered, but oft as I turned I saw wait
 That glad group of babes by the beautiful gate.

Still the Seraph song swelled 'mid the fretwork
 and gold,

As the warm throb of myriads their ecstasy told.
 'Twas grand! But for sweetness, I envied the state
 Of innocence peering beyond the grand gate.

There Shall Be Light at Even-tide!

How blest that man, whose well-filled years
 Of life's experience, tested, tried,
 Enjoys in sunshine or in tears,
 Sweet "Light at Even-tide!"

No harsh regrets o'er vanished days,
No dread of life ahead, to chide;
He, like a child enjoying, plays—
Soft "Light at Even-tide!"

No conqueror 'mid the world's applause,
No monarch, filled with regal pride,
So calmly waits as he who knows
There's "Light at Even-tide!"

True, though the clouds and storms have swept
Across his path like rushing tide;
True, though of sun o'erhead bereft,
Found "Light at Even-tide!"

True to his God, himself, the world,
How nobly, yet with peaceful pride,
He point's to Truth's white flag, unfurled
'Mid "Light at Even-tide!"

When failing pulse foretells that life
Is ebbing on death's riverside,
He feels around with pleasure rife
Glad "Light at Even-tide!"

Ushered by angel hands who dwell
Where heaven undimmed its gates set wide,
He needs no more that shade which fell—
Earth's "Light at Even-tide!"

The Day of Flowers.

Flowers, strew flowers of earthly mould,
 Buds of beauty and perfume rare;
 Affection's wealth will remain untold,
 For the sainted dead who are sleeping there.

Flowers may symbol our dream or thought,
 Perfect in color and form, though frail;
 They fade and wither, they die, are naught,
 Save Love's expression at last prevail.

Flowers of earth in their richest glow,
 Or prairie-culled by a thoughtful hand,—
 The rare exotic, if wealth bestow,
 Are gems produced by its golden wand.

Flowers! All gone in a few brief days,
 Like earthly beauty in human guise,
 The rosy lip and the winning ways,
 Of the well-beloved of our weeping eyes.

Flowers strewn over the quiet mound,
 Where rests the shell of our dearest ones,
 Now calmly waiting the trumpet sound,
 The resurrection by angel tones.

Flowers! The choicest, the best we know,
 Fragrant and formed to symbols fair;
 Yet naught at last to the flowers which glow,
 In the gardens above where the loved ones are.

Flowers, perennial over there,
In beauty perfect, no bloom doth fade,
As perfume fills the celestial air
Of spirit-worlds which the Gods have made.

Flowers, in glory, for you and I
If true to every known behest,
Garlands of victory, by and by,
At Home, in the midst of eternal rest.

Flowers! The tribute we weeping bring,
Strewing the graves with a trembling hand,
Though faith hath robbed of its once dread sting
The claims of death as we waiting stand.

Oh, we shall greet in the worlds above,
The dear ones laid 'neath the silent sod,
Where dreams are real of that perfect love,
The life of bliss with our Maker—God.

Awake, My Soul.

Awake my soul, awake to song,
Thy sun is over-head,
Can sadness e'er to thee belong,
By Father's wisdom led?
His hand hath guided thee aright,
When darkness hid thy feet,
It was but momentary night,
Thy soul the sun may greet.

Whate'er betides, this Friend is true,
 His angels are thine own;
 They from the realms of glory flew,
 Where bright and pure they shone.
 Thy footsteps are their constant care,
 In joy or sorrow still,
 And naught is thine but they are there
 To do thy Father's will.

They'll bear thy record to the throne,
 Its weakness, all its sin
 Save true repentance shall atone
 And welcome give therein.
 If truth hath been thy guiding star,
 Then mercy thou shalt share,
 And with the saved from near or far,
 A crown eternal wear.

The Sleigh-bells

From the distance this way coming, list the music
 of the bells,
 As they jingle-jangle fitful, when the breeze half
 dies or swells;
 For the air is sharp and cutting while the snow is
 crisp and deep,
 And it crackles 'neath the runners as the sleigh
 glides down the steep.

The moon at full in splendor rises o'er the mountains east,
Moving up toward the zenith, o'er the landscape, light increased;
White and sparkling like a garment mark the snow-flakes softly laid,
O'er the valley filled with silence, save where sleigh-bells music made;
The mountains in their grandeur all were clad to highest peak,
Like white-robed giant sentinels to soul they ever speak,
As they change from icy beauty to the beauty of the spring,
When the laughing waters gather they to verdure wake and sing;
But the theme was winter hoary, where the frost-king had his reign,
And the sleigh-bells were forgotten with their musical refrain,
Nearer came the jingle-jangle, and the ear was conscious more,
Of an added strain of music, voices mellowed to the fore;
There were light hearts with the sleigh-bells skimming o'er the frozen plain,
Youths and maidens singing sweetly, 'twas an old familiar strain,
One of Zion's songs indited by the Spirit from on high;

Oh, it touched my heart with gladness 'neath the
 star-lit winter's sky;
 "Oh, my Father," strain most lofty, well I know
 its stirring words,
 And I loved the welcome singers, for their voices
 like the birds;
 Did I envy? No, the Spirit told the secret of the
 night,
 These were trained in happy Zion, in the love of
 Truth and Right.
 As they passed, a wave of feeling swept across the
 frozen field
 All my sadness, vanished, lifted, to my soul it all
 appealed,
 Blessed the Father for the promise, in the youth
 who singing, prayed,
 Mingling with their play, religion, as they sang and
 singing sleighed.
 May no serpent in their pathway, no temptation
 near or far,
 Move their faith, or darken ever, Truth's blest
 guiding polar star;
 These my thoughts, my prayers, my blessing, list-
 ing to the jingling bells,
 And the music of those voices, in that song which
 sweetly tells
 That story hid for ages, told today to you and I,
 In the House of God, or sleighing 'neath the blue
 and moon-lit sky.

To One Beloved.

I hail thee, my bright one, though far, far away,
My eye hath thy form and thy sweet smiling face,
In day-dreams, at night, thy last smile yet can sway
The heart that remembers thy yielding embrace.

The kiss from thy lips lingers ever on mine,
I hear thy glad voice, and its music doth thrill;
The love-light around thee for ever doth shine,
Though absent or near thee, it charmeth me still.

Fond thoughts cluster round thee, and hope soars
on high,
Though distance and time hath thee hidden from
sight;
Old winter's chill breath, now re-echoes thy sigh,
And wild winds may sweep round thy cottage
each night.

I know thou art loved of the Heavens beside,
Though betrayed and heart-broken thine eyes
have been wet;
Thou hast friends yet, and lovers whose truth hath
been tried,
And their hearts are as thine for they kiss and
forget.

Their warm thought and prayers by that love are
inspired,
Which opens the Heavens that angels may guide,

Their wings shall thee cover when heart-sick and
 tried,
 'Mid *fiercest* temptations they'll walk by thy side.
 For good deeds and faith thou shalt yet wear a
 crown,
 Dwelling ever 'mid realms of immaculate bliss.
 With unnumbered friends 'mid the Gods sitting
 down,
 Thou shalt there have a welcome—a welcoming
 kiss.

Far From the Mountains.

Far from the land of the glorious mountains,
 Far from the valleys where peace ever dwells,
 Far from the streams and perennial fountains,
 Which swell in the sunlight and rush down the
 dells.

Here in a land amid strangers I linger,
 'Mid rain-clouds and mist on the isles of the sea;
 A land where old prejudice just lifts its finger,
 And Truth bows its head where its flow should
 be free.

For precedent rules, and the new is derided,
 Though liberty dwells 'neath its covering wing,
 Unless by the State or the Church it be guided,
 Its sound is metallic, unwelcome its ring.

When power gives sanction to common-place dross,
When custom and wealth their endorsement
bestow,

The fashion determines all profit and loss,
Base metal is precious and black is like snow.

The bright garb of truth is by error now worn,
Hypocrisy smiles like the sirens of old;
As Samson was weak when his locks had been shorn;
There is coin but 'tis bogus, not silver or gold.

It will not pass current beyond the blue sky,
All human devices will fail evermore;
Truth, only Truth, all the Gods shall pass by,
'Tis the passport to bliss on Eternity's shore.

Consoling.

Not an act or a thought hath e'er prompted to good
But came from the worlds that are higher in
bliss,

Whether found in life's conflict or half understood,
It was borrowed or brought for a purpose to this.

We too are all strangers, are wanderers here,
The veil of the flesh hath dimmed every eye;
That agency held in yon far distant sphere,
Is acting 'mid darkness, save faith makes it fly.

Undecided full oft when temptation is nigh
 And spirits of evil suggest, to destroy,
 Man faints, or he falls as a star from the sky;
 He is "weaker than water" to barter life's joy!

The down-grade is heavy, yet easy when sin
 Lays its spell on the eye, on the ear, on the heart;
 'Tis love everlasting alone that can win
 The prodigal back, or repentance impart.

Oh, mercy hath triumphed o'er every foe,
 O'er spirits of men and the spirits of hell;
 The Gospel and Priesthood of God will o'erthrow
 The powers that have or may ever rebel!

Frustrated at last, all of evil shall fall;
 Each tongue shall confess, and each knee yet
 shall bow!
 One God and His Christ shall reign, Kings over all,
 And the world, then redeemed, shall have full-
 ness of joy!

The Good is Ever Near.

The day hath gone, the sweeping clouds,
 Foretell a storm both wild and long;
 And sadness creeps in silence o'er
 A heart at best unstrung for song.

No note of cheer, no flight of praise,
 No rapturous mood around me clings;
 Oh weird and sad, what shadows float,
 And what a dirge undistant rings.

What mean these moods, whence do they come?
 For naught of life can them create;
 It must be spirit-force—a spell,
 Presaging naught of ill or hate.

The prayer of faith can lift the clouds,
 All evil flees when Heaven is sought,
 The calm serene of higher mood
 Dispels the sad and sombre thought.

Oh bless the day this lesson came,
 To know the good is always near;
 And when strange moods irreverent swell,
 To draw peace down from higher sphere.

To Sister Hannah King.

In response—

"How is it we never see any of your productions in print?"

To woo the muse in this enlightened age
 Is deemed an evidence of lack in years—
 Fit for a boy, a love-sick girl! No Sage
 Throws wisdom out in lines, but fears
 That "that big fool, the world," would call him mad,
 Did he with highest inspiration bless, or lash the bad.

A sordid, wealth-pursuing age is this—
 "Matter-of-fact;" and he the greatest *now*
 Who can betray (like Judas) with a kiss
 And wave the banner "Success" on his galleon's
 prow;

Society to him will bow the knee,
 Ignoring all the fraud that bade him be.

What room for poems, poets, or the like?
 Who cares for these ideals of the soul,
 Though heaven inspired the life, or bid him strike
 The idols of the world, so they may fall?
 "Hurry the traitor to the Savior's fate!
 Diana is our shrine; wealth opes the gate!"

To be a man, to seek to be a saint!
 And e'en among the so-called Israel, to be wise
 Is no great recommend—where many faint
 And lose the inspiration of the skies.
 And they the unknown are who faithful stand,
 Translating revelation by life's running hand.

Canst wonder then that my free muse is still,
 That rarely is her voice of music heard?
 Hampered by circumstance, curbed is her royal will;
 Moulting, dejected, as a long caged bird!
 When shall she plume her wing? When soar again
 With songs of triumph o'er this time of pain?

When, like the Bards of old—when shall her thunders
 peal?
 When shall its still voice o'er our best natures steal?

Ah! yet shall dawn the day
Nations shall own thy sway,
 Spirit of Poetry, Spirit Divine!
And in men's lives shall bloom,
As from the opened tomb,
Poems of Paradise, writ in the soul;
 Written by angels, and by inspired ones—
 Written in lines of light,
 Flashing by day and night,
So that who runs may read, God in the whole!

 Quiet and for home use,
 Then, let this gift be had,
 Waiting and watching—
E'en asking, like one of old,
What of the night-watchman? What of the night?
 Day is now breaking, sparkling in lines of gold;
Darkness expanding its pinions for flight!

Lord of the Ascendant, our Father, our God,
Let Thy great name be praised where human feet
 have trod;
 More, where Thy Saints now dwell!
 May they all men excel,
Lovers of Truth and Right!
Inspire Thou them to fight
 Till Thy great Kingdom come
 And Thy blest will be done
O'er the wide earth as in heaven above!
This is Thy triumph—triumphant by love.

The Kingdom of God or Nothing!

"It is with me, the Kingdom of God or nothing!"—*Sermon by President Brigham Young.*

Now there's a trumpet of certain sound,
Of tone significant, full and round.
What wisdom of man can that sentence bound:
"The Kingdom of God or nothing!"

It strikes like the Prophets of ages past—
No worldling's heart such a shot could cast;
'Twas Heaven's own foundry fanned the blast.
"The Kingdom of God or nothing!"

No science of man, no school e'er taught
That ringing sentence, or bid it float
To waken an impulse, sold or bought—
"The Kingdom of God or nothing!"

No stamp of self in that legend rare;
'Tis a coin of Eternity, certain to wear.
Alloy ne'er softened or colored there:
"The Kingdom of God or nothing!"

'Twas all or nothing—this is the stake.
Were chances equal, the odds who'd take,
Resolved to win the game or break?
"The Kingdom of God or nothing!"

There spake the Prophet, there stood the man—
'Twas not for Brigham, his house or clan.
It was for the world; deny it, who can!
"The Kingdom of God or nothing!"

Who wants to echo this stirring song?
Not only echo, but help it along—
The triumph of Right, the end of Wrong!
 “The Kingdom of God or nothing!”

Now is the day, the fulness of Time—
The Heavens are open; the musical chime
’Round the earth is a-pealing in tones sublime:
 “The Kingdom of God or nothing!”

And it shall triumph! Its dawning day
Shall make earth’s sunshine a darkening ray;
With glory supernal, celestial! Pray
 “The Kingdom of God or nothing!”

A Glimpse or More.

There are words that will linger for aye,
 There are thoughts that forever will burn;
In the caverns of mem’ry they stay,
 Or unwelcome at times, they return.

There are songs that we cannot forget,
 There is music that wraps by its spell;
There are faces we long ago met,
 And longings we never can tell.

Not because these were good, or were ill,
 Because they brought pleasure or pain;
They captured the heart and the will,
 As if loved once before, then again.

An echo! A dream! When or where?
 In the cycles of Infinite past?
 Did we know? Did we feel over there?
 Was there memories then of a past?
 Comes answer to queries of soul?
 Are enigmas for ever unsolved?
 While this speck, called the earth, is to roll,
 Or the universe changeless, revolved?
 Is't a silent immutable law,
 That nothing shall perish or die?
 That word, thought and act, without flaw,
 Are impressed where eternities fly?
 That waters from Lethe in vain,
 May lave all these records of old,
 While the past, present, future, remain
 Indestructible ever as gold?
 Ah, thought, ah, memory, how strange,
 Thou product of mind—of the soul!
 A spark with Divinity's range;
 A part of that marvellous whole!
 Enshrined in the meanest of clay,
 Yet destined for ever to swell;
 From vision of limit today,
 Then the secrets of Godhead to tell.
 Nay, to reach that magnificent height,
 Past Kolob's unquenchable fires;
 To dwell with the Gods in that light,
 Which the humblest in earth-life inspires.

Doth it blind? This ineffable ray?
Is it wisdom to man just revealed?
But a flash from the glory of day,
But a glimpse of design unrepealed?
As we bend to our toil once again,
Give strength, Lord, to fathom the right;
Thy Spirit, the old thought to retain,
And the "new one" for ever indite.

Distant Zion.

Far across the rolling waters,
Far beyond Atlantic's roar,
Tossed by storm or silent sleeping
It hath been for evermore.

O'er the billowy prairies further,
Past the hoary mountain peaks,
Nestling in its peace and beauty,
Lies the city my heart seeks.

Its foundations laid in weakness,
Told of faith in power divine,
Now 'tis like a dream of glory
It for all the earth doth shine.

'Tis of Zion just a shadow,
Yet the Priesthood dwells therein,
Only curbed by strangers foot-hold
Waiting, cleansing yet from sin.

Yet the day dawn now is breaking,
 Power will come of truth and right,
 And that city purged and shaken,
 Will o'ercome the clouds of night.

When the Savior comes in glory,
 Evil shall be overthrown;
 Well fulfilled that ancient story—
 Christ shall dwell among His own.

The Jubilee Song.

See in the valleys, and list 'mid the mountains,
 How Sabbath-School hosts in one anthem unite;
 They praise His great name for the overflow foun-
 tains,
 Which stream through the Priesthood, in lessons
 of right.

CHORUS:

Hosannah! Watch our standard fly, it ripples to
 our song,
 Beneath its ample folds we're a hundred thousand
 strong;
 This means Redemption, Light and Truth, it
 means that Zion grows,
 That "Stone out of the mountain cut," though all
 the world oppose.

Sing ye in triumph, may Heaven give blessing,
To all who in sacrifice toil for the best;
We know their devotion, in love ever pressing,
Obedience and faith, in the glorified West.

CHORUS:

Hosannah! Watch our standard fly; it ripples to
our song.

The Gospel they teach us, of Jesus they tell
His immaculate life and the doctrines He gave,
Salvation their motive, which far doth excel
Tradition and error which never can save.

CHORUS:

Hosannah! Watch our standard fly; it ripples to
our song.

The Prophets of old ever welcomed this day,
When Priesthood proclaims to the nations afar
The Gospel of Jesus, whose life-giving ray
Now shines in its splendor—glad earth's Morn-
ing Star!

CHORUS:

Hosannah! Watch our standard fly; it ripples to
our song.

All hearts swell with praise for this great Jubilee!
And we think of the past, with its harvest divine;
Each year of the future forever shall be
A Jubilee season, in glory to shine.

CHORUS:

Hosannah! Watch our standard fly; it ripples to
our song.

Until myriads shall gather, as schools shall extend,
 And Zion on earth shall greet Zion above;
 The Savior will dwell with His Saints to the end,
 And earth shall be bathed in the sunshine of
 Love!

CHORUS:

Hosannah! Watch our standard fly; it ripples to
 our song.

The Birthday Floral Cross.

Life's cross in every pathway stands,
 Its burthens all must sometime bear;
 We lift it with unwilling hands,
 To rest upon the shoulders bare!
 Created oft by perverse will,
 Sustained above a murmuring heart;
 How rugged, heavy, crushing still,
 When fierce rebellion fills the heart.

Yet on each shoulder oft 'tis laid,
 To test, to prove if living trust,
 Can look through death as undismayed,
 Or eat and live by hardest crust!
 'Tis black and grim as is the soul,
 Or radiant with a glory lit,
 As faith may pierce or scan the whole,
 Or human strength is bearing it!

A ponderous load when left alone,
 Yet light, and easy, borne aright,
 Stumbling along a path of thorn,
 Or smooth, and safe in darkest night!
 When human nature fags or faints,
 And life can find no emerald sod;
 'Tis well if counted 'mid the Saints,
 Where all is all in Christ and God!

So on your birthday, I would ask,
 As you upon its threshold stand,
 That you may find though hard your task,
 The help of more than mortal hand.
 Then, if your crosses multiply
 Along the highway you may tread,
 May conquest give that crown on high,
 To which the cross hath ever led!

Our Kings.

"The kingliest kings are crowned with thorn."—*Gerrald Massey.*

"To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the tree of life."—*Revelations.*

Who feels like war—who seeks to turn
 The tide of thought which swells today?
 Who feels the flame of purpose burn
 'Gainst vested wrong or tyrant's sway?
 'Tis well they count the certain cost,
 Before they raise the sweeping storm,
 And understand, if wrecked or tossed,
 "Earth's Kingliest Kings are crowned with
 thorn!"

This every age hath given to those
 Whose Godhead burst the narrow round,
 By custom set, by books or laws,
 To circumscribe, or truth to bound.
 No dungeon dark enough for them,
 No death too fierce or too forlorn;
 Justice and Mercy died, and then—
 “The Kingliest Kings were crowned with thorn!”

For every science martyrs bled,
 On every path of thought they fell;
 But ages learn from heroes dead
 That Truth will rule, who may rebel.
 And garnished sepulchres are raised
 For men despised and roughly torn,
 While fools repeat the name none praised—
 “The Kingliest Kings they crowned with thorn!”

Who asks for mission man to bless?
 Who pants for Right, unselfish, brave?
 Let History tell that no caress
 So certain as a martyr's grave!
 And if perchance inspired of God
 With that high trust of kinship born,
 The wrath of man may seem no rod
 “To Kingliest Kings who're crowned with
 thorn!”

Whate'er the conquest we may seek,
 Whate'er we wish to curb or break,
 Error with hoary head, or weak
 As childhood, in its wilful wake.

Be sure, if victory *must* be ours,
If once resolved in tears to groan,
So Truth be with us—it empowers,
“Though Kingliest Kings are crowned with
thorn!”

And days shall come—I hail them nigh!—
When work which makes a man divine
Shall have the inspiring care and eye
Of rulers sent, as Gods to shine!
Roll on, ye glorious times ahead!
Bring blessings for the crowds unborn,
And resurrect our deathless dead—
“Our Kingliest Kings, once crowned with thorn!”

A Summer's Song.

(For Music.)

There was beauty in the canyon's shade,
Where we sauntered by the brawling stream,
And the pine trees, giant shadows made,
Kissed oft by the sunlit gleam.

There was flowers on the hill sides round,
Flitting birds made music in the air;
Where the lofty hills did vision bound,
We maidens ne'er had a care!

Near by, home, was as a pleasant dream,
Which at will could easy come again,
Though we loved the ever-dancing stream,
And its sweet and glad refrain!

Now as memory brings it back today,
All its quiet, all of Nature still,
We would roam in those wild woods to play,
Or sit by the worn out mill.

How we loved those pleasant rambles then,
Though our laughter made the welkin ring;
Don't you think, love, we were happy when
In the glow of youth's bright spring?

Yet the stream is still there, darling girl,
With the blossoms and the old pine trees,
There is quiet, though this life's rush and whirl
Is borne on each passing breeze.

Harvest Time.

For Music.

The harvest moon in the deep blue sky,
Sheds mellow light on the mountains high,
And nestling homes in the vales low lie,
Where love hath dreams of glory!
Hath trysting place in the twilight's peace,
Where rapture swells for a heart's increase,
And music rings which shall never cease,
The same undying story!

'Mid nature's stores which the orchard yields,
'Mid golden grain of the fruitful fields,
'Mid perfumed hay which the old barn shields,
 The charm of toil and duty.
Here youth makes its glad laugh ring,
And gentle maids all the old songs sing,
Time flies on its light and airy wing,
 What spell hath youth and beauty!

So drinking deep of the waters sweet,
Are happy hours with their flying feet,
In joyous mood we may each one greet,
 No dread of dark tomorrow!
Pure sunshine breaks on the heart, o'erhead
No drifting clouds for the soul to dread,
The smiling skies or their star-lit bed,
 Will bring no tinge of sorrow!

Shout Hosannahs.

Shout hosannahs! Let them swell,
Make the mountain echoes tell;
 Tell the story to the world,
 Truth's white flag is here unfurled!
It will bless the human race,
Sunshine pour on every face;
 Cheer the stricken, raise the dead;
 Praise we give to Christ our Head!

This the power His Gospel brings,
 'Mid the saints its music rings;
 Purifying lip and life,
 Giving peace in place of strife;
 Turning darkness into day,
 Making heaven where earth had sway;
 Every saint with triumph thrills,
 When the Spirit's power distills!

Tell the "Good News" far and wide;
 Do not fear though men deride;
 If the Savior once was slain,
 He will come to earth again!
 Bringing all the hosts above,
 Filled with God's unfailing love!
 Gathering all the faithful found,—
 Earth despised, but heaven crowned!

"Linger Not Long!"

"From a missionary to his wife."

"Linger not long!"—Thy words of stirring beauty
 Sweep o'er my heart as Heaven's loving voice.
 Yet here 'mid strangers, *at the call of duty*—
 Though distant from thee—I can yet rejoice!

"Linger not long!" Ah, who would cross the ocean
 And far from home a pilgrim ever stay,
 Or turn the tide of love's divine emotion—
 The wealth of years surrender in a day?

"Linger not long!" Ah, well, thou knowest the mission

Which turned my steps from pleasant hours
with thee;

And no vain feeling, fed by false contrition,
Thus sings from Zion, "Turn again to me!"

"Linger not long!" How long, in this dominion,
Could *feeling* keep in the appointed way?
This moment, guided by Love's rushing pinion,
I'd win in western lands—departing day!

"Linger not long!"—Give me thy faith and blessing,
While to the people, I the Gospel give;
And in the days to come, when thee caressing,
I'll tell affection waited, that the dead might live!

"Linger not long!" I heed thy earnest greeting—
I shall not linger when my mission's done;
And there will be a long-expected meeting
In Zion's valleys, toward the setting sun!

My Little Corner Rocking-Chair.

My memory! Thou hast precious things
Beneath the covert of thy wings.
No gems of rare or priceless worth
Can match those sacred things of earth.

One simple thing, one valued thing—
I dream of thee and willing bring
My tribute to thy silent care,
My little corner rocking-chair!

When tired or sad, when full of thought,
Thou wast my friend for comfort sought;
And when with peace or joy inspired,
A constant one who never tired.
Loved, when thy swinging rockers sped;
Loved, as my homeward track I tread;
Silent, yet ready—ever there,
My little corner rocking-chair!

And when thy frame was taxed by two,
Rebellion ne'er was heard, I vow!
Perhaps my pleasure gave no heed
To jar, or strain, or creaking need.
If this unnoticed was, I ween,
'Twas simply that—thou wast unseen,
For then I knew thy friendly care,
My little corner rocking-chair!

E'en when my arm would sweep around,
Or lip met lip with crispy sound;
When love in subtle ways would tell
In beaming eye, or pulses swell;
When all of rapture life could give
Was centered there to love and live—
No jealous feeling thou didst share,
My little corner rocking-chair!

Farewell, old friend! My clustering thought
Associates thy use, which taught
That humble things may bar our way
Or aid to gild our brightest day.
When once again I press thy frame,
May love inspire with holier flame!
My mother's friend, my friendship share,
My little corner rocking-chair!

The Overruling Hand.

I've marked His hand along the years,
That wondrous hand—the hand divine;
In youth, in age, in joy and tears,
I've called it His and made it mine.

My way it opened, did direct,
When I from choice another sought,
And things my soul did not expect
Have been my blessing, all unbought.

I've thought a duty to evade,
I wanted self to have its way,
Yet when the rod was on me laid,
I kissed the hand that bade me stay.

As lesson after lesson came,
I learned to doubt my way and will;
I found 'twas best His will to claim,
And ripe experience loves it still

I want to keep this e'er in view,
 I do not ask to walk by sight;
 That faith I would each day renew
 Which 'mid earth's darkness findeth light.

For I have human weakness proved,
 I know that strength comes from above;
 When this is mine, I stand unmoved,
 A Son of God preserved by Love.

Give Thy Spirit, Lord!

I hail Thy Spirit, Father! Wilt Thou upon me pour
 Its rich and peaceful treasure for every passing
 hour?

Wilt thou in darkness aid me, give me its cheering
 light?

And should life's glory blind me, tone down to
 peaceful night.

In every changing season, may I Thy Spirit feel;
 'Mid scenes of sorrow walking, do Thou my sor-
 rows heal!

And this my benediction—when prospered all
 around,

Thy Spirit gives humility and makes it holy ground.

When friends may falter strangely, untrusting,
 and suspect,

Thy Spirit shall my life be, and hope shall not be
 wrecked;

And enemies may gather, like other birds of prey,
My powers shall cling the closer, to Thine unerring
way!

Oh, with Thy Spirit bless me! and life shall be
divine;
Its bread be sweet as manna, its waters like to wine;
This—angels' food—shall strengthen, 'till like a
giant, I
Shall walk 'mid earth's uncleanness, to triumph
in the sky!

Today!

"As thy day thy strength shall be."

"Strength for today" is all we need,
As there never will be a tomorrow!
For tomorrow will prove another today,
With its measure of joy and sorrow.

"Strength for today" is all we get—
'Tis well we have this when needed;
And oft when the sun in the west is set,
Our strength hath our hope exceeded.

"Strength for today" is all we ask—
Why grasp, like the miser reaching?
When many are tired, though small their task,
And they perish while life beseeching!

Strength for today—I bless that word!
 Ah, it falls like the sunset's glory.
 My Father, 'tis not too long deferred—
 Each day brings the self-same story.

Strength for today—what more to say?
 What use for a soul to borrow?
 Life's troubles are sure enough today,
 And we never shall see a morrow!

Strength for today—no trial now
 Seems worthy of thought or sorrow;
 Thy promise spans like yon arching bow
 The day-life, which knows no morrow!

In the Shadow.

I linger 'mid the shadows flitting o'er this life's
 highway,
 Its sunshine blinds my vision, and I look too far
 away;
 I can stand the cloud and rain drops, or the mists
 that hide my sight,
 Each winding curve my steps must take before 'tis
 truly night.

The mountain tops and wide spread vale hath not
 that loving spell,
 Which quiet nooks and leafy lanes and bounded
 vistas tell;

The little, and the near by, my soul with rapture
thrills,
Far more than landscape wide spread out which
unknown distance fills.

All detail fades at sea or land, excess hath mind
o'erthrown,

Mayhap 'tis great and grand, in moods uncoveted,
unknown;

'Tis wealth embarrassing, too much, for simple
common ken,

And soul shrinks from this mighty whole to smaller
things of men.

In dreams of thought some see afar, dominions,
thrones and kings,

They soar amid eternity's as if on Seraph's wings,
I only ask a humble place, a sphere within my
reach,

To meet my duty day by day, and then its lessons
teach.

This task well done will Heaven gain, whate'er that
bliss may be,

It may not be a crown or throne, where there is no
more sea,

But 'twill be sweet in rest or work as He may think
'tis best,

And I shall love, I hope, His will, for I have proved
it best.

A Rainy Sabbath.

In Liverpool.

The mists hung low, and hid from view
 The streets at hand, the azure blue,
 The rain-washed earth in freshness smiled,
 While clouds o'erhead looked thick and wild;
 They moved, as 'twere Heaven's chariot race,
 Fantastic o'er the fields of space.

The blue in patches swelled amain,
 Sol showed his glorious face again;
 It was a change superbly grand
 Wrought by the great Creator's hand.
 And out upon the glowing street,
 Went laughing eyes and eager feet.

From out my quiet window's shade
 I marked the change few moments made;
 Beside the first glad Autumn's grate
 The crackling fire had bid me wait,
 Till mist and rain had taken flight,
 And brought once more the sun's glad light.

The grate now lost its pleasant charm,
 The book was laid 'yond reach of harm;
 Out to the cheerful street I flew
 By rain and sun made clean and new.
 A Sabbath feeling there beguiled,
 As man and God and Heaven smiled.

No richer thought than that held fast,
Ere warring element had passed,
The calm content of Sabbath filled
The soul when warmth and books had thrilled,
I found that Heaven is not confined
To outer things—'tis in the mind.

Is It Bread?

On the isles of the sea amid nations afar,
There's a wail ever saying, "There's something
ajar,"
In the midst of much good there are longings un-
said,
Yet 'tis not for earth's paltry or perishing bread.
Men are longing for Truth, in an era of doubt,
They die for that bread which the Christ talked
about;
They are weary of husks such as wise men purvey,
And from tables man-made they turn sadly away.
Too ancient and mouldy though *some* call it bread,
It can never give life, for long since it was dead;
Yet thousands keep buying and tasting today,
But gaunt cheeks show hunger hath had bitter
sway.
Starvation stalks wildly to shop after shop,
Mystified and deluded till ready to drop;
A few tell the story, there's bread in full store,
If you seek to the Giver of life evermore.

These point to the Savior, whose Gospel excels;
Decoctions and diet man's wisdom now sells;
Without money or price 'tis a God-given treat,
And the poorest are welcome to all they can eat.

Lo the famine is past, every soul can be fed,
The storehouse is full of this life-giving bread;
Believe and obey, then partake to your fill,
For 'tis life everlasting to all if they will.

A Sabbath Song of Zion.

How sweet upon the evening air
The Sabbath songs of Zion swell
From grateful hearts, who gladly share
That bliss which Saints alone may tell!

Where'er their congregations meet,
There inspiration's fount may flow;
For heaven descends each heart to greet,
And its pure Spirit to bestow.

Then hours as moments flit away—
Nay, time uncounted speeds along;
Prophetic of that glorious day
When heaven shall ring with victory's song!

As one by one our Sabbaths come,
As one by one they pass away,
Will there yet be in Israel some
Who fail to prize that precious day?

Lord of the Sabbath! May each heart
Be made anew by faith in Thee,
That they may join, when earth's depart,
The Sabbath of eternity!

The Motherless Girl

How many a gleam of sunshine breaks
From thoughts and dreams, which are,
The past perchance, the future wakes,
To light of hope's glad star!
Though all-despised such dreams may be,
By clown or hateful churl;
I love, and meet, with soulful glee,
My dark-eyed Motherless girl!

To clasp her form, her lips to press,
Makes life seem more divine;
My heart's more stirred by her caress,
Than pulse by rosy wine!
I love to hear, like music's ring,
Her voice in jocund whirl;
Round her my richest thought doth cling,
God bless the Motherless girl!

To other eyes she may not shine,
To no man's heart be sweet;
Yet I see graces which entwine.
From crown to nimble feet;

No single point the whole can tell,
 Nor lip, nor eye, nor curl;
 But all my soul doth throb and swell,
 When near the Motherless girl!

For she—hath soul, a kindly one,
 Unselfish, true and brave;
 And she can keep what she hath won
 Beyond this earth or grave!
 A King might place her near his side,
 His banner o'er her furl,
 A Queen refined and glorified,
 Though but a Motherless girl!

Though frail as is a spring-tide flower,
 Which droops before a frost;
 So she, may have a brief life's hour,
 But Love is never lost!
 And far beyond the starry blue,
 I'll find my precious pearl;
 As rare a one as e'er I knew,
 No more a Motherless girl!

Far past the shining gates of bliss,
 Do Thou, oh Father give;
 My loved again, and her best kiss,
 And with her let me live!
 From realms of peace God's power divine,
 Shall every evil hurl,
 And 'mid his angels there shall shine
 As gold, "The Motherless Girl!"

Time and Eternity.

What is Time? But a moment, the present, the now;
It is ours when we have it, when past 'tis no more;
It belongs to Eternities gone, while we wait
For the next one which comes from Eternity's
shore.

Eternity! What? No beginning, no end!
The universe swings in its infinite sweep,
'Tis the day of the Gods, all unbroken, intact,
No finite can grasp it, or climb up its steep.

Science.

The swelling tides of human thought
Break with a force unknown before;
This mighty Century is fraught
With greater progress than of yore.

With wider sweep and grander range
Proud Science greets the human race!
Its ministers transmute and change
Earth's elements, however base.

What mighty forces neutral stood—
For ages hidden and unknown!
By intellect now understood,
As slaves, crouch by their conqueror's throne.

Steam, soon effete and old, shall die,
 And Gas no more illumine the night;
 Man, Nature's magazines will pry
 And drag their secrets to the light.
 Electric power is chained, and flames
 In every home its star and sun;
 While lands afar, the traveler names,
 Its force transports him ere 'tis done!
 From zone to zone it rushing sings,
 All human interests in its care;
 And burthened are its bending strings
 With unknown music everywhere.
 The artist bids the light embrace
 His subject; scarce a moment flies
 Ere limned the counterfeit—the face—
 Memento of the loved we prize!
 Recorded in a myriad ways
 And scattered as the snowflakes are,
 The Press—thy minister—betrays
 Truths hid to millions near and far!
 Yet 'tis not peace!—"War's rough, red hand"
 Curtains and uses human thought,
 To sweep earth's legions from the land—
 The death-grip at each nation's throat!
 Still shall thy triumphs crown the way
 For mortal good, from realms above.
 Science enthroned! We hail thy sway—
 Thy sceptre o'er a world a-move!

Agency Controlled.

Our longings are curbed by decrees not our own,
We would if we could, single handed, alone,
All things seem against us, the first and the last,
Or we miss at the moment, then forever 'tis past.

Like the bird in the cage, oft we flutter and fight,
'Gainst the bars that confine us and keep us from
flight;
Yet 'tis said "we are free" as we dash at the wire,
'Till exhausted we mope on the perch as we tire.

If we passive remain, if we yield, call it fate,
And resolve to enjoy our brief narrow estate,
Then we ask why have wings, if we never may soar,
'Mid the sunshine or ether abundant out-door.

E'en our cage, in the sun would be penalty more,
For the eye could roam further in longing before;
Content in confinement may urge its wide claim.
But an agency bounded will ever remain.

Oh fretting will never us free from the chain,
While we dwell in the flesh, and its curb shall re-
main;
But *freedom* will come when the spirit can soar,
To obey each glad impulse held ages before.

The Noblest Name.

I would not ask a nobler name,
 Than that I have today;
 'Tis more than riches, more than fame,
 It ne'er will know decay.

It is to be a Saint of God,
 With pure unchanging Love;
 Though often I may need that rod,
 Which chastens but to prove.

My weakness oft hath been forgiven,
 Yet sin hath lost its charm;
 Thy Spirit, Lord, with me hath striven,
 And kept me free from harm.

Within Thine house my soul hath felt,
 Lord, as if near to Thee;
 'Tis good beneath Thy smile to melt,
 As each dark cloud doth flee.

So here I raise my soulful strain,
 I bless Thy guiding hand;
 Oh, never let me stray again,
 From Zion's faithful band.

In life or death, be Thou my friend,
 Then with Thy people, I
 Shall here in Zion's Temples stand,
 And triumph, by and by.

Come Love, Come.

For Music.

Come Love, come, and to a joyous lay,
Let us sing and dance the live-long day;
The ills of life for a while may stay,
The sun is gaily shining.

The grass is green where the fairies tread,
The robin's note in the trees o'erhead,
The streamlet runs on its pebbly bed,
The red wild rose is twining.

Soft winds blow through the old apple trees,
The air is full of the drone of bees,
A distant voice on the even's breeze,
Tells time for love is breaking.
The moon's bright face in the east soars high,
The red clouds hang o'er the western sky,
My love's foot-fall to my ear is nigh,
My heart to its dreams is waking.

Sing my love, sing, with a full-souled note,
Like yon bird which trills its tiny throat,
We'll music make on the air to float,
A sweet and thrilling measure.
So the day's glad dream, the calm still night,
Shall tell that joy doth our song indite,
The loving heart is for ever bright,
Love's sunshine is its pleasure.

Only a Girl.

Only a girl! And we had girls before,
 One, two, three, four, and now another tells,
 Not but, that it is right, yet I implore,
 And make the query as the number swells.

They are no use, that is, to bear the name—
 The father's name, 'twill wither out and die;
 Yet life is young, and we are not to blame,
 Perhaps the next may be a boy! Now why?

Besides we've had two boys who took their flight,
 As if earth's frosts just chilled them in the bud,
 Or they preferred the realms of Heavenly light,
 With all its loving souls—the pure and good.

Perhaps they didn't like our home and things,
 Or saw a future we could not then know;
 And so they left us as on spirit-wings,
 To tell their friends they'd rather stay than go.

But then, the girls stop; they seem satisfied,
 And they're our pride and joy, we love them all,
 How could we help it? God forgive our pride,
 Oh, leave them to us, for we dread that call.

But how shall we this charge of life fulfill?
 Have we the wisdom that is surely meet?
 Or have we now, already missed His will,
 In guiding these (His daughters) earthly feet?

If so we have, give wisdom, aid, preserve,
From snares which are today on every hand;
Teach us to train so Thee they e'er may serve,
And find their welcome in a better land.

And if our boys are now in thine employ,
If no more come to honor us on earth,
Shall we meet them, and there our souls employ,
In Thy blest kingdom 'mid the men of worth?

"Only a Girl!" That is not ours, but His,
Our wish and dream must bow to His decree,
In hope at last, that we in higher bliss,
May have both girls and boys, and with them be.

Yet not with them alone shall we be meet,
To there salute the dear departed dead?
Will *they* the kiss of welcome give, and greet
Their wanderers home again? 'Tis easier asked
than said.

Hardest Home!

Music steals across my senses, on the quiet even-
ing air—

'Tis the shout of triumph, swelling, from the
distant far away;
Nearer comes the peal of gladness, 'till 'tis 'round
me everywhere!

'Tis the last sheaf of the teeming field, comes
with departing day—

“Harvest Home!” For tired labor hath its full
reward for toil

From the Spring and Summer, Autumn, spent on
earth’s responsive soil.

When the early snowflakes falling, Nature robed in
purest white;

When the showers of Springtide mellowed as they
fell by day or night;

When the plow turned up the furrow and the har-
row scratched its face;

When the seeders threw the precious grain to find
a lodging place—

“Harvest Home!” though distant seeming, in each
effort prophesied,

As the husbandman, in patient faith, for blessing
willing tried.

When the emerald robe of beauty came to greet
the daily sun,

Came to hide the brown earth pulsing, hide in robes
in silence spun,

How quickened pulse and throbbing heart to God
would quiet turn

In gratitude, perchance in song or prayer, would
often flash and burn!

“Harvest Home!” Thou God of Promise, who
hast said—and not in vain—

That seed-time, harvest, shall not fail, nor first or
latter rain!

When the golden heads are bending, ripening in
the noonday heat;

When clouds flit o'er and shadows chase, as if with
flying feet;

When the dewy diamonds glisten 'mid the wealth
of coming bread—

Then the zephyrs, perfume-laden, cool the worker's
fevered head!

"Harvest Home!" in genial whisper falls upon the
eager ears;

'Tis the recompense of labor—'tis the crown upon
the years!

What a wondrous allegory! 'Tis the pictured life
of man—

One "lower than the angels" made, in the cradle
just began.

Springtime opes in laughing childhood 'mid life's
crowded, fertile field,

Where from sun and cultivation comes the after
crop, and yield;

"Harvest Home!" Momentous future—who can
tell what it shall be,

Whether veiled in clouds and shadow, or beneath
the sunshine free?

Oh, when true affection softens, mellows, lessons
as they flow;

When the love of God and goodness bids the fire-
side fervent glow—

Then drought and frost and blight may sweep, for-
e'er without avail!

The love of home, the power of truth, will weather
every gale.

"Harvest Home!"—it cometh ever, fruits and
grains of precious store;

Or, if Godless, weeds and cockle, piled upon life's
threshing-floor!

Youth and manhood, consecrated, doing good each
fitting day;

Deeds of kindness, words of counsel—are they
showers or sunshine, say?

Move they not to greening verdure, silent forces
of the field,

Stirring, hoeing, watering, weeding—workman hid,
but crop revealed?

"Harvest Home!" 'Twill tell the worker when the
sheaves are gathered in,

How he oft in silence struggled, oft disheartened,
worked to win!

God-ordained, he called in wisdom, the obscure of
distant lands;

He in Zion them established—were they clay in
Potter's hands?

Did He move to form and finish, honor in His king-
dom here?

Teachers, Leaders, Rulers were they? We their
memories revere.

"Harvest Home!" Come, list the music, as it
from the distance swells;

See, the sheaves are gathering homeward—solemn
'tis as evening bells!

Toilers 'neath the clouds and raindrops, 'toilers
 'neath the sun oft seen,
Sowing seed, or 'mid the furrows, gazing on the
 crop when green;
'Mid the ripening corn of summer, singing 'mid
 the bending ears,
White-haired, stooping with the weight and work
 of many weary years.
"Harvest Home!" That music lingers, thrills, as
 comes the evening fall;
God has been 'mid the harvest field, was sun and
 showers and all!

So we lay to rest and silence, Fathers loved, who
 labored well,
Wielded power for man's redemption; we our trib-
 ute give and tell.
Israel's Patriarchs are passing, they have soared
 to Heaven and God;
We the clay have garnered sadly, 'neath the earth's
 refining sod.
"Harvest Home — the Resurrection!" cometh;
 mark, 'tis at the door,
When all our Fathers will be crowned forever,
 evermore!

Under The Trees.

Under the trees when the sunlight beats,
 With all that fierceness of tropic power,
 Which blisters and burns on unshaded streets,
 Wilting humanity hour by hour!
 Under the trees!

Under the trees, when the shadows fall,
 As full-orbed Luna in silence moves;
 What mystic moments, what dreams enthrall
 The voiceless, sauntering, hopeful Loves!
 Under the trees!

Under the trees, in the sombre woods,
 Where the rivulets music lulls to sleep;
 And nature tells in her happiest moods,
 Those secrets none but her favorites keep;
 Under the trees!

Under the trees! 'Mid the moods of life,
 Tried or prospered,—nay, left alone,
 In sun or shadow, in peace or strife,
 There's ever rest, though the pillow be stone;
 Under the trees!

Under the trees, though an unknown grave
 May keep the ashes of you and I,
 An angel's kiss will redeem the brave
 And passport give to the worlds on high.
 Under the trees!

Under the trees, from the earth's warm sun,
In the moonlit shadows, in field or wood;
Though marked or nameless the grave we won,
How bent or broken, 'twill be understood—
Under the trees!

Under the trees! Not leafless and sere,
Not winter-stricken, bereft of shade;
But beauty's verdure, skies always clear—
The gardens above, by Immortals made!
Under the trees!

Under the trees, with sandaled feet,
Our loved ones linger or thoughtful wait;
They know how sadly we long to greet
In a long embrace, by the golden gate!
Under the trees!

Under the trees! On the other side,
None here so weary but there have rest;
Oh, soul impatient, God will provide
And give thee all that for thee is best!
Under the trees!

The First Resurrection!

It early morning seemed,
The tell-tale clouds bespoke the coming day
In streaks of silver-gray and ruddy fire—
The far and distant East was lit!

The landscape spreading far,
As round about in sombre twilight lay,
All indistinct; while half oppressive,
Pregnant silence was supreme!

When consciousness was felt,
Close by, two forms—or men—appeared and stood,
Arrayed in common garb, as if for work;
Without a word of recognition, yet as if
Well known. The twain conversing were;
The topic, as to whom lay there interred
Within, what in the gloom, a graveyard seemed—
But small or large, sight could not scan its bounds.

“Were these of they who were entitled
Now, to feel the resurrection’s power? Or were
They mixed—as found in many another place?”

Yet not in spirit of contention, query
There; but more of curious thought, as though
The morning work had scarce begun, and Time
Was needed ere loved labor’s glow was had.

While yet the problem undetermined
Was—from ’yond, where earth and shadow met,
Nigh where the waiting stood, one more emerged
To sight, who until then had not appeared.

He, too, in common garb was clad,
And surely had not heard the voice of those
Engaged! Yet as He passed them, gently,
Sweetly, answer gave; He, smiling, whispered,
“These all died in Me!” He stayed not, but
Passed on—while I instinctive knew, as did
The workers, that the Savior had been there!

And 'twas revealed that these were
Saints, who in the mortal life had Jesus known,
Had loved and kept His law, and made His
Gospel serve its destined end—to bring
Them from the ground among the first, so that
Reward secure, which from true faith
And rapt obedience springs!

The Savior had not deigned
To stay, as He this verdict gave; but
Moved along, as if on business bent.
And yet, as if 'twere His rebuke to servants
Dallying o'er their work, the words scarce fell
From ready lips, "All these, died in Me!"—
He spread His hands and went His way.

But in the gracious act, as right and
Left His loving hands spread forth, the earth
Began to move! It rolled each side from every
Long-filled grave, as if the power of love and life
Had dripped from fingers well surcharged with
Dread Omnipotence, to wake His own!

As I in silent expectation stood,
I found myself alone, though undismayed;
Marked bone to bone which simultaneous fell,
Till all alive the gorged earth seemed, there
Hasting to deliver up its dead!

Thought I—If thus, ere light hath
Chased away the gloom of morning skies, the
Workers are abroad; if early dawn is gathering
Mighty hosts of resurrected men to Christ—

What may the noon not see? Or afternoon,
'Till evening twilight falls again on Mother Earth;
To whisper once again, "The day is done?"

This thrilled my being through, and
While all conscious of the simple means of
Wondrous power, no more could I my joy and
Peace control! I turned and—woke; 'twas
But a pleasant, maybe truthful, dream!

The Story of Our Bill.

'Twas a rollicking boy of twenty years,
As full of fun as an egg;
In all the sports he was A one,
In the dance he could shake his leg.

To ride a horse was his pride, and he
Would teach him tricks galore;
The boys all envied this "never-to-be,"
And the girls were all shy before.

A "ne'er-do-well," they called young Bill,
None thought he would settle down;
But stand for life at the foot of the hill,
With a heart—but, half a clown.

But Bill, within him was sterling stuff,
Though no one ever found out;
A diamond he, but yet in the rough,
'Mid fun and wildest shout.

It chanced one day, I scarce know how,
'Twas like to a flash of light,
Walking the furrow beside his team
His soul took a sudden flight.

His father had gone in the long ago,
But he heard his voice that day;
And it said, "Oh Bill! I've a job you know,
Will you kneel down and pray?"

There down in the furrow beside his team,
(Which stood as a witness there)
He opened his lips to the sun's bright gleam,
And this was poor Bill's prayer:

"If I've done wrong, forgive me Lord,
I have thoughtless been, 'tis true,
But I've loved my mother, her I've adored,
I thought—up there—you knew."

"I know I've roared from a foolish heart,
But Heaven hath kept from sin;
Oh, Lord forgive and now help me start,
That I Thy grace may win."

That humble prayer to the heavens went straight
It touched God's loving heart;
And Bill went home that self-same night.
A choosing the better part.

I moved away from that village soon,
But I heard of Bill again;
Across the sea in a bustling town
At work with "might and main."

He told of God and of Christ, His Son,
 The Gospel was then Bill's theme,
 But his burning words had lost that fun,
 All through that ploughboy's dream.

A mighty man he at last became,
 A servant of God, beloved;
 Yet he in his nonsense had truth's flame,
 Which Love for his mother proved.

He wed. He grew, as a good man should
 His flock is seven ere this;
 He, to all trust has bravely stood,
 And his town would now him miss.

A simple tale, but 'tis often told,
 The annals of Zion now
 Can furnish hosts that are precious gold,
 Like Bill of the long ago.

On Europe's shores, in the lands afar,
 God's messenger divine,
 To all mankind as a guiding star
 In Heaven at last to shine.

The Song of Memory.

A dream of pleasure, my heart doth treasure,
 Its boundless measure beyond compare;
 'Tis night and day in my life's wild way,
 It ever will stay, this vision fair.

She sweet and blushing as love's tide rushing,
Her cheeks were flushing, my Queen stood there;
My first love came, like a God-lit flame,
But found not name, in the balmy air.

I love to linger, where memory's finger
Points out that singer and song that day;
Its notes were sweet, "where the waters meet,"
"With willing feet, by thee I'll stay."

Our tryst unbroken, no words were spoken,
A silent token of Love's strange spell;
That song told all, that the Poets call
Love's magic thrall, no words can tell.

'Tis young life's glory, "the same old story,"
From ages hoary, yet new each day;
It swells again with undying strain,
In glad refrain, Love's precious lay.

Each tear of sorrow, the ills we borrow,
Today, tomorrow, are swept aside;
All is as naught; but a summer's mote
We see afloat, on a sun-lit tide.

Love lives forever, time may not sever,
Its links at pleasure, beyond the blue,
It safely rides the eternal tides,
An anchor provides in a haven true.

"The land o'the leal," will ever reveal
Its signet seal, unbroken still;
God placed it there, 'tis a blessing rare,
To proudly hear, by His royal will.

Behind the Bar.

Behind the window-bar she stands,
A fair lithe form, with outstretched hands;
Expectancy is written there,
From tiny foot, to waving hair.

How new how old, a hungry soul,
Unconscious, is revealed, the whole,
May not be told to stranger eye,
To one who knows, she'd ne'er deny.

Emotion can't be hid, or veiled,
Whate'er Love's mystic robe has trailed;
Its sheen is in the sparkling face,
And every step hath caught its grace.

Desire escapes with smile or sigh,
Or speech, nay silence may imply,
That Cupid's dart hath pierced again,
A human heart for joy or pain.

'Tis well when, full response is met,
Where soul meets soul in splendor set,
'Tis sad, 'tis sickness, death, I ween,
If loving—Love no mate hath seen.

Life's wheels revolve with creak and groan,
They turn, on self, a self alone;
United see the twain are one,
And every fight is bravely won.

*RHYMELETS.**In Memoriam.*

We dare not think our darling dead—
We look beyond her suffering bed,
And see her as in beauty rare
Before her form was confined there!

Her prattling tongue, her laughing eye,
Her footsteps' music hasting by,
Her dear caress, unselfish love!—
All drew our hearts, as parents prove.

And we shall miss her, feel her loss,
Yet bear in faith a God-sent cross,
And half in sorrow lay her down,
To wear in heaven her shining crown!

Conscious that when the change is ours,
If faithful to the Gospel's powers,
She will a welcome give, close by
The glowing portals of the sky!

"Our Patriot Fathers"

Written for the Fourth of July.

On stern Columbia's shores was lit
The flame of Freedom's fires—
'Tis o'er a century ago—
By our brave-hearted sires.

They left their native land to found
An empire, and a world
Wherein no tyrant's voice might sound
Or find his flag unfurled!

CHORUS:

'Tis here we have cherished their old Constitution,
The "Charter of Freedom," the "Flag of the
Free!"

May all its opponents go down in confusion,
As goeth a ship in the depths of the sea!

And when the tug of war was theirs,
When Kingcraft bid them bow,
Went up a shout from earth to heaven—
One single word—'twas "No!
We own no peers! We feel within
The spark which came from God!
To your misrule we give not in—
We'll fight 'till 'neath the sod!"

CHORUS:

'Tis here we have cherished their old Constitution.

'Twas thus they triumphed, thus they won;
Hail Patriots! Men revered,
Who to the altar brought their lives
And all their lives endeared!

Such deeds, such god-like deeds then shook
The kings and thrones of men;
They since that age—to History look—
Have not stood firm again!

CHORUS:

'Tis here we have cherished their old Constitution.

Immortal braves! Would that your faith
Might sweep the nation now;
Your sacred fires again be lit
On plain and mountain brow!
Then party strife and factious hate
Would flee our country's face,
And she would have no peer on earth,
For none could be so great!

CHORUS:

'Tis here we have cherished their old Constitution.

Would that from Utah's peaceful vales,
Whose mountain bulwarks swell,
A force might move from patriot souls
To drive all wrong to hell!
That Washington, who led the way
To right, through war and blood,
Might herald yet a greater day—
In Utah understood!

CHORUS:

For here we have cherished our great Constitution,
The "Charter of Freedom," the "Flag of the
Free!"

Remonstrance.

Sing unto the Lord a New Song.—*Bible.*

Ah, yes! “ ’Tis true, when all our powers
 To Zion constantly belong,
 The service of our darkest hours
 Becomes an everlasting song!”
 How blest are they who thus are taught
 To use the times with purpose rife;
 Who weld the ore of creed and thought
 Into a glorious, faithful life!

Who, from the plain where Milton stood—
 With added light that truth doth bring—
 From “Paradise once lost,” ’tis good
 Of “Paradise regained” to sing!
 “No music half so sweet” as swells
 From bounding hearts when truth-inspired!
 For it of “Revelation” tells,
 In life lit by its sacred fires.

No grander Epics can be found,
 No more majestic poems thrill
 Than souls whom God hath glory-crowned,
 As subjects of His royal will!
 Their peace as sweet as childhood’s sleep,
 Their hearts as fresh as morning air;
 Communion with yon “upper deep”
 Hath left its angel impress there.

So toil becomes as wealth—as fame;
So trial is as soft wind's breath,
Which fans the smouldering fires to flame,
And flees to life through gates of death.
Such an ambition Gods approve,
And to its aid the heavens are nigh,
Transforming by the power of Love
Each impulse 'till the last-drawn sigh.

For this, *our Israel's bards should sing—*
Should use that art the Gods have given
And to the general altar bring
Their morning song, and hymn at even,
To cheer the faint, to help the weak;
To bid the trembling heart be still—
To give that aid to souls who seek,
Which shall with rapture bid them thrill.

So swell the strain, ye gifted ones,
Nor let your harp remain unstrung!
For if ye fail, "the very stones"
Would sing more sweet than Prophets sung
Who dwelt of old, before the sun
Had swept the skies—bid darkness flee!
This, in the "latter days," is done,
And Heaven's own songs to earth are free!

Where?

And it shall come to pass in the last days, that the God of Heaven
shall set up a Kingdom.—*Bible.*

Tune—"John Brown."

Where shall we seek the Kingdom of the latter
days?

Where shall we find the right in all life's devious
ways?

Who will the question solve, to light us with its
rays,

And aid us as time rolls along?

Say, ye nobles of the nations—

Men who fill the highest stations—

What are your deliberations?

How shall we best move along?

Comes the answer sullenly: "We know not what
you say;

This is our great nation, and the kingdom we
obey!"

Kaiser, King and Emperor, through blood have
led the way,

And claim they are marching along,

Hear the boom of cannon roaring,

See the flash of sabre scoring!

Widows, maids and friends deploring—

Don't they move bravely along!

Every Sunday scholar throughout Utah can reply:
"The Kingdom in the mountains was unfolded
from on high,
And Joseph Smith, the Prophet, for this cause
could bravely die—
To see that Kingdom roll along!"
See, its faithful ones are legion—
Gathered all throughout this region—
Each one bent to lay a siege on
The hosts who cry, "Hold on!"

God is with His people, and He hears their earnest
cry:
"Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth"
as in the sky!
And with Thy Spirit fill our hearts, that we may
ever try
And thus keep marching along!
Can't you feel the happy dawning
Of the great Millennial morning,
When from all who have been scorning
The Kingdom shall have marched along?

She Died; But Then.

A flower, cut down by early frost,
A gem enshrined in dust;
A song-bird's music hushed and lost,
A hungry one his crust.

A shell into the ocean swept,
 Fruit, shrivelled on the bough;
 Our daily food, of sweet bereft,
 The day, of sunshine's glow.

A home from which Love's light hath fled,
 A circle missed a friend;
 The grave hath one more silent bed,
 Death, Finis writes—the end.

Yet that bright flower will bloom again,
 The gem will shine, reset;
 The bird will trill in sweeter strain,
 Heart hunger will be met.

The shell will gleam upon the strand,
 The fruit will swell once more;
 While Love will bless on every hand,
 Upon an undimmed shore.

A brighter home is 'yond the stars,
 And friends will meet again;
 For every grave will loose its bars,
 And death itself be slain.

From year to year, from age to age,—
 'Tis thus life's program reads;
 Man droops and dies, to wake again,
 To fill divinest needs.

Thus every pang of pain today,
 Is seed for future bliss;
 When Father holds the rod, 'tis but
 The prelude to His kiss.

The Battle-field of the Necropolis.

Traveling on the Hudson during the Civil War, there was perceived at a distance what appeared to be a military encampment; a nearer view dispelled the first impression, but revealed quite a large cemetery on the sloping hillside of that beautiful river!

Those tented hosts on yon distant slope
Have sprung at the patriots' call,
To swell the ranks on the battle-field—
Where men as the brown leaves fall!
'Neath floating banners they step to time,
To the music of life and drum,
While the sunlight plays o'er the burnished steel—
'Tis a dream of glory come!

That dream will pass when the strife is o'er,
As snow in the summer sun;
When the pomp of war is laid aside,
And its thunder spent and done;
When its blood-red hand-stains every hearth,
When broken hearts abound!
What's this? Lost life, lost wealth, lost all—
For the cannon's empty sound!

I erred! No muster-roll is called
On yon green hill's crowded slope;
No martial tread to its own shrill notes
Stirs pulse or heart to hope!
Yet there is an army gathered—great,
Uncounted as stars of night;
And all have passed through life's battle-field,
All fell in its fearful fight!

And there they lay, in that tented spot—
 As the marble seemed to be—
 All wait that trumpet-call which will
 Wake man in earth or sea!
 Each one shall answer the muster-roll,
 And those who have bravely fought
 Shall find their rank 'mid the hosts above—
 No wealth hath this honor bought.

There crystal fount; there palace of pearl;
 There gates as the jasper gleam;
 There gardens and groves—no eye hath seen
 The real of life's best dream;
 There all the wealth of our race shall be
 The noblest, most beautiful, best;
 There spirits who taught us the purpose of life
 And the nature of infinite rest!

Patriots, Prophets—through ages ago
 Workers unselfish for man—
 Who passed to their crowns through legions of
 foes,
 As a part of the infinite plan!
 How music shall swell in those golden halls,
 In morning and evening song!
 There love, there life, shall be perfected, full,
 And the glory to God will belong.

The Patriots' Song.

The Patriots' day—we hail it again!
The day of wondrous deed,
When on historic battle-fields
Our Fathers ceased to bleed;
When their thousands cried, "Hurrah! Hurrah!
For Liberty, Right—hurrah! hurrah!"
We here re-echo their words today
With as earnest a voice—"Hurrah! Hurrah!"

Brave hearts struggled in that dark day—
Shoulder to shoulder stood;
Tyranny went to an unwept grave
Through seas of martyr blood—
And their thousands cried, "Hurrah! Hurrah!
For Liberty, Right—hurrah! hurrah!"
As we re-echo their words today
With as earnest a voice—"Hurrah! Hurrah!"

'Seventy-six was the dawn of day
Nations had looked for long!
The Banner of Freedom stood by faith
In God, who had righted wrong!
So thousands cried, "Hurrah! Hurrah!
For Liberty, Right—hurrah! hurrah!"
And we the echo have caught today,
And as earnest we are—"Hurrah! Hurrah!"

But traitors soiled the crimson lines
And rent the field of blue,
While wandering stars as comets in
Eccentric orbit flew—

When their thousands cried, "Hurrah! Hurrah!
No Liberty, Right—hurrah! hurrah!"
 No echoes these mountains gave that day;
 'Twas silent as death—Hurrah! Hurrah!

E'en then we knew 'twas a passing cloud,
 Prophesied long ago;
 We also knew that from Israel's loins
 Saviors should come below.
 So our thousands cried, "Hurrah! Hurrah!
 For Liberty, Right—hurrah! hurrah!"
 We still repeat those words today,
 And we're in earnest—"Hurrah! Hurrah!"

Uncounted Patriots crowd our vales
 This day—by Freedom set;
 Though all the nations her deride,
 We'll crown her victor yet!
 And our legions shall shout, "Hurrah! Hurrah!
 For Liberty, Right—hurrah! hurrah!"
 'Till the world shall sing that same glad song
 In tones of thunder—"Hurrah! Hurrah!"

Proud Utah's sons shall be known afar,
 Friends of their age and race;
 Columbia call her the brightest Star
 On the Old Flag's crowded space!
 So shout, ye thousands, "Hurrah! Hurrah!
 For Liberty, Right—hurrah! hurrah!"
 No traitor shall rule in the coming day!
 So thunder again—"Hurrah! Hurrah!"

The generations have passed away
Since the Patriot Fathers stood—
Since the shock of battle brought to bay
The pride of English blood!
Since Washington conquered, "Hurrah! Hurrah!
For Liberty, Right—hurrah! hurrah!"
But his voice is heard o'er the land today,
And 'tis music to us—"Hurrah! Hurrah!"
Then thunder once more, from sea to sea—
Booming cannon or music's swell!
Ring, ye bells! For the day we see—
This *Day of Jubilee*, we tell,
Come eighty millions—"Hurrah! Hurrah!
For Liberty, Right—hurrah! hurrah!"
No Patriot heart can fail today
To swell the chorus—"Hurrah! Hurrah!"

Called and Chosen.

Called to be faithful, truthful, good;
Called as a son in latter days;
Called to suppress the surging flood
Of error through life's devious ways.
Called to abide the laws of life;
Called to be noble on earth's sod;
Called to be true 'mid war and strife,
And force a path to Heaven and God.

Called to ignore the ways of sin;
 Called to be proof 'gainst every dart;
 Called on, eternal life to win,
 And with the righteous have a part.
 Called as a soldier for the fight;
 Called as a Patriot-chief therein;
 Called to maintain the Truth and Right,
 From foes without and fears within.
 Called to succeed, though hell may rage;
 Called to be manly, whole-souled, free;
 Called as a Star on life's great stage:
 To victory called, as God to be.
 Chosen because we stood the test;
 Chosen as one no power could move;
 Chosen as Gods anointed, blest,
 In widening circles more to prove.
 Chosen to swell the faithful band;
 Chosen where trust must needs be found;
 Chosen to Priesthood, bid to stand
 Or rule by Truth, on holy ground.
 Chosen as landmarks on life's field;
 Chosen because we faithful stood;
 Chosen with power the lost to shield,
 And from the evil bring forth good.
 Chosen immortal lives to win;
 Chosen because we gained the day;
 Chosen to be as Gods, from sin
 And all its forces called away.

Who hath ambition? Here is scope.
Who that hath failed is not inspired?
Hath one despaired that dare not hope,
And feel their every impulse fired?
Who hath been called—not chosen yet—
But will renew the race today?
What idler, but hath labor set
If he would claim the prize or pay?
In all our Israel, *none should shrink*;
None flee the track—unfaithful be;
That with the Chosen they may drink
From founts divine, by God set free.

If He Shall Make the Sabbath a Delight.

'Tis Sabbath Day and Sabbath School,
And happy children gather there
To honor God's eternal rule—
Of Sabbath rest from worldly care.
And when they meet, they drink of cup
And eat the broken bread again,
In memory of One lifted up—
A Savior, once on Calvary slain!
Until He comes to earth again
As King, among His Saints to dwell,
We shall this sacred rite maintain,
'Gainst all His foes of earth or hell!

He is our Lord—our Savior, He—
 And we His Gospel will revere;
 So shall we claim His love, and be
 True subjects of His Kingdom here.

I Take No Gift.

You “take no gift!” Can this be so?
 Whence comes the wealth you have below—
 Your home, with all its hours made bright
 By Mother’s love or Father’s light?

You “take no gift!” No Brother’s hand
 Must grasp your own, or waiting stand
 To aid, to bless, or bid you trace
 O’er life’s broad landscape, beauty, grace!

You “take no gift?”—Then Love is lost,
 And Friendship ne’er your path hath crossed;
 And Life—that priceless gift of God—
 Is as the cold unfeeling sod!

You “take no gift!”—and none may tell
 Of Friendship for, or Love’s wild spell;
 No book, no ribbon, trinket, toy,
 Can thrill a giver’s heart with joy.

You “take no gift!”—No love-lit eye,
 No bounding pulse when you are nigh;
 No voice whose music bids you start,
 Or wakes glad echoes in your heart.

You "take no gift"—Let this be known,
And in the world you stand alone;
No God, no friend, no love, no life;
No daughter you, no mother—wife!

You "take no gift"—No sun, no flowers;
No stars light up the midnight hours;
No home on earth, no home on high;
Existence black—you droop, you die!

You "take no gift?" You did not dream
The hand you checked would find a theme
So fraught with Truth! No time could sound
Its height or depth, or sweep its round.

You "take no gift?" Ah, yes! Life's hours
Are golden with the wealth which pours
From Father's hand, in every guise
That human hearts can love or prize.

You "take no gift"—*Yet Love shall give!*
Nor ask consent, or right to live
Unchecked, unbought, till each one tells
Where gifts abound. Life's rapture swells
To nobler music than can spring
From hearts which have no gifts to bring!

Zion Besieged.

Zion, art thou not despondent,
 Now thine enemies prevail?
 Now they dwell within thy fortress,
 And its towers in war assail.

Zion, art thou not astonished
 As thy sons desert and flee?
 Traitors to thy cause—once cherished,
 Traitors, to thy God and thee.

Zion, dost thou not yet tremble?
 Foes without and foes within;
 Markest thou temptations triumph,
 Pleasure lovers—slaves to sin.

Zion, art thou not forsaken?
 Will not all thy friends lose heart?
 All thy glories, once departed,
 Gone as dreams of night depart.

Never! Yet secure foundations—
 Bulwarks, raised by Master hand;
 Every turret, tower and fortress,
 Destined to for ever stand.

Should deserters flee their colors,
 Hard to tell a friend from foe;
 If 'tis said the contest's doubtful,
 Faith exulting, answers—No!

Zion looks for persecution.
Zion fears no traitor hand.
More for her than her weaklings,
Some may falter, hosts will stand.
Unforsaken, tried and tested,
This will prove her all divine;
Mark ye fearful scoffers, see it,
God doth in His Zion shine.

There is a Fulness.

Wants, yes! Who would not be ashamed?
In counting weakness, faults and sin;
That naught of ours hath yet been named,
By which eternal life to win.
And so we come, our hearts unclean,
We pray Thee cleanse by power divine;
Teach us to love, to trust unseen
The promise, "All I have is thine."
Speechless, we here before Thee stand,
And foolish, can we wisdom reach?
Narrow, canst thou our souls expand—
If ignorant, wilt Thou us teach?
If wayward, help us to repent,
If dark, be Thou our certain light;
If weak, to us let strength be lent
To help our day and lead at night.

If faint, 'tis Thee alone we need,
 If sick, our medicine impart;
 If helpless, be our staff indeed,
 And soften Thou our stony heart.

If lost, we trust the Crucified,
 If dead in sin, He must restore;
 Restrain our will, and crush our pride,
 And help us serve Thee evermore.

There is a Peace.

Would'st come to my soul, oh beneficent Peace?
 Come, dwell in that fortress, a thrice welcome
 guest;

Thy presence so royal need ask no release,
 My homage is worship, I love thee the best.

Thy sway absolute as a tyrant could ask,
 Thy home as a palace of duty should shine;
 Who would not thee cherish? (a lovable task)
 Come, dwell with me, Peace, I will ever be thine.

I have felt the cold chill of unrest in the past,
 I have dwelt in the darkness, oppressed by its
 gloom;
 I have tasted the cup, which was bitter at last,
 And my soul has been empty—an unfurnished
 room.

I have met with the friendless, been friendless
myself,
I have stared at the blank wall of silence and
hate;
There are blessings unpurchased by jingle of pelf,
There are curses which seem as the dicta of fate.
Peace flies from the demons of sinning and wrong,
She furls her bright banner when these carry
sway;
Can we exorcise them, as the Siren by song,
Or in the dark midnight give sunshine of day?
Oh, Peace, thou immaculate, sinless, divine,
Wilt dwell with the weakest of earth's erring
sons?
Wilt barter thy home where the Cherubims shine,
For the tenement owned of earth's desolate ones?

One More Translated.

In a casket of white most costly,
A frail form layeth at rest;
An angel smile on her pallid face,
Her hands crossed o'er her breast.
Sad silence reigned in the darkened room,
For broken hearts were there;
And now and again a sigh escaped,
On the perfume-laden air.

The tremulous song of hopeful tone,
 Had a weird yet welcome sound;
 "Come ye disconsolate," touched each soul,
 As its music floated round.
 Then came the whispered yet earnest prayer;
 "Oh God, let Thy spirit tell,
 Each stricken heart in this solemn hour,
 Thine hand doeth all things well!"

The Father, the Mother, may not see,
 The touch of the Lord, today,
 And e'en rebellion may half suggest,
 'Till the clouds shall roll away.
 Glad sunshine yet shall illume the soul,
 And Heaven give its peace,—
 If resignation through faith but come
 And thoughtful, murmurings cease.

Cover and crown her with flowerets rare,
 The symbols of beauty frail,
 Fading are they as the bright young life,
 A chapter or half-told tale,
 Began far off in the realms of light,
 Then written on earth's dark sod,
 A Child, a Woman, a Wife, what more?
 Complete in the Kingdom of God!

What rapturous bliss of reception there,
 What welcome, what earnest kiss?
 From faithful ones of "the times gone by,"
 The friends that we sadly miss?

1875

1876

1877

Thus all shall work the Master's will,
 Crude soul to purify,
 So man may claim by Zion's hill,
 The throne and crown on high.

There's a Silber Lining to Every Cloud.

When trials surround us and darken day,
 Till we stumble along in a path of thorn—
 Not a glimmer to see of the sun's bright ray,
 No "bow of promise" to shadow the morn—
 'Tis sweet to think, through the dreary shroud,
 "There's a silver lining to every cloud."

When Truth is not heard—or, if heard, despised—
 And we think that Error will surely reign;
 When gold is more than wisdom prized,
 And the powers of darkness rule obtain,
 Stand fast!—though Hell and its hosts be moved—
 "There's a silver lining to every cloud."

If prayers unanswered the Saints can count;
 If the heavens appear as brass to all;
 If our songs of praise ne'er reach that Mount—
 The Mount above with the jasper wall—
 'Tis the trial of faith, and the heart can brood
 O'er the "silver lining to every cloud."

The fond mother mourns a long-absent son,
And the father dreams of a bright-eyed girl;
And children grieve for their parents, gone
From the earth without the Priceless Pearl.
But the Gospel restores—and we cry aloud :
“There’s a silver lining to every cloud!”

When affection is spurned as a thing of naught,
And the dream of Love to the earth is cast—
By friends repulsed, and life seems fraught
With clouds and storms as the wintry blast,
Our Father’s near, as we oft have proved;
“There’s a silver lining to every cloud.”

When the wheels of “the Kingdom” seem enchained
And its progress, to our vision, small,
Be sure, in the dark all its speed’s maintained—
Yes, increased, too; if it change at all,
It hath been decreed, so we stand unmoved—
With “a silver lining to every cloud.”

It is well with us, and ’tis onward—on;
We yet shall dwell ’neath unsullied skies.
The battle’s o’er and the conquest won,
For the faithful all secure the prize—
Understand the use of the darkest mood
And the “silver lining to every cloud!”

My Dwelling Place.

I would not dwell for e'er in sombre cloud-land,
 I'd rather dance in joy 'neath sunny skies;
 I would not be alone, and miss the kind hand,
 Of friendship's grip, when courage droops and
 dies.

I would not live at all but for Love's lustre,
 Its sunshine wakes life's verdure crisp and green;
 What precious memories exulting cluster,
 E'en in dark places from its magic sheen.

I would not hide myself, and single, linger
 Along life's lanes, and by-ways all alone;
 A solitary, sad and cheerless singer,
 Without child-music, or wife's mellower tone.

I would not shirk amid the world's endeavor,
 To aid its progress, speed its rolling wheels;
 I'd be a freeman, every chain help sever,
 And foremost in the fight where freedom reels.

I would with heart and lips, and pen untiring,
 Hurl fierce defiance to a traitor soul;
 Yet lift the humblest, weakest one, aspiring,
 To noble duty, consecrated whole.

I would 'mid true religion e'er be waiting,
 A devotee of faith in purest form;
 Not I for self, or that which brother-hating
 Is lured of sunny days, or dreads the storm.

I would be found a man, in all things trying
To be the best, such as the Gods approve;
Then if 'twere living, or, my soul, 'twere dying,
I'd have a welcome, 'mid the Braves, above.

Our Starry Flag.

Lift high the flag, the starry flag,
When Patriots rule and right hath sway;
On every peak and jutting crag,
From sunrise to departing day.

Lift high the flag, the starry flag,
On civic hall and courts of law;
High that its folds may never drag,
To mar its beauty, make a flaw.

Draw down the flag, the flag divine,
When traitors wrest and warp its thought;
Its stars and stripes may only shine
When justice is not sold or bought.

Draw down the flag, at half-mast rest,
When cunning hands withhold the right;
When bigots force religious test,
Till prison walls close at the sight.

Come, fold away the well-loved flag,
It should not float while tyrant's reign;
'Tis but a limp and common rag,
When treason's breath its glow doth stain.

Let it in darkness blush, that here
 Upon its native land, forlorn,
 Its white is moist with sorrow's tears,
 Its stars are dimmed where Patriots mourn.

Lift high the flag, the starry flag,
 Its night hath past, the clouds have fled;
 And none shall dare again to brag,
 Of man despoiled, or nation bled.

Lift higher yet the welcome flag,
 For man, the emblem of the free;
 O'er every home, on every crag,
 In every State, o'er every sea.

We furl no more, nor hide away,
 No more at half-mast droops a rag;
 The red and white and blue will stay,
 Our country's pride, The Starry Flag.

The Sabbath-School.

The song of praise ascends on high
 From youthful heart and childish tongue;
 'Tis sweet as where glad Seraphs try—
 Sweet as the anthems by them sung.

From every Sunday School there springs,
 Like tongues of fire, the chant and song;
 And in the heavens above there rings
 The music which to Schools belong.

The children of God's Zion are
The blest and favored of our race;
For Truth is their bright polar-star,
Where shines for e'er their Father's face!
Oh, happy days! Oh, happy school!
God bless our teachers—bless their word!
We love and trust that Priesthood's rule,
Which in God's Kingdom is conferred.

The Departed Saint.

In peace the soul went bravely out,
And left the well-worn casket here;
Without regret or triumph's shout,
The calm of rest, beyond a fear.
This holy trust—life sanctified,
Was passport to the other side.

Tired out with weight of flitted years,
Fourscore and five on earth's rough sod;
'Twas sun and clouds, a smile, then tears,
But each wrought greater faith in God.
His hand was seen, if night or day,
Each was His angel in the way.

The Wife, the Mother, widowed, knew
That strength which Love divine imparts;
And every pulse, if weak, was true,
Was warm as dwells in cultured hearts.

Could life be aught than glorified,
Whate'er its swell or ebb of tide?

A perfect life? Without a flaw?

Well! hardly that, a mortal yet;
But human nature rare doth show,
Her gems all cut, then grandly set.
When such have been whose lustre shone
Their deeds but marked them for a throne.

A queenly past was theirs, no doubt,
Ere to the earth they winged their way;
For regal mien kept cropping out,
Though humble was life's changing day.
Nobles *incog.*, still dignified,
And grandest when most keenly tried.

Our hearts, to thee, victorious one,
Go out in Love, and reverence true;
The triumph thou hast bravely won,
And thy example doth renew,
Our warm resolves by grace to win,
An equal stand 'gainst self and sin.

Welcome is thine! Uncounted friends,
Were waiting by the gates of gold;
Thy feet the path has trod, which tends,
From earth to scenes beloved of old,
Ere thou that mission didst accept,
When of the past thou wast bereft.

Returning, oh what memories thrill,
Two lives now blent as one shall tell
That all our Father's work, and will,
Must claim our homage, love as well.
When from our home to earth sent down,
'Twas but that we might earn a crown.

In Memoriam.

The memory of the just is blessed.— *Bible*

In every land, and every age
Men honor their illustrious dead,
And garnish the historic page
With eulogies of names who've led!
In science, war, or realms of thought,
Though far removed or hither led—
No fight so fearful as they fought
In life; none honored more, when dead.
Despised, disowned, accounted mad,
Punished by faggot, dungeon, steel;
How many a broken heart such had,
Whose works were for their race's weal!
No music from the trump of fame,
No craving for a world's applause,
No wish to win themselves a name,
Inspired these Braves in duty's cause!

But scarcely have they gone to rest,
 Than stately monuments are raised;
 And parties, blazoned with their crest,
 Surround the shrines where they are praised.

Cities for Centuries contend,
 Each wastes its time in nauseous lore,
 And circumstance unjustly bend
 For honor of their birth-place more.

Nay many Saviors, crucified
 As traitors to their age and time,
 Have by their sons been deified
 And worshipped in their land and clime.

But not for seers and sages old,
 In Christian or in Pagan world,
 Do we in reverence this day hold,
 Or ask a birthday-flag unfurled.

Here, for "a man" we knew in life;
 Here, for a man we wept when slain;
 Here, where his triumphs mark the strife,
 And promise of a future reign!

Joseph, thy birth we celebrate!
 This day shall consecrated be,
 Till Israel's homes shall reverb'rate
 O'er Zion's land from sea to sea.

Thou Prophet of the Latter-day!
 Thou, in the midst of darkness sent
 By Revelation's power to sway,
 Till Heaven and Earth in one are blent.

Thou Faithful! True to thy great call,
Through persecution, trial, death;
Then calm, serene as evening fall,
Dear martyred one, to yield thy breath!

Joseph, the Seer, the Man of God—
The Prophet-Martyr of our day!
The Savior, if the path is trod,
Which thy example did portray.

May we renew our love to thee
On this selected natal day,
And through a faithful life agree
To inaugurate the better way!

When faithful men shall in their time
Have all the honors Truth bestows,
Till earth shall have that genial clime
Which in the Heavenly Kingdom glows!

Mission of The Stripling.

Many a glowing scene of gladness,
In the realms of long ago,
Many a dense, black cloud of sadness,
Marks earth's seasons as they flow.
History's pages tell of tyrants
Ruling o'er their fellow men,
Curbing thought and speech and action,
Progress laid beneath their ban.

Gibbet, rack and flame their weapons,
 Death to all who scanned their deeds,
 Politicians, Priests, and People,
 Swept off *men* as fire doth reeds.
Men I said, their names are legion,
 Scattered o'er each land and clime
 Through the ages; (martyred greatness,)
 Truth still waits and bides its time,
 Oft repressed its uttered music
 By one generation spurned,
 Final triumph marks its footsteps;
 In earth's truly great it burned,
 Long decreed by the Eternal,
 Truth and Right shall surely reign,
 Pens and arms of erring mortals,
 May be raised—'tis all in vain!

Filled with these thoughts I lay me down to rest;
 The brain too active, long I courted sleep,
 Till as old Sol with glory tinged the west,
 My fancy ranged throughout the "upper deep;"
 Past star and planet on I bent my way,
 Crossed paths where Suns secure eternal day,
 Beheld the comets as they swept along,
 The "Dance of Heaven" to an unending song,
 'Till by some impulse checked in onward track
 I looked around, a hand was on my back;
 Behind me stood of noble godlike mein,
 One whom on earth or heaven I oft had seen;

Familiar to my eye his form was there,
Though crowned with glory more than mortals see,
His voice melodious on the perfumed air
Said, "Brother, come! Come, go along with me."

Before us lay, quite unobserved before,
A world of beauty, such as oft in dreams
My spirit gladdened in the days of yore;
Self lighted—governed not by Solar beams;
Need I pause to tell of granduer,
Need I wait to sing of flowers,
Or of rich unfading verdure,
Forming shade or radiant bowers?
Need I tell of tower and turret,
Of the palaces divine;
Of the myriads dwelling, happy
Round where Peace had raised its shrine?
No! All mortals yet shall see it,
Taste its pleasures ever new;
When this earthly life is ended,
When they lay the body down;
Here *each* life, *all* past experience
Memory can at will renew,
Estimate their own position,
And their claim upon the crown.

Magnificence inscribed on column,
Architrave, and just proportions yet unknown
To man, a Palace stood, upon its noble front
Inscribed in rich device,—“The Hall of Council;”

Through its vast portals by my guide preceded
On I went, 'till in a room for beauty
Unsurpassed, and filled with glowing light,
We stood!

Within its space were gathered crowds—
The representatives of every land,
Who in the cause of man's redemption fought,
And bled, and died!

The martyr's crown

On many a brow I saw, a full reward
For all of toil and suffering tasted
In the ever past.

A group in earnest conversation stood
Apart, I marked and knew them all, by Priesthood
'Twas revealed; our history in that group
Was easy read, 'twas those who had inspired
Been and deputed to save, to guide when
Red hot persecution lifted high its
Daring hand; when from the gathering storm
From State to State they fled, and many a brave
And gallant heart its best blood shed to win

“I come to vindicate the right,
The right to live, the right to speak;
The right to worship when or where,
So I God's law evade nor break,
This right the nation guarantees
By Constitution; act at home
The Freeman's privilege to choose
The right to fill the ruler's throne,
The right to legislate at will

So that I trench on no reserve.
'Tis this I claim as common right,
No jot I 'bate, nor shall I swerve;
I live for Home, for Children, Wives;
To guard the hearth and household Gods;
Though tyrants seek to check me there
With God to guide I fear no odds.
No patronage I seek or claim,
But truthful heart and ready hand;
There's none so great I fear their frown
So long as truth shall with us stand.
No President who fills the chair,
No judge, official, high or low,
Can e'er my suffrage claim or share
If they to mobs their judgment bow.
I live for every good bequeathed,
The blood-bought blessings from my sires,
I live for what the present needs
To fan true Freedom's sacred fires;
For all the future yet shall give,
Through persecution lies or wrong,
Assured that life or death will bring
The clarion notes of Victory's song.

Walking in the Light of God.

In the desert of life, while a-walking,
The thorns and the brambles appear,
'Mid its jostle and strife, and loud talking,
Each step of the feet must be clear.

For the darkness will hide, and the pushing,
 May crowd from the pathway of right;
 Ask the tempted and tried, 'mid its crushing,
 If they could be sure in the night?

If the starry grand dome, was bent over,
 Or the moon in its silence and sheen;
 Yet how distant is home, to the rover,
 Whose pathway the eye hath not seen.

Of the thousands who sought amid trial,
 By strength of their own to prevail;
 Their best battles were fought by denial,
 In that faith which no power could assail.

In the darkness, was light, all undoubting,
 With brambles and thorns on the sod;
 In the roughest of night, there was shouting,
 Walking on, in the glad light of God.

Is there glory like this for the seeker?
 Can man claim such boon from above?
 Will the Heavens give bliss to the weaker,
 Or its light on life's path in its Love?

For this "walking in light" makes man divine,
 Gives him courage—makes triumph sure;
 It is wisdom and right, in these to shine,
 And end of being, as God is pure.

The Marriage Tie.

When love unites two willing hearts,
And marriage rite is truly done;
No joy so sweet, no bliss so pure,
Beneath the light of rolling sun.

'Tis not for time alone, no bounds
Hath Priesthood set to wield its power,
If God-ordained, 'tis His decree—
A blessing of Eternal dower.

A wife for e'er, a round of joy,
And increase as the sand or stars;
A kingdom, from a germ to swell—
Omnipotence hath set no bars.

And so our blessing freely comes,
Where God hath joined let none divide;
When this life's weary wheels shall stand,
May Love be yours on t'other side.

Invocation.

Y. M. M. I. A.

'Mid thine Israel, Lord we stand,
Organized by Thy command;
See our thousands, for they tell,
Zion's sons in number swell.

Bless each effort to improve,
 As our ranks united move.
 Officered by men of soul,
 Let Thy Spirit all control;
 Then thine armies shall be great
 As upon Thy word, they wait;
 All the world shall see and know,
 Zion doth in wisdom grow.

Here as suppliants, Lord we sing,
 To Thy promises we cling;
 All of life we shall enjoy,
 If Thy work is our employ;
 Make us Saviours, makes us Men,
 Mutual good our motto then;
 For each duty us prepare,
 Here appointed, or sent there;
 By thy Priesthood trusted, tried,
 Through our labor sanctified;
 Thus prepared we all shall prove
 Thou art God! Thy name is Love.

A Faded Flower.

Quietly, peacefully, lay her down,
 Cover with flowers of fragrance rare;
 Did she not work for a radiant crown,
 Far from this earth-life—"over there?"

Sadly we miss her. What then? I ask,
Is she not loved in the realms of bliss?
Hath she not welcome, and time to bask,
Where Love's sun mellows, and warms its kiss?

Friends unnumbered and kindred there,
Known in the infinite long ago;
No dream of sorrow, no sickness where
The angels saunter and flowerets blow.

Lizzie hath gotten the best of those,
Who linger yet on the earth's green sod;
Rest she hath found, that glad repose,
Which men call Heaven—the rest of God!

In a Lady's Album.

How many thoughts elude the power
Of words to give expression clear!
Nature her children doth not dower
With voice for every changing sphere.
In acts they live, by these they tell
The hidden secrets of the heart,
And all their best emotions swell
Unbidden, then in action start.
'Tis well when these, from life divine,
Spring all around us as doth thine,
As Friend, as Daughter, Woman, Saint.
Of thee, scarce Heaven doth know complaint.

The Mormon Lad.

The Saints yet gather from the lands,
 With hearts inspired with holy joy,
 And many a picture may be seen—
 Fond Parents bending o'er their boy.
 "My place in Utah is, I know—
 The Zion of the Latter Day;
 And though I love you, Mother dear
 And Father too, I must obey.
 Yet soon I hope, by industry,
 To aid you both from Babylon's shore;
 And when in Utah's valleys we shall meet,
 Our God we'll praise—hurrah! 'tis o'er."

CHORUS:

The Trumpet sounds, the Trumpet sounds!
 Don't you hear the Priesthood calling?
 The Gospel sounds, the Gospel sounds!
 I must now leave—my time has come;
 So bless me now—come, bless me now;
 I must away!—Hurrah! 'tis done!

The long and tiresome trip was o'er;
 The boy was missed, the home was sad—
 Although to Zion he had fled,
 They sadly missed their darling lad.
 But soon the cheering summons came:
 "Our God hath blessed my labors here;

And, joy! I hope to see you all
Before I meet the closing year."
Anon it comes; and ready now,
The "old folks" sail the Ocean wide,
To meet their faithful lad, and proudly stand
In Zion soon. Hurrah! 'tis o'er.

CHORUS:

"The Trumpet sounds, the Trumpet sounds!
Don't you hear the Priesthood calling?
The Gospel sounds, the Gospel sounds!
You, too, must leave; your time has come.
We bless you now, we bless you now—
So, you're away!" Hurrah! 'tis done.

What joy can tell?—the swelling heart,
The meeting by the crowded car;
The glistening eye, the fond embrace—
Though but a year has passed afar!
And as with pride the stripling leads
The best friends God e'er gave on earth,
The little cottage greets them all—
The home which love hath brought to birth,
A little heaven; and faithful hearts
Are kneeling 'neath its humble roof.
We o'er this scene the curtain drawing here,
Sing all is well—Hurrah! 'tis o'er.

CHORUS:

The Trumpet sounds, the Trumpet sounds!
'Tis calling you, my friends, my kindred;
The Gospel sounds, the Gospel sounds!
So come along, no more be hindered.

The Trumpet sounds, the Trumpet sounds!
 Its well-known voice—the ancient story;
 Victory, victory, again achieved—
 Hurrah, 'tis done! Hurrah, 'tis done!

Happy Hours.

Yes, Infancy hath happy hours
 And pleasant dreams—awake, asleep.
 How oft the wreathed smile betrays
 The half-remembered scenes that keep!
 And Childhood hath its happy hours,
 Its careless freedom—glory-crowned;
 No anxious cares or o'er-taxed powers
 Hath circumscribed its pleasant round.
 Then Youth—oh, happy, happy Youth—
 With hope aflame and wing untired;
 What can elude thy grasp, when Truth
 Thy bounding forces hath inspired?
 And Manhood hath its happy time;
 Then life, decided, sweeps along!
 And every impulse rings a chime
 To blend with an immortal song.
 Old Age hath many a happy scene,
 And well-spent hours from memory springs;
 The future glistens with rich sheen
 From times well used, yet weary wings.

All seasons, ages, men have shrined
Their sunny hours from Heaven on high,
And every shadow hath been lined
With hidden glory next the sky!

A Rare Old Mother Dead.

Long past fourscore, yet staunch as Scotia's hills,
Or like her lakes, unruffled and at rest;
For she, though blind, had inner sight which fills
The soul with peace, for all is for the best.

Linked to a man, as true as are the stars;
When widowed, turning to her early love,
And dreaming when the gate beyond unbars
That she will Wife and Mother be, above.

In child-like faith, though nursed by tender hands,
And such affection as each wish supplies;
There's forward looking to far fairer lands
Than those of earth, and love which never dies.

So full of years, good works, she passed away,
A mother dear, a saint unstained of guile;
Full worthy she enjoys a Heaven's better day,
Goodbye to earth, means God's eternal smile.

Jennie will meet old friends, and we may greet
again,
If blest at last with welcome such as rings
For her and faithful souls who ever reign,
In the dominions of the King of Kings.

The Country of My Choice.

Utah! My pride, my mother; nay, my queen, enthroned above the hills,
 Thy name I love, thy towering peaks, thy streams, the music of thy rills;
 Thy skies of azure, bending over vales, whose garments woven were of toil;
 Thy homes of peace, 'mid verdure, girt by harvest-fields, upon thy fruitful soil.
 Thy lakes are gems, thy rivers born amid thy crags, are turned to wealth,
 Where untold thousands, maidens fair and sons, now glow with ruddy health;
 While hid beneath thine outer-form, are precious ores, by Nature's lavish will,
 And God o'er all to make thee great, and on thy country's flag a mission fill.

Temple Dedication Anthem.

The Angels swept their harps of gold,
 And voiced to earth their wondrous song;
 Which had through Kolob's cities rolled,
 Which to its councils did belong.
 Down through the ether fields of space,
 It echoed o'er each shining world,
 Then on Judea's plains found place,
 Where sin, the earth and man had hurled.

The theme was new, its grandeur smote,
As human ears in part divined,
Immanuel, "God with us," the thought
Had power divine, within it shrined.
He lived and wrought, then died, and rose,
Redemption for His race to gain,
The prison doors and bars disclose,
In bursting, His triumphant reign.

This glorious work in silence sped,
Though lost to earth for ages past;
Its trophies were 'mid ancient dead,
The hosts in spirit-life so vast.
They list the Gospel's precious word,
This Dispensation last—afar;
The sweetest music ever heard,
Thrilled, when the gates were set ajar.

For these, is raised this glorious fane,
This Temple, built of God's decree;
Oh will the King of Kings but deign
To set His seal, the prisoners free.
Our Dedication then complete,
Will bless the living, save the dead;
Thus Heaven and earth in union meet,
As by the Angels, Saints are led.

Reminiscences.

How sweet 'tis in Spring-time, for beauty to entwine
A garland or wreath from the flowers of the soil;
Of the snowdrop and crocus, with others which
woke us

In the sweet days of childhood to labor and toil.

We loved their bright forms as surrounded by
storms,

They peeped through the snow as it melted away;
For they prophesied true that the wind as it blew,
Was a herald announcing the coming of May.

Soon April's warm showers, the hedge-rows and
bowers,

Prepared with a robe of the loveliest green;
While the sweet honey-bee, with the bird on each
tree,

Brought the music, to welcome the bright Sum-
mer Queen.

See, see, she advances, and from their deep trances
The flowers awaken of many a hue;

To array Mother earth in a garment of mirth,
As they laugh in the sunshine, or glisten with dew.

Oh, *now* should the heart beat, and each coming
day greet

Our Father above with the accents of prayer;
That the blessings around us, with which He hath
crowned us,

May not be our highest ambition or care.

Now, all nature rejoices, and ten thousand voices,
As Summer rolls by are impressed on the ear,
And the fruits of rich store, as each bough bends
the more,

On the dial of time marks the flight of the year.

Each zephyr now brings, and in its course flings
Rich perfume o'er mountain, o'er upland and dell;
From the fields of new hay, the bean flowers gay,
Or the briar and woodbine, which twine o'er the
well.

The golden grain waving, as tho' it were craving
Earth's sons and bright daughters to comfort
and bless;

Until plenty and gladness, now drives away sadness,
Encircling all flesh in its common caress.

Past—the season of reaping, and Winter now
creeping,

Locks the earth in a crust by its magical spell;
Checks the rivulets flow, and a mantle of snow,
From her storehouse is brought for each hillside
and dell.

And *still* should the heart beat, and each circling
year greet

Our Father and God with its love, with its praise,
That His favor and smile, e'en in death may beguile,
And provide us a rest at the end of our days.

Zion, Blest of God!

Awake, this day awake! awake, my heart and voice!
 Bid the long silence break, with songs of ready
 choice;

For Zion is the blest of God,
 When all the Saints obey His nod!

In every vale around, in every circle there,
 The families yet abound who join as one in prayer;
 For Zion is the blest of God,
 When all the Saints obey His nod!

From out these homes there springs a host of fer-
 vent youth,
 And in their schools there rings, glad music—
 precious Truth.

For Zion is the blest of God,
 And all the Saints obey His nod!

'Tis here His Priesthood dwells; 'tis here they
 teach the way ;
 And every triumph swells the light of coming day.
 For Zion is the blest of God,
 And all the Saints obey His nod!

Then shall we not rejoice—shall not our songs
 arise,
 And work be e'er our choice to gain the promised
 prize?

That Zion, which is blest of God,
 Where all the Saints obey His nod!

The Power of Song.

The sun had sunk in the distant west
And tinged the floating clouds with gold,
Which threw an air of coming rest
O'er canyons deep and mountains bold.

Suspended there the twilight seemed,
Upon that crowded, tented spot;
On all around its lustre beamed,
As if to question, but could not.

Upon the heights which frowned on high—
On every jutting point arrayed
Were batteries, breastworks,—much that I
Deemed for a sure destruction made.

And all upon the tented ground
Were bristling arms of deadly power,
Which glistened as the camp-fires round
Danced up that solemn sunset hour.

Men's forms were flitting far and near—
The groups could here and there be seen.
What brought those countless warriors here?
Did conquest, power, or glory's dream?

Have they been drawn from happy homes
By force or fraud of kingly reign?
By laws enrolled in ponderous tomes?
I ask the question vet in vain.

But hark upon the listening ear,
 Borne on the gentle evening breeze,
 Come strains that savor not of fear,
 Of bloodshed, or inglorious ease.

Stirring the fountains of the heart,
 By its harmonious solemn swell,
 Ah, well the listener now may start
 And captive be to that sweet spell.

For that is one of Zion's songs—
 One of the brightest, richest, best,
 Which to her worship now belongs
 Within the chambers of the west.

Be still my heart—my pulse, be still
 And drink of that seraphic strain,
 Which now increased would bind my will
 And memory, with its golden chain.

Come, bless the Bard by God inspired
 To tell of scenes so long ago;
 And by prophetic impulse fired;
 Of home, when done with time below.

The interest deepens of that hour
 As darkness veils the roseate sky;
 And countless stars mark Father's power—
 Those gems which deck the dome on high.

And still that music round me floats—
 Now echoed, as by mountains bound;
 Distilling from its richest notes,
 The peace of God, as snowflakes round.

Above that congregated host
The angels bent a listening ear;
And to my contemplation, most
Seemed as the gate of heaven near.

The hymn has ceased, but yet its spell
Seems fastened on each spirit there;
Deep silence reigns; but mark it well
In glistening eye, and falling tear.

More precious than the sculptured urn,
Or monument of marble rare—
Than obelisk at every turn,
Such as the world's great heroes share.

Enshrined within the heart of hearts
Of thousands of the noblest, best;
The deepest homage freely starts
Throughout the valleys of the West.

And millions more now scattered wide
Through every land, shall come and bow
In Zion's courts, to swell the tide,
And sing, as sing those warriors now.

The mystery now is solved, and more—
The question answered—I'm content—
These warriors, and the arms they bore,
Are not for blood or plunder meant.

They are not in the canyon's shade,
The "reign of terror" to extend;
Nor are they by proud monarchs made,
Through peaceful nations war to send.

But in the noblest cause they stand—
 Defence of home and blood-bought right;
 Greater than any Spartan band
 Enrolled on history's pages bright.

These are the warriors God hath raised:
 No man invented sign they bear;
 No national feeling known or praised;
 Obedience is the watch-word there.

And by its power a kingdom grows
 To revolutionize the world;
 Its standard—Truth! and all its foes
 Shall into nothingness be hurled.

God's Prophet leads (a chosen man)
 Ordained a king and priest to reign;
 Yes, Israel leads, (the daring van)
 Man's great redemption to obtain.

The Song that stirred the listening ear,
 And angels brought in hosts around,
 That fired the heart of each one near,
 And sunk in reveries' depths profound.

Was, "Oh, my Father," which when felt,
 Not only chains the common man;
 But greatness 'neath its power can melt;
This through the "hosts of Israel" ran.

Invincible such legions are
 Who sing these strains with one accord;
 They quail not on the din of war,
 But in it serve our common Lord.

They hail the time to come when "one
Shall chase his thousand," bid them flee;
And "two shall make ten thousand run"—
The power of God shall on them be.

The Priesthood then shall rule and reign—
Its influence felt on land and sea;
And man enjoy his rights again,
From tyrants and oppressors free.

Oh, had I that Poetic fire
Which stirs the pulse and binds the heart;
Which as one man, can hosts inspire,
In worship or in war to start.

I'd barter crowns, and Emperor's sway—
Care not for glory, trump of fame;
But love and live my common day
And with the humblest have my name.

Yet I would weave a wreath of song
And twine a chaplet of the bay
With sweet "Forget me not" along
To crown the Poet day by day.

For I have felt her spirit-spell,
And to it oft I freely bow;
So duty, pleasure, bids me swell
Thine honored name, "Eliza Snow."

The Year of Jubilee.

“O God, our Father’s God,” this day
 We raise our voice in sacred song;
 In it we our glad homage pay—
 This tribute doth to Thee belong.
 Thine hand hath been our staff and stay,
 Thy power hath lit our darkest day;
 And Israel, blind, this day can see
 The first glad Year of Jubilee.

In all the past, Thy people Thou
 Hast led with more than Father’s care,
 And every trial, then or now,
 From foes within or foes elsewhere,
 Hath testimony brought, as rain
 Upon the parched and desert plain
 Gives life and gladness fresh and free—
 A sure perennial Jubilee!

What more couldst Thou for us have done?
 What blessing hast Thou e’er denied?
 In Eastern lands Thou wert our sun,
 As on Ohio’s prairies wide;
 And when Missouri’s hate was seen,
 When from Far West we fled unseen,
 We hailed afar the yet-to-be—
 This blessed Year of Jubilee!

When by the Mississippi's stream,
The Temple lifted high in air,
Beauteous as any Poet's dream—
"City of Joseph," wondrous fair,
Thou didst Thy people succor then,
When martyred Prophets fell, as when
From death Thy thousands had to flee,
To wait this Year of Jubilee!

Thy people's enemies have met
The fate which Prophets did portray—
Their sun in darkness quickly set,
And with it all their jocund day!
No more to them Thy Saints shall bow,
No more receive their ready blow—
This is our triumph, surely we,
Enjoy our Year of Jubilee!

Here 'mid the mountains peace hath dwelt,
"Rest for the weary" hath been found;
Here many a swelling heart hath felt—
Far from the hated war-cry's sound—
As 'twere a heaven already won,
'Neath the unclouded Western Sun.
These had no need to wait for thee—
In peace they had their Jubilee!

Oh, swelling hearts, a cup run o'er
With mercies, blessings, is your lot;
And there's "a fullness" yet in store—
In Heaven the Saints are unforgot.

Promise and Prophecy entwined
In every record is enshrined—
 These every hour fulfilled to thee,
 Oh, Israel, is a Jubilee!

Can Zion's children tell today
 The half of what they now enjoy?
Or can a soul by words portray
 What fifty years more will employ
Of inspiration's force and flame—
Or how far lost a foe's great name?
 Or what the world will surely see
 Before next year of Jubilee?

The Saints will live, the Kingdom grow;
 Zion, unveiled, will "rise and shine;"
Nations and tongues will homage show
 To Truth of origin Divine!
And God will bring to naught each plan
Of false, corrupt and wicked man.
 Who would not wish to live and see
 The next glad year of Jubilee?

"Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done"—
 Done on the earth as 'tis above;
Faith, that 'tis nearer with each sun.
 Inspired work is a life of love.
Triumph is certain, victory sure!
Blessed are all who will endure—
 Time and Eternity shall be
 To them unending Jubilee!

Many Moods.

What moods are within us in life's busy way,
As varied as Nature, as changing as day!
'Tis sunshine, and rain-drops, or misty by turns,
Then the darkness sweeps onward, or like flame it
burns.

We can laugh, or we cry, can be stupid or wise—
As the mood of the moment may order our skies,
Serene as the morning, or black as the night—
Yes, moonless and starless, the tempest may
blight.

Discontent and unrest, like a shadow may pass,
Or remain till it crush with its ponderous mass;
Or Peace may fall soft, like the snowflakes at e'en,
To be melted by warmth, or by frost be more keen.

We can love, and the breath of its presence may
bring
Transformation to hate by a frivolous thing;
The sweet tones of music welling up from the
heart
Can be all changed to discord by moods which may
start.

Ah, life may be gloomy, or life may be gay,
As we turn by its moods, or as changelings we
play;
Control is as rare as the diamond's glow,
Or in the bright tropics the presence of snow.

But the man who hath made the "Great Master"
 his trust
 Is at peace in his station, with wealth or a crust,
 And moods may flit o'er him as clouds o'er the sun,
 They rest not upon him, or bind him when done.
 His ways are of peace, and in patience he dwells,
 Whether storm-cloud or sunshine his destiny tells;
 His Father, his God, rules in every phase,
 And though life come or death, he's content with
 His ways.

To a Friend and Poet.

"I think the Wasatch has an inspiration not to be despised."

'Tis true my friend the Wasatch range,
 Hath charms for every poet's eye;
 In every turn and passing change
 Of clouds and mist and clear blue sky.

The undulating sweep around,
 The "roofless walls," and "rugged peak,"
 Now with the snows of winter crowned
 And tempest swept, made sterile, bleak.

But not to mountain range confined
 Is "Nature's priest," the Poet, blest;
 His altar is, where'er his mind
 Can find a momentary rest.

In fields, in groves and forests dread
Where Druids worshipped long ago;
Beside the rippling stream, or led
Where Mississippi's water's flow.

Where flowerets bloom, and cedars rear
On Lebanon's side their lofty head;
In dingle, dell, or church-yard drear,
And crowns with joy the nuptial bed.

At home, with wives and children sweet,
In youth, where beauty is impressed;
Where friend delights a friend to greet,
Or snow-crowned age lays down to rest.

With birds and beasts of every clime,
In painting, sculpture, music's swell;
With ages past, in coming time,
'Mid present scenes the Poets dwell.

Where superstition's iron chain
Is thrown around the human race;
By sluggish Nile, on India's main,
Where Bramah, Vishnu finds a place.

In Bible, Shaster, Koran's page,
In ceremonial, sacred rite;
In true religion's loftiest stage,
And in the depths of error's night.

In sunset, sunrise, night and noon,
In tropic climes or polar snows;
'Mid icebergs vast and fierce monsoon,
As where the perfumed zephyr blows.

When night her sable mantle wears
 Bedecked with comet, planet, star;
 With Luna, through her changing airs
 In sweet, sweet peace, and deadliest war.

Upon the bosom of the sea
 With billows crowned, or placid, calm;
 Where'er its waves make music free,
 Or in its depths where mermaids charm.

With science, wheresoe'er it roams,
 In heaven, on earth, throughout its frame,
 And in the philosophic tomes;
 With genius in its loftiest aim.

The Poet circumscribes the world,
 Defiance bids to time and space;
 And soars above, with flag unfurled,
 The great magician of his race.

His mission given him by the Gods,
 A High Priest to the nations made;
 Prophetic oft his glowing words—
 He speaks and tyrants are afraid.

Then marvel not, my friend, that oft
 The spurious coin is current found;
 And dream not that each name aloft
 Will with the Poet-Kings be crowned.

We still shall grasp the golden wand,
 Parnassus yet we hope to see,
 We may not on its summit stand,
 But on its slopes shall surely be.

And though we never shake at all the solid earth
or skies,
Or bring around our heads the wide world's mad
applause;
'Tis a gift we have to cheer us and its power we
really prize,
For it brightens many a moment as the Worker
only knows.

Darling Dotty May.

Is it you, my little darling,
Creeping all the way?
Did you hear your Papa calling,
Darling Dotty May?

Are you thinking, ever thinking,
Of your troubles, dear—
And when little eyes are blinking,
Is't because you fear?

Fear the rod, or Mamma's pouting,
'Cause you naughty are;
Or because there's crying, shouting,
From domestic war?

Ah, 'twas but the kitten, darling,
Dancing for its share
Of milk, while Fido, snarling,
Fun made everywhere!

Little brothers, sisters, laughing,
 Raised the rout you heard;
 While the pup and kit were quaffing,
 Or each other purred.

Then, peace, our darling beauty,
 Darling Dotty May!
 'Tis our pleasant joy and duty,
 Translating what you say.

Baby's laugh's our constant pleasure,
 Music 'tis to all;
 Many a thought we gather, treasure,
 Though you are but small!

Life is long, and loving, willing
 Hearts your future pray;
 May we wish it—if not thrilling—
 Sweet, as Dotty May!

Thoughts.

Under a Friend's Third Bereavement.

Oh, Life, what a problem, a mystery, thou—
 Not entrance or exit, but all the way through;
 A compound, analysis can't comprehend
 By the logic of schools, or the methods they lend.

Here a bright, beaming eye, and a footstep as light
 As sunshine that falls on the verdure of Earth;
There the beauty of Paradise, giving delight
 By the rippling music of Childhood's glad mirth!

Both sexes, beloved, and the pride of their home;
Parental love glows with the promised-to-be;
'Tis the 'semblance of Heaven, from whence none
would roam—
United, devoted, a blest family!

But a shadow fell there, as the sables of night;
The circle was broken when one passed away,
And these half-rebellious fond hearts queried,
"Might
Gets the best of mortality in this dark day!"

Then *another one* fell—as a leaf droops and dies—
Though cared for and watched o'er as love only
knows;
And still there's *one more*, till the shock stupefies,
As the hungry one feels 'mid the wild wintry
snows.

Then the after-thought comes, like the first flower
of Spring,
Unwelcome, half-timidly peeping, and shy—
Yet again, and perchance, as the early birds sing,
These half-awake thoughts sweep intrudingly by.
"There's a God over all, there's a Father above,
And naught can transpire, but it works to His
end;
Though man's range of vision this truth cannot
prove,
'Tis to this every providence, trial doth tend.

“And in His grand Gospel, the secret of life
 Wise Heaven devised, then transmitted to man;
 Each promise and ordinance ever is rife
 With a future of blessing, by pre-arranged plan.”

Though circlets be broken and families thus part,
 'Tis but transient as time, for a moment, a day,
 For the Gospel and Priesthood can weld and im-
 part,
 Through Eternity's cycles, the loved laid away!

All the little ones gone, by yon gates made of gold,
 Shall stand to greet Mamma and Papa again;
 And the warm kiss and clasp shall in rapture
 enfold
 The beloved of Old Earth, and for ever retain!

Priestcraft.

Superstition and priestcraft, yes, long, long ago,
 Laid siege to the children of men;
 They captured the citadel, striking that blow
 Echoed, felt in all ages since then.

In those primitive times, so the legend declares,
 All the forces of priestcraft had birth;
 And its Hercules form grew as groweth the tares,
 Mid the tropics rank verdure of earth.

It shadowed all hearts from the sunlight above,
It assumed to be Lord over all,
And a jungle of fears in the garden of love,
Was the harvest and bread for the soul.

Until now, in all lands, it would stifle all thought,
And the wheel of true progress would stay;
It would bribe or would threaten, or crush as the
mote,
In the sun of the glad summer's day.

Success flushed its cheek, its hard heart bounded
high,
"Sure conquest is mine o'er the legions below;"
The words hardly fell, when a voice from the sky
Swept the earth, from the tropics to regions of
snow—

"I Am that I Am! Hath through all thy career
Controlled and determined the end;
To Priesthood I give, not the spirit of fear
But the spirit of Love to attend.

"Its health-giving forces shall work 'mid the lands
Till the nations redeemed shall have learned the
new song;
Though the wicked join hearts, and the devils join
hands,
Peace and good will on earth will in time come
along.

“Not always the race to the swift hath been given,
 Not always the battle to those we tho’t strong;
 Not always resisted the mandates of Heaven,
 For triumph at last to the right must belong.

“The results of all ages, all powers have been
 mine,
 And Truth shall triumphantly dwell,
 In the regions of light in a palace divine,
 And its foes ’mid the darkness of Hell.”

Tell Me Thou Wilt Love Me.

For Music.

Tell me wilt thou love me,
 Tell, oh, tell me true?
 Say my heart shall keep thee,
 ’Mong its treasured few!
 Warm my love and tender,
 More than friend, am I,
 Tell me thou wilt love me,
 Tell me dear—’tis I.

Tell by silence, sweet one,
 If a word would mar;
 Silent as the dew falls,
 Or yon glowing star.
 Let thine eyes but tell it,
 I thy soul would read,
 Love is subtle, dearest—
 But my heart hath need.

'Neath the moon, love, tell me,
Or 'mid quiet ways,
Where the waters dance, love,
In these perfect days!
Let that music thrill me,
Love alone can give,
Tell me thou dost love me,
Bid me hope and live.

"How Are We the Sons of God!"

Oh, grand are the thoughts that this sentence
inspires!

When sealed by the Spirit which comes from
above,
Then humbly we ask that its all-searching fires
May burn up Earth's dross with unquenchable
Love!

Weak, sinful, forgetful, indifferent, dead
To the truths of Life's being, His wisdom sup-
plies;
Man turns from the light, from the sun overhead,
To the caverns of darkness, tradition and lies.

Self-satisfied, passive, 'mid cobwebs of lore,
As woven by priests and polemical schools;
Assuming, presuming, asserting far more
Than was ever revealed to Satanical tools.

But a ray from the Infinite entered at last
 That crevice, unseen by the critics around;
 Like a plant of the tropics, that ray spread so fast
 It illumined the age, as it flashed without sound!

Superstition, tradition, old error, amazed,
 Fought a desperate fight for past prestige and
 power;
 Persecution and martyrdom told a world crazed—
 But the splendor of Truth waxed grander each
 hour!

Today, in all lands, it is winning its way,
 For it conquers and saves as the Father decreed;
 And darkness shall flee 'fore that fast-coming day,
 When the Gospel and Kingdom shall triumph
 indeed!

Signs of the End.

There's a sound in the air,
 There's a voice in the street—
 'Tis here and 'tis there,
 'Tis wherever men meet,
 And the form it assumes
 Is a question at last,
 Which foreboding presumes,
 "Is calamity past?"

RHYMELETS

There is danger at sea
From the iceberg and gale,
And the land is not free
From the whirlwind and hail;
Fire, famine and flood,
Each their holocaust bring.
'Tis in all understood
That "Destruction is King!"

And the red hand of war,
'Mid the roar of its guns,
Is uplifted afar
O'er the brave of earth's sons.
The mad shock of battle,
Its clamor and strife,
'Mid the musketry's rattle,
Is sweeping off life!

'Tis "the sign of the end,"
And the Prophets foresaw
That the conflict would tend
To earth's overthrow;
That neighbors would try
Each their neighbor to slay,
And that families would die
By the strife of that day!

But another Voice spake
'Mid the din of that time,
"I a people will take
From each nation and clime;

These safe I will hide
 In 'munitions of rocks,'
 Till earth's towering pride
 'Mid calamity mocks!

"With this few there is peace,
 There's salvation and life,
 And their power shall increase
 From this carnage and strife;
 For he that his sword
 Will not lift in the fray
 Must flee Zion-ward
 For his safety that day!

"From the ends of the earth
 These will come at the call
 Of My servants of worth,
 Of 'My watch on the wall;'
 And they shall be Mine
 When, like gold purified,
 In My Kingdom to shine,
 As the tested and tried!"

The Parting.

'Twas simply said. A parting word
 Was all the quivering lips let go;
 By drooping eye 'twas scarce inferred
 A struggling heart beat fast below.

The face half turned away, its bloom
Just whitened for the moment there—
And yet a passing victim's doom
Foreshadowed was that evening fair!
Ah, ruthless hand!—unwelcome power,
To dash the cup so warmly held!
See, as it brimmed that twilight hour,
How slightly love by it was quelled.
What hand hath right to crush the spark
Which springs unbidden, comes unsought?
It only flickers, dies, is dark—
By will of those who gave it thought.
Yet, go thy way, and months of joy
May banished be from out thy heart;
Or healing may the past destroy,
Except as Memory bids it start.
But thou wilt live, and he will live,
'Till subtle ether of Life's change
That coldness, numbness, Death doth give,
Which hosts have felt, nor deemed it strange.
They meet no more—can this be true?
Is every dream and love-lit thought
To be transferred to objects new,
As traffic by a merchant bought?
Will not in after years there come
Thoughts of the quiet rambles, where
Love's fond expression both could seal
By methods which a world doth share?

The silent pressure of the hand,
 Instinctive leaning, sweet embrace,
 The warm kiss on that rosy band,
 Designed by Heaven upon the face?
 But that is o'er; they're strangers now.
 Another claims her hand and heart;
 Yet for her future, dreams will glow
 With blessing, though they're forced apart.
 And in the silent hours, perchance
 Old thoughts will form and float on air,
 Or lingering love may them advance
 To God in words of earnest prayer.
 "May He, who dwells in wondrous light,
 Watch o'er thy path and blend as best
 All wished-for good, by day and night,
 Then, give above His promised rest!"

Congregational Worship.

Throughout this congregation, Lord,
 Wilt Thou Thy presence give;
 Thy Spirit drawing Heaven-ward
 Its life, that we might live?
 In psalm and song, may we as one,
 With praise on each glad tongue,
 Feel as 'twere Heaven already won,
 And songs by angels sung.

In prayer may we uplifted be,
Petition flow as flood,
Yet trusting all, and leave to Thee
What is for our best good.

In breaking bread, and tasted cup,
May we discern aright
That Savior who, when lifted up,
Redemption brought to light.

And when Thy word distills, as rain
Refresheth all the earth,
Wilt Thou not help us to maintain
Its truth, its living worth?

So from the Benediction's voice,
May each an impulse find
To make Thy Truth their great first choice,
Impressed on heart and mind.

Thus all our worship shall inspire
To consecrate to thee
Our time, our talent, each desire,
Time and eternity!

Album Verses.

The wishes of friends are a joy to the heart;
Yet friendship oft falls as the leaf from the tree;
But the friendship of God—it will never depart
From His children who seek from all evil to flee.

He long ago thought of all blessings for those—
 A blessing in life and a blessing above;
 A Father, a Mother, and these but disclose
 A shadow of God in His infinite love!

May youth be to thee as the stars in the sky,
 Thy future as bright as the sunshine doth tell;
 When life ends, may welcome come to thee on high,
 From friends who have known that thy virtues
 excel!

The Mice Surprised.

The blustering wind as if in glee,
 In fitful gusts blew o'er the lea,
 Then crazy-like in spirals whirled,
 As if engaged to clear the world;
 High in the air the debris flew,
 On trip unusual strange and new!

The poplars creaked and snapped in twain,
 The locusts fought the blast in vain,
 And many a stately tree was thrown,
 From where it years, had stood and grown!
 Wrecks, far and near, upturned and slain,
 Proclaimed old Boreas, king again!

Among the rest, a door, displaced,
 Was hurled afar, and there disgraced;
 Prone on the ground it useless lay,

Through many a bright hot summer's day,
A sheltered spot, and nature smiled,
In grass beneath it, green though wild!

Useless! That hardly tells the tale,
For summer past, came snow and hail,
When cleaning up, the farmer spied,
This door half hid by winter's pride;
'Twas cleared and raised, before upright
There scampered round in sudden fright,—

A host of mice, they'd found a home,
A shelter none would leave to roam;
There every size disclosed and told,
They lived and loved well screened from cold;
Alarmed, by scores they stared and ran,
Surprised by act of lordly man!

The children round enjoyed the sight,
Of piercing eyes, of gray and white;—
“Oh, Pa,” said one, “why scare and kill,
The farm is large, 'tis wintry, chill,
There's room and feed for only mice,
And we have more; oh, aint they nice?”

Could Pa resist this earnest plea?
The door went down 'mid childish glee,
Once more it sheltered mice, by scores,
(An unexpected use for doors,)
Unless the geni of the storm,
In thoughtful madness wrenched to form!

At His behest, there's hiding place
 For even mice—a cunning race,
 They seem to have His love and care,
 Though every woman they may scare!
 The children plead, “there's room we know
 On Father's footstool ! Let them go!”

Change in the Air.

Snow-drifts in the valleys,
 Snow-drifts on the hills,
 Ice upon the rivers,
 Frost upon the rills;
 Wild winds cold, nay piercing,
 Leaden skies hung low,
 Sage-brush bravely standing,
 'Mid the fields of snow.

Call it desolation,—
 Winter 'tis, indeed,
 Long its reign and dreary,
 Stealing stored up feed.
 Naught is seen of promise,
 Prophecy is dumb;
 Anxious hearts are waiting,—
 Spring, when wilt thou come?

Comes a balmy morning,
 Change is in the air;
 Soft the breeze is moving,
 Kissing every where;

Then the twilight falleth, .
 And the full moon rose,
Upward, mark her glory.
 Higher yet she goes.

Higher to the zenith,
 Kindling light she sheds,
One great ring around her,
 Symbol that she weds—
Not the star hung near her,
 Not the stars around,
But the rain-drops waiting,
 Coming to the ground.

Mellowing and fitting
 For the farmer's toil,
He the seed will scatter
 On the ready soil,
Wait the certain harvest,
 Given of God above,
Rich reward and blessing,
 Token of His love.

Ah, 'tis pleasant trusting,
 To that kindly hand,
'Mid the snows of winter,
 On the frozen land;
When the Springtime gladdens,
 When the the Summer's sun,
Tells the glorious harvest,
 Autumn's toil hath won.

The Query.

Where, oh my soul, art thou sullenly drifting,
 Hampered, distressed, in the daylight or dark;
 When will all circumstance changing and shifting,
 Land on a bright shore the rudderless bark?

Things once heart-cherished no more in possession,
 Things once inspiring no more move the soul:
 Whence comes this bitter and hated depression,
 Sickness and sadness beyond all control?

Is the day dawning or cometh that sunlight
 Once so entrancing as time onward flew?
 Is all the future an indistinct twilight
 Filled with dread shadows of ghosts old or new?

Ah, there's revolt 'gainst so wild a conception,
 God moves the curtain or veileth the sun;
 And the tired soul which sees but deception,
 Will find a rich pattern when life's work is done.

Shadow and sun are alike, to the giver,
 His hand in wisdom appointeth the way,
 The glory He willeth beyond the dark river,
 Will solve all ths mystery shrouding today.

This faith is the beacon when rolleth the thunder,
 When clouds are so dense that men grope for the
 wall;

This lesson unlearned makes life seem a blunder,
 Then cometh the query, "Is God over all?"

A Life Picture.

In a land far away and a long time ago,
A "braw" couple lived in a big bustling town,
Where "the reek and the stour" were never "ava"
And the raindrops and mist were forever "aroun,"
But a sweet Sabbath morning the twain hied away
Where nature in beauty of summer was drest;
The landscape was fair as old Eden that day,
For love's light illumed and toned to its best.
For their troth had been plighted in silence may be,
Yet they looked far "beyant" for the full dream
of bliss;
Her lips were like coral for color, yet he
Had held her too sacred for love's honeyed kiss.
E'en now as they sat 'neath a tree in the lane,
Far out of the sound of the church-going bell,
He, though stalwart and brave thinking Maggie his
"ain,"
Was as modest and shy as the girl was hersel'.
The sun 'gan to creep on its path afternoon,
Yet they lingered unconscious as if life were a
dream;
From the village below surely music was roun',
Like an echo of Paradise over the stream.
They rose "baith" at once and followed that strain
Till it ended like something in accents of prayer;
Then nearer that melody rang out again
Which ending, a minister stood speaking there.

His thought met the mood of both Maggie and Jock
 'Twas of love, 'twas of marriage for ever and aye;
 They stood there and listened unmoved as a rock,
 But they "baith" had wet e'en as the veil rolled
 away.

The Elder dilated: then pointed and plain
 Said "the Gospel and Priesthood for ever were
 true;"
 The twain there believed and so never again
 In the "auld kirk" would worship, they both
 loved the new.

The time flew in rapture, they wedded at length,
 Said "good-bye" to the city and Scotia's hills;
 They tried to reach Zion, to give it their strength,
 Where mountains soar upward and God's Spirit
 thrills.

But poor Maggie sickened, her cheeks lost the rose,
 Her eye lost its sunshine, her lips became cold;
 She sleeps 'neath a tree where the great river flows,
 The husband, dazed, left her, uncoffined, 'twas told.

Jock was met at the gate of "the Temple" since then
 And his step was as if he was treading the air;
 Triumphant and proud, yet as humble as when
 He first heard love's music by "bosky auld Ayr."

He wedded again, for the "bairn" Maggie left,
 A mother's care needed, a loving hand nigh,
 She'd her mother's blue e'en and her golden hair
 swept
 In ringlets of glory like angels on high.

Then Sally was brave and as true as the stars
To both Jock and Maggie, to Daisy as well;
A helpmeet of sunshine untrammelled by bars
Of jealous misgivings when old love would tell.
The "Bairns" came apace to that sanctified home,
They talked of the sleeper by day and by night;
All knew she had stood at the altar in form
The bride of the father in garments of white.
There is toil, yet there's blessing. The story is told.
Jock and Sally are looking divested of fear;
If singly they pass through yon gates made of gold
They'll find Maggie waiting, her welcome dear.
They are not alone in the Zion of God,
There are thousands as happy, as loving, as true,
From every nation, and climate, and sod,
There are Maggies, and Sallies and Jocks not a
few.

Seen or Unseen, All is Right.

I ask not, think not, fear no ill!
From day-dawn unto evening fall,
Though clouds obscure, or mists may fill
Earth's horizons as with a pall,
I know the Sun's diurnal round
Is made despite the darkened sky;
Again will life and light be found
And stream in blessing from on high.
Oh, yes, the Sun is there—for ever there!

I know the Stars were set to shine
 Amid the ether fields of old,
 And they are there, though eyes of mine
 May not discern their orbs of gold;
 Night's sable curtain may them hide,
 The Sun eclipse their glittering sheen;
 They swing and roll, and shine beside,
 Whate'er may come to intervene!
 Oh, yes, the Stars are there—for ever there!

The soul hath moods in varied phase;
 Men call it human. 'Tis divine—
 Whate'er may be its darkest days!
 If Stars or Sun refuse to shine,
 Till, half-rebellious, some have said,
 "There is no God! Life's a mistake!"
 By paths of trial souls are led,
 And in the darkness oft awake.
 Ah, yes, His hand is there—for ever there!

Unseen, perchance, to finite eye,
 Obscure with earth-mists, clouds more dense,
 'Till faith discerns, uplifted high,
 Eternal law and recompense.
 Amid the darkness men are taught,
 They trace His hand, they trust His love;
 If Sun, 'tis His, and clouds are fraught
 With blessings dripping from above.
 Oh, yes, His hand is there—for ever there!

"Take Me Home."

What a boon to man—the Gospel;
How its Spirit soothes the heart!
Peace in life, and resignation
When with loved ones called to part;
'Tis its hope illumines the darkness,
Promise of the yet-to-be,
When beyond this vale of shadow,
Understood, we know and see.

CHORUS:

"There is sweet rest in heaven."

Round the bed where life is ebbing
There is trust and calm repose;
Rich experience gives assurance
'Tis not man, but God who knows!
When the Saint by Death is garnered,
And his body laid to rest,
Upward springs the spirit, finding
Where the faithful are the blest.

CHORUS:

"There is sweet rest in heaven."

E'en the babes of Israel, drooping,
From their mouths give "perfect praise;"
They this Spirit have, and waiting—
Faith in them hath wondrous ways.

To them oft the gates of glory
 Swing quite wide 'midst saddest pain,
 And the angels show their brightest
 Robes without an earthly stain!

CHORUS:

"There is sweet rest in heaven."

Then the little hands outreaching,
 Pledge of faith a child may show,
 Press toward those waiting Seraphs,
 From the home and loved below.
 "Take me home," in pleasant whisper,
 "Take me home to God!" said he;
 And the head falls—all is over,
 And the boy from earth is free.

CHORUS:

"There is sweet rest in heaven."

So we lay his body, sleeping,
 On the hillside, 'mid the slain.
 God hath saved our darling; weeping
 Will not bring him back again.
 "'Tis the best,"—our faith suggestive
 Sends this feeling to the heart,
 And in heaven we'll clasp the loved one,
 Where death never more can part!

CHORUS:

"There is sweet rest in heaven."

Is it Well? It is Well!

The sunshine streams upon my soul,
Which opens to its welcome ray;
It thrills me through, it lights the whole,
As doth the Sun the summer's day.

My soul exults, responsive sings,
As if to burst the bands I feel;
My matin-song with music rings,
My even-song doth richer peal—

'Tis praise and prayer in one combined,
For Father lives and hears my cry,
And these are every day entwined
Around my altar, built quite nigh.

Jerusalem is far away,
Its glories faded—overthrown;
In later Temples I would stay.
I cannot do this, no, ah no!

But in my quiet home I built
A rare Shekinah to His Name;
Beneath is buried all my guilt,
Consumed by Love's Celestial flame.

My heart is His; though weak am I,
His strength is mine in life's rough way,
And I shall triumph by and by,
To share with Him unclouded day!

A Mother's Birthday.

We count the birthdays of our present life,
And glad affection greets each one as due;
Congratulations pour in pleasant strife,
Each aiming to be first with wishes true!

Husband and sons and daughters, one by one—
And e'en the creepers by the hearthstone—tell
That Mother is a treasure thought upon—
More prized than silver, she doth gold excel.

And as they gaze upon her pleasant face,
Or think upon the love which knows no change,
What longings are there that, at easy pace,
A life so precious God would long arrange!

When such a family, who have proved this worth,
Thus keep these birthdays as they glide away,
May friendship unpresuming join on earth
In all the wishes Love may give that day.

Yet, while we're thinking of the birthdays here,
How few they are, contrasted with the past;
Long, long before this earth became our sphere,
We had our birthdays, love and friendships fast.

So when we lay our load of earth-life down,
Past resurrections, will there not be some
Fond hearts who loving will forever crown
With joy our birthdays in the Life to come?

Yes, in that future Life we shall renew
And keep for ever all the loved of old;
We shall do more, for all the good and true
Of every age and clime we shall behold.
We shall claim kinship, friendship, love and
thought,
Rejoice with each, and every Sabbath bring
Whether of birthday, worship, time unsought,
Our tribute of affection as most precious thing.
Upon the common altar it shall glow
With flame more dazzling than we dream today;
'Tis light supernal, it our God will show—
'Tis heaven eternal, ne'er to pass away.

Truth

An Episode of History.

"So *Truth* be in the field, let her and Falsehood grapple."—*Milton*.

'Tis long, long years ago, how long the legend
saith;
Mars in dire ascendant then did reign,
His banner trailed o'er Europe's fertile fields,
Thus tracked on either hand his horrid march!
Sacked cities, fire and death, no pomp of war
Could hide, nor all its music drown the cries
Of those bereft, the voice of widows, orphans,
Rushing o'er the earth, as if ten thousand
Hurricanes combined had swept along;
And turned to discord,—Paradise again!

Upon the silvery sea,
Beneath the tropics' calm and quiet skies,
Where balmy hours glide sweetly on, and every
Breeze is perfumed, bearing far perennial
Nature's lavished sweets, as if to cool man's
Fevered heart and brain, so soothe him back to
peace!

E'en here—the demon bared his hideous head,
As prowling o'er those glassy deeps, he black
Destruction sought!

'Twas night,
A British man-of-war was cruising round
In search of prey. The sea, as if asleep,
But gently moaned, while countless stars from
Heaven's clear swelling dome, repeated o'er
Their beauty in the deep; God's silence all
Around, but whispered,—Peace!

'Till in the gray of dawn, and scarcely seen
An object to the fore, a hostile vessel
Seemed, soon she was hailed,—no answer came—
Then hailed again,—no answer still—quick
As the word could pass all hands are roused,
The signal gun swift fires a shot across
Her saucy bows;—still no reply!—again
The thunder rolls, and right amidship flies
The iron hail,—and yet no word! Defiance
Only, silence could import?

Then hurried tramping o'er
The crowded decks, and muffled sounds the thorough
"Ready" bears;—for action cleared, with demon

Vigor every gun is belching forth its fire
And iron hail; *still no reply!* nought heard
But rattling shot, rebounding, falling, sinking,
'Neath the heedless sea!

With tropic suddenness the morning gleamed.
No passing ship of timber, cordage, canvas,
Driven by the wind, or dashing o'er the waves,
The gazers' eyes salute; but, stern and stately,
Based on the world's foundations—Nature's
Freak—uplifting high above the crested wave
Its stately head, behold, "A MASSIVE ROCK!"
Not made amenable to men-of-war
Of man's device, or e'en disturbed though
Surging waves for ages at its base; secure,
It might have laughed to scorn a myriad
Forces all combined, and stood unmoved!

With deep chagrin for blasted hopes
And power misspent, the sails are spread,
Perchance again to find, when nearest success
Seemed—mistaken all!

And such, thought I, is Truth!
Firm as a rock in Life's great ocean placed,
Yet oft unseen; if seen, 'tis through the gray
Of prejudice and lies. This brings man's feeble
Batteries to bear, and—like the eternal
Breaking waves—the generations of the past,
Those now in being, thousands yet to come,
With force persistent, strike that towering Rock;
Have sought, will seek its representative

Head to scar, its broad foundations undermine,
So hurl it down to earth!

But all is vain!

Its glowing head soars far above the clouds,
In heaven's glad sunshine bathed, with deep
Foundations in the Father's purpose laid!
The breath of puny man may sometimes cloud,
As smoke from battle-field the glorious
Landscape hides!

Time shall exhale all mists and fog,
While "Truth," divine, enduring, bears her
Faithful votaries back to happiness and God!
And laughs, meanwhile, at all who aim, or hope,
Or e'en attempt to stay, or far defer
That triumph which of old the Gods decreed.

Winter Comment.

The sparrows now are flocking,
For seeds which nature yields;
The blackbirds flush and chatter,
O'er all the frozen fields.
Around each stack and covert,
The mice create their nest,
To hide or sleep, while winter
Reigns o'er the snow-clad west.

The stock, just fed, contented chew
Their cud, nor heed the chill;
The noisy chicks, the ducks and geese
Are feeding by the mill.
There's rabbit tracks upon the snow,
There's wild ducks on the slough;
While overhead, foreboding storm,
The wild geese southward flew.

The trees are leafless creaking
With every gust and blast,
Save 'tis the pines, or holly,
Defiant to the last.
The vines are dead or sleeping,
All nipped the Summer flowers,
Their perfume stored awaiting,
Spring's warmth and waking showers.

The hoar frost clings to every twig,
Snow crackles 'neath the tread,
The serenade of nature, while
Her children are abed.
Sleighbells are ringing far *enroute*,
Where friends all jocund greet,
As in the dance the hours flash by,
With waltzing giddy feet.

All things have special feature,
Some love the Summer's sun,
Some in the Springtime blossom,
To fruit in Autumn's dun;

Wondrous the laws around us,
 Nay, round the rolling earth,
 Beneath the Tropics burning,
 Or froze 'mid Arctic dearth.

Far o'er the snow-scape soaring high,
Here giant mountains stand;
 So sharp they seem to pierce the sky,
 Without a cloud at hand.
 Elsewhere are broad Savannahs
 Which sweep to kiss the tide,
 Yet no rebellious spirit breathes,
 O'er Nature far and wide.

'Tis man more rarely gifted,
 An agent, yea or nay;
 He ever breaks the law of God,
 Unwilling to obey.
 He maketh, marreth wildly,
 He blighteth Father's will;
 He treateth Mercy lightly,
 Yet it endureth still.

Oh, man, in your hours of trifling,
 Learn from the things around,
 To honor creation's measure,
 That you may with it be crowned.

Our Fred's First Girl.

A fragile flower, she bloomed awhile,
To brighten home, then went away;
We miss her radiant loving smile,
No earthly Love could bid her stay.

Tended by angels she had been,
Was one herself in earthly mould;
A toddling beauty, yet our Queen,
Of value more than all earth's gold.

Yet she is gone—her music stilled,
'Tis only heard 'mid heavenly bliss;
And we are lone, our hearts are filled,
While sorrowing, we our darling miss.

No more on earth shall we enjoy,
Her baby-life or womanhood;
She finds new life and rich employ
Amid the pure and truly good.

Shall we again clasp to our heart
This prize we had, this angel blest?
If God will wisdom, faith impart,
We'll meet in His eternal rest.

There with that mighty host redeemed,
Of every age, from every land;
"A family group," by all esteemed,
We shall beside our dear one stand.

In the Tropics.

'Tis rare as aught the tongue can show,
 More rare than gems or gold,
 Where glistening ranks of fashion bow
 And *these* are bought and sold.

But sweep the lands beneath the sun,
 See earth's bewildering throng;
 How few the gaze doth linger on,
 As hearts to favorite song!

How rare to see a dream enshrined—
 The dream of Eden's grace;
 How rare to find a soul refined,
 To give an angel face!

Ages have left their impress foul,
 And disobedience proves
 The downfall of the once pure soul,
 Now run in earth's dark grooves.

Pass you these millions one by one,
 Mark each expression there;
 How few to clasp, how vast to shun,
 Who no ideal share!

Yet, now and then, there gleams a light,
 Celestial in its glow;
 A lip as chaste as stars of night,
 Or pure as drifting snow.

An eye to win, a voice as sweet
As Summer zephyrs are;
That music—ah, 'tis life to greet
Affection's tones from far!

And silent worship seems most fit—
We homage give to Heaven.
Is it not in the Scriptures writ,
The angels were but seven?

On this old earth they're seldom seen—
One here, one there, we tell;
The years give "few and far between"
Of those who thus excel!

These by the Gods are glory-crowned
And sent to point to where
Unsullied beauty is but found,
And angels not so rare.

Oh, as we mark *them*, how there thrills
Sweet thoughts of worlds afar!
The swelling heart, the eye that fills,
Are memory's morning star!

Unnumbered Changes.

Can the changes be numbered of years that have
flown—
Say five, ten or twenty, a day at a time?
It almost distresses that so many known
Have vanished and left us for some other clime.

Some older have made up a record which serves
 To foster our envy, rebuking our pride—
 Nay, pointing how purpose in us ever swerves
 From the pathway of Truth, all unjustified.

The younger have often outstripped in the race
 Our feeble endeavor or half-hearted way,
 Until in the dust we would fain hide our face,
 As we humbly acknowledge our failure today.

This, realized fully, is evidence plain
 We are not, quite bereft of the Spirit of Light,
 For darkness and self-love would try to explain
 Or to justify standing, or sliding from right.

So we humbly invoke all the Heavenly Powers;
 Repenting, amending the sorrowful past,
 That again the old confidence, faith, may be ours,
 To dwell with us long as our earth-life shall last.

Perchance some reward may be ours by and by,
 If "His mercy endureth forever" and aye?
 There may be a corner in mansions on high,
 Where a penitent soul can just enter and stay!

The Measure of Being.

Can man measure being by years in the flesh?
 Or is three score and ten the full limit of life?
 When a fifth is but childhood with innocence fresh,
 And the gateway of youth is not opened to strife!

Then a fifth comes a-brimming with hope, and a flow
Of exuberant spirit, and dreams, oh how sweet;
And another rolls onward, ah, years come and go,
With grim disappointment, through half-tangled
feet!

Time still rushes onward, one-fifth more we pass,
Experience and thought 'mid our toiling and tears,
And the past seems to change as the face in a glass,
Hope dieth in shadow, as dieth the years!

Three score! What a drama, a dream of the night,
We look back to childhood, youth, manhood at best;
We think of their glories, then start with affright,
That the end is not far, be it silence or rest!

Then the next fifth if ripened aright in the sun,
If faith in the truth as our pole-star hath been;
We know that already the race is near run,
White hairs and bent form tell of what we have
seen!

Dismay in the lines of the face is not found,
Peace, gravity, dignity, telleth the life,
Or the shattered form shows that excess doth
rebound,
And the pictured expression says, "bitter the
strife."

Oh, strength may be "labor and sorrow," as saith
The wise man of old, as he looked far and wide,
But his vision was cast where no patience or faith,
Told of God and religion in man glorified!

Ah, I envy not age, nor dread I the close
 Of the life that was lent for a mission below;
 When "the pitcher is broken" the fount still
 o'erflows,
 And 'tis *Life*, life expanding, the higher we go!

In the regions of bliss, there is no limit set,
 Time past, and the future are cycles divine;
 This earth-life like sand-grains where two oceans
 met,
 Is as nothing or something, as acts may define!

We shall lay down our load at the portals of change,
 But "Being" endures still, eternally on;
 No limit or boundary to its grand range,
 Progressive and upward as Father hath won.

So deem not that years on the earth, e'en if filled,
 Is cause for regret, and suggestive of tears;
 If rightly employed as the Father hath willed,
 There is glory and triumph in happier spheres!

Friendship, Love and Life.

The mellow voice of Friendship rings,
 Adown the fleeing years,
 And closer to my soul there clings,
 Its words and quiet tears.

For I have tasted mortal woe,
Its sufferings hath been mine,
The fainting soul alone doth know,
The cheer of Friendship's wine.

The charm of Love hath brought me bliss,
Its dulcet tones have been
The prelude to its holiest kiss,
Life's elixir unseen.
Full oft beneath its magic spell,
Hath thrilled that music sweet,
Which is not all that earth may tell
To tired and weary feet.

The tender touch of Fame hath lit
Ambition's lurid fire,
Which swelled and died as all unfit,
Save 'twere for wild desire.
It only reached to earthly joy,
'Twas meant life's cup to fill;
Beneath it all was base alloy
It vanished at my will.

I dreamt of Wealth, men call it gold,
'Twill buy—oh, many things;
I could not bind, as time unrolled,
I found it, too, had wings.
And now my Friendship looks afar,
And Love hath upward flown,
And Fame and Wealth! When gates ajar
Heaven makes the whole, my own.

Just Gone Ahead.

Could but a glimpse be had behind that curtain
 Whose folds hang down 'twixt darkness and the
 light,

What hosts from trouble—when perplexed, uncertain—

Would rush unbidden from earth's bitter fight!
 Restrained in mercy and probation read,
 Means gathering life, still living, never dead!

Yet there are seasons, in this brief existence,
 When trial presses with unusual weight;
 When every feeling yields without resistance
 Beneath the ponderous load of sorrow's freight,
 Sad times, when darkness hath the stricken led
 To murmuring, mourn the loved, the early dead.

How oft, by startling strokes of quick transition
 From scenes of mirth to dreary couch of pain;
 Then that embrace which leads to life's fruition,
 Which men call death, and flee—but flee in vain;
 There's none so kind of heart, or wise of head,
 Can curb the increase of the so-called dead!

From every stage of life, in its procession,
 Along the wayside they are gathered out;
 No learning, wealth, position or profession
 Can bribe or buy, or coax to lengthened route—
 The signal comes, by highest wisdom said,
 Beyond more living—close by, lamented dead!

Some mourn the babe, a mother's heart-strings
quiver;

Then old age, crowned, lays down to longed-for
rest.

In flush of youth and beauty, to its Giver

A freed soul wings its way. But, which is best?
Is't life untasted? Is't from an age-bound bed,
Or *this* upon life's threshold? Portals for the dead.

See, there she lies. Disease left no impression,

No furrowed line doth on the forehead tell;
The tinge of youthful bloom yet hath possession
Upon the cheek, her lips like rubies swell;
Placid and beauteous, quick to marble sped.
But do not speak it—say she is not dead!

Nor is she dead, ah, no! 'Mid home affection,

Her voice, her presence, long shall have its
sway;

Her cultured mind, her soulful, wise selection

Of good from choice, obedient as the day;
Parental love by memory will be fed.
Our daughter, truly is not—but why call her
dead?

With myriads living past yon gates, whose splendor

To shadow throws all glories of the earth,
And in a home where love is far more tender,
She finds a welcome and a nobler birth.

Daughter of God, from trials thou hast fled;
We miss thee, but thou art not—no, thou art not
dead!

Oh, from thine absence shall our faith be brighter,
Our trust in Him who rules shall grow more
strong;
Those cords which bind two worlds shall be made
stronger,
To draw us homeward and our love prolong!
Farewell! A moment thou the way hast led,
We mourn, but Love and Truth say—*No, thou
art not dead!*

A Lover's Aspirations.

If admiration is no sin,
And love is not a crime—
To both a welcome thou shalt win,
Throughout Eternal Time.
Oh, rare-illumined angel face,
Oh, soul of thought—how sweet!
What limner's power can hope to trace,
Or Poet's song to meet?
Thine hand hath power to wake the swell
Of harmony divine;
Thy voice, conjoint, doth weave that spell
Whose warp and woof are thine.
Perfection is not far from thee,
Thou dream of Heaven above;
In thy bright presence naught can be,
Save thoughts of perfect Love.

Would that in countless human shrines
Thy graces all might glow!
That spirit which thy soul inspires,
Would Heaven create below!

Contrition.

Who should Thy praises sing, O Lord,
If Saints refuse or half respond?
Hast Thou not Knowledge great restored
Which ne'er to ages past belonged?
Thyself, Thy purpose, is revealed
In words so plain "who runs may read;"
And ignorance hath been repealed
By Thine enactment, Thine own deed!
Yet unappreciative, we,
Thy children—in tradition bred—
Too lightly prize the Truth so free,
And sleeping, dream, our souls unfed.
We need the rod! We ask, wilt Thou
Be merciful to this our state?
Do not us from Thy blessing throw,
As worthy of so direful fate!
Pardon, and prompt us by Thy grace;
Let Thy Good Spirit with us be—
By true repentance, help retrace
Our path again to life in Thee!

So that Thine Image may appear
 Where sin hath left its impress deep;
 Bid each revolving day and year,
 In all our thoughts Thy goodness keep.
 Prepared in life, in death prepared,
 For dwelling with the great and good—
 Those who of trial were not spared,
 Yet triumphed through a Savior's blood!

Worshipped and Lost.

"All their idols He shall utterly abolish."—*Isaiah 2:18.*

Worshipped and Lost! Is human need
 So full and rich as to mock at loss?
 In power or weakness may we bleed
 Beneath the weight of a rugged cross?
 Ah, wisdom more than man's decreed,
 A cultured trust in the love divine;
 "Give me thine heart!" is the word we read,
 "All else is lent, not given, as thine!"
 Homage and worship but belongs,
 To one who holds in His mighty hand,
 The key of life for uncounted throngs,
 His sons and daughters of every land.
 If wife or child, if wealth or fame,
 If self or friend is a rival found,
 The "jealous God" is a sacred name,
 He'll move that idol to lower ground.

Yet ever and e'er, who seeks His face,
Shall find that "all things" are for those,
Who brave and fearless run life's race,
And fight its battles till it shall close.

Each gift once valued, once lost or loved,
May fourfold claim in the realms above;
'Twas only taken, denied, removed,
Till soul assured, said—"God is Love!"

Memories.

'Tis only a trinket—yet, 'twas thine!
'Tis something, nothing—as thought may turn;
A trifle in value, yet a mine
More treasured than gems which sparkling burn.

"A flower perchance? A simple curl—
A colored leaflet of Autumn's woods?
An envelope stained—a speck of pearl—
Perchance a couple of dead rose-buds?

"Is't a page of note, gilt-edged of tint—
Oh, delicate as a beauty's lips,
With slight perfume, but a subtle hint
Of spicy isles and their floral tips?

"A *carte visite*—a ribbon—a book,
With page turned down to a precious word?
A ring—a sweetmeat from quiet nook
Of pic-nic times, when unseen, unheard?"

Your guessing's at fault—'tis none of these!
 A piece of money—but half a dime;
 A ring put through it, myself to please,
 To keep unspent, a memento prime!

When owned and pursed, 'twas a charm of thine—
 Oft looked at, handled, and half a prize;
 At least, it seemed to more richly shine
 As a pocket-piece to thy deep brown eyes!

Parted at last; yet many a word
 Of friendship and love—once told, believed—
 Doth linger with *one*, though no more heard,
 That music which slighted soul aggrieved.

But ever remains that silver coin,
 Unused, untarnished, yet prized as e'er,
 And broken links it will oft rejoin,
 'Till memory dies—but when, and where?

These linger long when the heart is true—
 Perhaps immortal? They are indeed!
 Time may not rivet at once when new,
 But Life Eternal hath scope we need.

Oh, loves once cherished may swell again
 'Neath Heaven's own sun and solemn rest,
 And clasped hands, severed on earth's rude plain,
 May join again 'mid the truly blest!

A Missionary's Visit.

A desolate valley, snow-covered and swept
By the wind unobstructed, of shelter bereft,
The acme of loneliness, silent and drear,
Save the coyotes sad bark on the listening ear.
Stretching far as the eye reached, a wild treeless
plain,
The other side, mountain-girt, lifted in vain,
Their peaks glistened coldly, redeeming the view,
As they rose in the sunshine, and kissed the
light blue.
No sign there of culture, of homes or of man,
Unexplored as the poles with no object to scan;
A mile or two traveled, revealed a rude cot,
Far distant, another, unfenced was the spot.
Two travelers gazed on the scene as in doubt,
Whether *this* was the place of their mission and out;
But the word went as if by electrical skill,
And that snow-covered valley to life 'gan to thrill.
From nooks unexpected, from ranches unseen,
From homes miles away, with an ardor most keen,
On horseback, in wagons, with sleds all around,
As if the dry bones resurrection had found!
Surprised at the numbers, an hungry host,
"A few loaves and fishes" was but little to boast;
But the Spirit was there and the people were fed;
They scattered, still longing for what they had
plead!

Some had been named with the Saints, had been led
Or had drifted to find new location and bread;
For years they had starved on the husks of desire,
But the Shepherd was absent, and dead was the
fire.

It was kindled anew by the servants of God;
Their love was unfeigned, and they used not the rod.
They told of the Gospel—its blessings, its life,
And taught them of unity, leaving all strife.

There gathered besides, unbelievers, who long
Had stood far aloof from religion and song;
Had prejudiced been, had forgotten the way,
Once known to their parents in earlier day.

Some scoffers, some bitter, some careless, half lost;
All precious to Him, although sin had them tossed
'Mid the turmoil of life, where, tempted, they fell,
And made this a sad foretaste, if not the real hell!

How motley, how varied, the hearts gathered there,
To list to the message the Elders declare!
Had God not been it, 'twere hopeless to gain,
And His Priesthood had quoted and argued in vain.

But the Spirit of Truth in the few who believed
Drew down that rich blessing which never deceived.
There was silence, inquiry, conviction, then joy,
And the many had lessons their lives to employ.

The good seed thus scattered, in weakness was sown;
It shall grow and bear fruit 'mid a people unknown,
And the day shall declare, to the glory of God,
That a few faithful Saints dwell on Idaho's sod.

Their homes shall be glorified, Angels shall dwell
Where solitude long had its unfettered spell,
And the songs of glad Zion shall roll o'er the hills,
As Wood River, Silver Creek, grow from the rills!

I hail that glad day, which in vision I see—
A people made wise, educated and free,
Beloved of the Heavens, a power in the land,
A grand beacon-light in the Priesthood's right hand!

Their reward for earth's toil in the mansions of bliss,
With families and friends and a Father's blest kiss,
A welcome within the Celestial gate,
A home throughout æons, a home with the great!

A Liverpool Episode.

Calmly reading, thought was busy, on a bright and winsome day—
When the clangor of the fire-bell, said, "The engine comes this way!"
How the crowd increased, and wondered where the fire was, 'mid the fray,
Till the story flew like magic, 'twas in crowded Hackings Hey!

There, in tenements as noisome as the swamps in
tropic lands,
Poverty doth hide its visage, crime its dark and
guilty hands;
Thieves there congregate in numbers, bound by
oaths in traitor bands,
And the demon drink hath victims—on each turn
its palace stands!

Motley were the hosts who, staring, saw that then
incipient fire,
Waiting for the flying engines, as they surged in
strange desire.
When toward the heavens it crackled, veterans that
no toil could tire,
Fought the flames, mid fell destruction, as they
mounted higher—higher.

Soon the roof fell in, and rocking, unsupported
walls fell down;
Hissing, flame and water meeting—all illumined
was the town.
Brain and work had done their duty, and the fire-
fiend doffed his crown;
Yet there was misgiving growing—who had suf-
fered loss so soon?

Evening papers told the story—poverty had lost
its all;
Well insured the crazy structure, wealth was
easily made whole!

Yet, within the attic story, in a bare room, poor
and small,
Hardly lived a toiler's family—far above the fire-
man's call.

When the roof and walls went downward—mother,
babes and paltry room—
After searching, found these victims, charred as
by the fires of doom!
O'er the smoke-clouds, 'yond the star-belt, through
the azure blue of noon,
Angels wafted three blest spirits. Was not this a
God-sent boon?

To the wreck all broken-hearted, one came late to
find his loss.
As he staggering 'mid the relics, found he there,
his life's great cross;
Blind and choking, cried he: "Father, was there
none my flock to save?"
There he died, a martyr surely; he and his filled
one lone grave!

Did they there exchange their hovel for a mansion
built above?
Had they not a ringing welcome where God's mercy
blossoms to love?
I know well the angels durst not take them back to
hell once more.
From the garret to a palace, tears and poverty are
o'er!

Burial at Sea.

'Twas sunset on the mighty deep,
And from the glowing west shot forth across
That dread immensity, the rays of golden sheen,
The clouds upheaved were tinged with every hue,
Meanwhile a full fresh breeze swept o'er the billows,
Crested waves arose and fell, white as driven snow,

A lonely vessel, bound for fair Columbia's soil,
Her freight was precious, earnest souls; mark how
She rides, almost a thing of life, upon her decks a
Crowd of human life in every phase; the hoary head,
The infant's prattling tongue, the pride and flush
Of life are there, how beautiful the scene, how
Sure to paint itself on memory's tablets for the
Years to come!

But yet a deep, deep feeling—sadness—broods
Around, for one hath passed away to other climes,
An arrow from Death's quiver laid her low!
Hark, 'tis the solemn sound of music, silence breaks;
It falls upon my ear in fitful strains, an anthem
Sweet, yet as it deepens with the increased blast,
Its purport speaks of Death!

The strain hath closed,
And from an Elder of the Church of Jesus Christ
The voice of prayer ascends, to Him who made
the sea,
That he would bless the solemn, trying scene to all
Around; each heart responds, and with a full Amen
Their sanction gives!

The darkness deepens,
 As from east to west, the gathering clouds roll on,
 And stifled sobs are felt as from the bulwarks glides
 A shrouded form, which, with a sullen splash
 Descends from mortal sight, to the unfathomed
 Depths of ocean there!

How soon 'tis o'er, but yet a volume
 For a life to read, and heaven-born faith itself
 Can scarcely penetrate the veil, to anticipate
 The day, when from the heavens the angel's trump
 Shall sound, to wake the slumberers in the deep,
 deep sea!

But 'twill be so; for sure
 As that frail tabernacle sunk to depths unknown,
 So sure 'twill be restored, and by the Priesthood's
 power

Refined, prepared for glory high, Celestial, Gods!
 Rest, sister, in thine ocean bed,
 Without a crumbling stone or sculptured urn of
 Man's device, the winds and waves thy requiem
 sing,
 And God himself,—thy Father, marks the spot!

Where Would I Be.

Not in the costly halls of regal splendor,
 With music floating as the mists around,
 Not though the flowing, sparkling wine cup render
 Of bliss a moment to its slave chain-bound.

Not where voluptuous pleasure reigning,
 Bids every votary at her foot-stool kneel,
 Though wreathed with flowers which every moment
 changing,
 Are real and binding as the stoutest steel.

Not where foul murder stalks abroad at noonday,
 Where prostitution is a thing of naught;
 Not where the lordling to his serf can yet say,
 Thou—as a chattel, I have sold or bought.

Not where a tyrant would deny us freedom
 To live and love the beautiful and bright;
 Not where subjected to that priestly thralldom
 Which error gives for truth, calls darkness, light.

Not where oppression and seduction bringing
 Their myriad victims to an altar bound;
 Not where survivors are their raised hands wringing,
 Joining with curses from the blood stained
 ground.

But here—in Zion—where the humblest dwelling,
 Is held to virtue and the ways of truth;
 Here, where the song of praise is ever swelling,
 From hoary age, and sinless, bounding youth.

Here, where if poor, rich we are in blessing;
 Here, where if wealthy we can truly bless;
 Here, where in bonds of truth and love caressing,
 Each loss we share in, and each wrong redress.

Here, where the mountains towering around us,
Are rare old bulwarks for our hearths and home,
Here, where Father hath with freedom crowned us,
Fled from the world, from cot or palace dome.

Here, where the Priesthood, ever with us, teaching
By precept and example things divine;
Each feeble effort to perfection reaching,
They recognize, and give another line.

Here I would dwell, nor sigh for outward pleasure,
For joys of earth, which quickly pass away,
But rest content to store that richest treasure,
Which shall endure through everlasting day.

A Tragic Incident.

'Twas raw and murky; the fog had rolled
From sea to river, then over the town,
Till day was wrapped in its thick grey fold,
And spectre-like were all things at noon.

Teams were silent and cabs but few
And firefly-like as they faced the gloom;
Men jostled each other as into view
They peered and staggered, as needing room.

A sickly glare from the marts of trade
Laid on the flags, to warn at most;
Saloons once garish, half-lit, but made
The passer-by as a skulking ghost.

In nooks and corners, which hid from view
 Odd groups of boys, by twos and threes,
 Bare-footed and grimy, sad and grave,
 As waiting the sun, or a good stiff breeze.
 Out of the gloom with a muffled sound,
 Though doubtful as to the street at first,
 'Twas a run-away, dashing and swinging round,
 Without a driver—to sight it burst.
 The lads out hurried from hiding place,
 As the wild team left the street just there
 And on to the sidewalk flew apace,
 Where the dim light 'wildered the foaming pair.
 Over the boys—who sprawled and fell—
 Then into the window with forceful crash!
 There gathered a crowd, but none could tell
 The sad effect of the mad team's dash.
 One waif had his leg, beneath him, broke,
 The face of another was bathed in blood;
 A third one lay—not a word he spoke—
 The lad was dead, as we startled stood.
 Fatherless, motherless, friendless—he
 Was yet well known to his kind around;
 "A seller of matches" he used to be—
 A stranger on earth, he a home had found.
 Sudden from earth he had sped his way;
 A pauper grave—no flowers, no stone—
 But Some One called him to Heaven above,
 And he dwells today by the great White Throne!

Truth versus Error.

Words ever are cheap, and tongues are not rare
Who seek to dress error in garments of truth;
For often its voice is unwelcome, unheard,
If rebuke or correction to age comes or youth.

Yet Truth shall endure when ages shall flee,
When waneth the sun and wasteth the sea;
Immortal it dwells in the presence of God
If its voice hath small place on earth's desolate
sod.

A few, here and there, love its calm, quiet voice,
They woo its glad spirit, they make it their
choice;
Though dungeons or death may bar life's little way,
For it they will suffer, when it speaks, they obey.

The Web of Life

What? Seventy years, three score and ten!
The flying shuttle of human life
Hath sped, its loom and warp from God,
Its filling is yours in peace or strife.

Come, look at the web, its pattern mark,
More varied than any machine can show;
There's colors enough, for a yard, or more,
The dyes of heaven when sunsets glow.

'Tis dark just here, a cloud passed by,
 Perchance 'twas death, as its shadows fell;
 Then striped and barred as if chastised
 The rod had just left its mark to tell.

Spotted and twisted, and knotted, indeed,
 Narrowed and widened, in holes oft seen:
 Oh what a weaver! A workman poor;
 Not e'en an apprentice could be so mean.

Here, flowers are strewed for a goodly space,
 'Tis flushed with bloom as if Eden grew
 On earthly sod, and its beauty broke,
 As backward or forward the shuttle flew.

A quiet piece in the fabric shows,
 There, peace and plenty most graceful stood;
 The joyous heart expressionless seemed,
 Yet God was giver, and sent you good.

Here trailing vines o'er the web is seen,
 A-clinging around the flushing stems
 Of sturdy trees, as they upward throw,
 'Mid limbs and branches, the blossom gems.

These surely are the rare gifts of God—
 The boys and girls in a figure seen,
 Reaching higher, and upward yet,
 As sun and shower glide oft between.

A swelling landscape, a picture true,
 A dream, a memory, long since past,
 Nauvoo and the prairies; mountains grand,
 And *this* blest City, for rest, at last.

Fruits are blazoned upon the web,
Fruits of Eden, or tropic lands;
Grapes of Eschol and rosy wine,
God's blessing on your industrious hands.

But yet the vision rolls out amain,
'Tis seventy years! Life's full decree;
'Tis birth, and marriage, and death and change,
Alike to you as it is to me.

We throw the shuttle in joyful haste,
Impatient youth, and unblended tint;
As life advances we try again,
But miss the pattern the Gods have lent.

And then we sorrow, would e'en lay down,
As oft the spirit points out our work;
Its sad defects, and its sordid shades,
Its fallen threads as we play and shirk.

But time rolls onward, and I from hell,
Wish you the blessings I may not share;
For ere I reach your limit of life,
My web may ravel, and "cut" declare.

Ah, God rules ever, and if our work,
Is far from perfect, we mercy crave;
May He forgive, and beyond life's tide,
We'll try again, as becomes the brave.

A better loom will be ours up there,
The dyes will glisten of costly hue;
Though white may rule, and its lustre play,
The warp and woof will be all brand new.

God bless you ever, may no regrets,
 The future shadow, or snarl your thread,
 And when the scissors shall part your web,
 May it be accepted of our Great Head.

"Dead—Dead! It Cannot be So!"

What—dead? It cannot be so! My children dead?
 Is the life-flame quenched—is the spirit fled?
 After nights of watching and days of care,
 Have our birds been caught in the fowler's snare?
 Have their eyes grown dim—is their laughter
 hushed?

Are our bright hopes laid in the silent dust?
 Will they run no more in their unchecked glee,
 Or cling in their rapture around my knee?
 Will their prattle—that music!—be heard no more
 On the sands of Time, 'mid the breakers' roar?
 This must be naught but a fevered dream!
 Or is soul dethroned, till but one sad gleam
 Flits o'er the past, with its untold bliss
 Of each sweet caress, and each ardent kiss?

What—dead? It cannot be so! My bright ones
 dead—

The wealth I counted on each fair head
 All lost, engulfed in the hours just past—
 As the ships gone down in the whirlwind's blast?
 All the love I lavished, the prayers I sent,
 With faith well winged, as each hour I bent?

Combined with the tears of the twain bereft—
The mothers, whose hearth by this cloud was
swept—

Shall faith be buried in that same tomb?
Shall God be hid by our midnight gloom?
Shall we staggering fall from this fearful blow?
With hands uplifted, we answer, No!

What—dead? It cannot be so! My darlings dead?
No! Life hath sprung from that pain-racked bed;
For the angels have charge of the dear ones now,
And their eyes are bright 'neath each snowy brow.
We have loved and lost—but have lost to win,
In the Land of Light, with the Saints shut in!
Our earthly home may be lonely now,
But the Light that's lit by the Gods can throw
Its rays far, far from the earth's rough sod
To the gardens above, to the home of God!

From Time to Eternity cables are laid,
The message swift flies which by Spirit is made
When our labor is o'er, quick as message or
dream,
The time separated a moment shall seem.
Reunited we shall with our children once more,
Just fondle and kiss them, as done oft before!
When our faith unto knowledge from light shall
have run,
As in darkness—'twill be, "Father, Thy will be
done!"

Weakness.

I would be Thine, oh Lord today,
 Wilt Thou give strength to walk Thy way?
 Thy love I ask to humbly share,
 A Father's hand, a Father's care.

Oh leave me not to darkly grope
 As blind, like one bereft of hope;
 My failing heart would trust in Thee,
 Until Thou canst at last trust me.

As through the past I mark Thy hand,
 In perils oft, by sea and land;
 I for the future trust Thy grace,
 Where'er Thy wisdom shall me place.

Lord, Thou art good, and kind, and true,
 Thy mercies every day are new;
 Bring me when earth shall fail from sight,
 Within Thy dwelling place of light.

A Russian Legend.

'Twas long before this rolling world its cycles had
 of change,
 Its grand dimensions, gaseous then, its orb of
 startling range;
 It swept afar in depths of space amid the silent
 stars,
 Where planets tell their giant course and naught
 the order jars.

'Mid azure depths the prescient eye met orbs in
every stage,
The roar and crash of fiercest flame on element did
rage;
The granite ran, and gold was fused, then hid or
formed a base
In cycles cooling 'neath the mists, for verdures
wondrous grace.

'Twas thus foundations deep were laid and coal
fields grew apace,
Through every change was stern intent providing
for our race;
As each creative act was closed and progress told
its tale,
'Twas but a record—present, past, or future's
grander scale.

Another globe hath past its birth, and in fruition
swings,
And one declines as age creeps on and death its
signal rings;
Again, through fire another tells, baptism hath
purged its stains,
And resurrection gives that change decreed before
its pains.

This speeds away, celestial law, its orbit makes
and gives
Obedient to its central sun where God the Father
lives;

He fills this with His faithful ones, His Nobles once
of earth,
He gives them heaven, He makes them Gods, a new
and higher birth.

But not of earth's the theme today, or of the kin-
dred stars,
Or of "the music of the spheres," notes, intervals
or bars;
That harmony may thrill a bard whose wing hath
higher reach,
One from the schools eternal where the ancient
masters teach.

A legend of the northern lands inspires my willing
muse,
From whence it came or how it spread old earth
hath not the news;
But secrets come to minds attuned and point a
moral strong,
And doubtless all the worlds of space can sense a
present wrong.

Man's sad experience echoes now, upon this fallen
world,
That wheré intelligence is felt and truth's flag is
unfurled;
There all degrees and passing change devotion doth
imply,
In some the virtues blend as one, some at a tangent
fly.

Thus to the legend we return, no sacrilege is
meant,
No sacred thing or name is used with thoughtless
wild intent;
Perchance a truth is here portrayed, a lesson men
may learn,
And to it in each field of life the swelling thought
may turn.

'Tis said the banquet hall was filled with all the
courtly guests,
Who in the light of heaven are found to fill its high
behests;
The Lord had summoned all His train, His high
and mighty ones,
Archangel, seraphim, and hosts of angels and of
sons.

Among the invited, welcomed, were the Virtues
great and small,
Each clad in raiment as 'twas fit, the stateliest of
them all;
"How beautiful," was said at once and quick the
echo sped
Along the corridors of gold, and pillared arch o'er-
head.

The moments passed with bliss intense (if heaven
by moments count)
Before the tables set with food and wine from
crystal fount;

The minor Virtues, most admired, for beaming from
each eye,
Were all the softer graces which above will never
die.

Yet suddenly, as if surprised, the giver of the
feast,
Who not alone the highest marks but bends to-
wards the least;
Had noted two who strangers seemed—to each ap-
peared unknown,
Though surely they for ever dwelt close by the
Ruler's throne.

With condescension, see, their Lord, advancing
with his train,
To introduce the stranger guests, and cordial make
the twain.
“Beneficence,” He said, “allow Me here to make
acquaint
Your soulful self, with ‘Gratitude,’ she should be
found a saint.”

'Tis said these Virtues coldly stared, then bowed
with frigid grace;
They strangers were, and so remained, to form, as
well as face.
This was the first time they had met, it was the
last 'tis said,
And e'er remains “Beneficence” by “Gratitude”
unfed.

Within this northern legend find, a dire, a mortal
sin,
Do good to men and far too oft the enemy comes in;
And then, resolve declares, "No more, will I the
needy seek,
An unappreciative soul, dwells there, a mortal weak.
But in those halls divine, 'tis thought, with better,
purer light,
Each soul will find at last a love, for love and truth
and right;
And if the banquet was not marred—if Father
kept His guest
Down on this fallen earth of ours 'tis wisest as
'tis best.
For all the good that's freely done a rich reward
will bring,
If not from those that blessed were, 'twill come
from Heaven's great king;
No cup of water, word of cheer, no dollar, dime,
or cent,
But to the Treasury above on interest is lent.

The Children.

When children early learn to sing
The praises of their God, their King;
They may a sure foundation lay,
Which knows no trace of earth's decay.

When children early learn to walk
In wisdom's paths and her invoke;
The building swells and grows apace
In richest beauty, highest grace.

When children hear and swift obey
Each precept of the latter day,
From base to swelling dome divine,
As temples of our God they shine.

When children learn, as manhood steals,
Each day this truth divine reveals,
They shall the capstone raise with song,
An edifice complete and strong.

Children and babes no more, but men,
Teachers 'mid Israel's Priesthood then;
Endowed with that intelligence
Which gives the God's pre-eminence.

Thus shall that kingdom come to earth,
That kingdom of Celestial birth;
Filled with both Kings and Priests to God,
The cultured children of earth's sod.

Ancient and Modern Times.

In the olden times, so the good Book saith,
When the world was in its prime;
When men with devils were possessed,
Inciting them to crime.

They sought that power by the Priesthood held,
That power their foe suppressed,
And peace from above (as the snowflakes fell)
To calm their troubled breast.

The devils enraged sought the Priesthood *then*
For a home in the herd of swine;
The boon was theirs, so the story saith,
(You can read it line for line.)
But the swine incensed, preferred death to life,
Degraded, a devil's slave,—
They rushed as one down the steep incline,
And sank 'neath the foaming wave.

But the world grows old (so the legend runs,)
And men in its dotage share;
Without the devils they cannot rest,
Or life with contentment bear;
So they cherish them now in their heart of hearts,
How fallen fellow men!
And here we find that a legion dwells,
And there from one to ten.

There's room to learn from the herd of swine,
A lesson for you and me;
We can each resolve, come life or death,
From devils we will be free!
The Priesthood's power as in days of yore,
Is restored, our race to bless,
And all may share that power in time,
And Eternal Life possess!

A Thousand Years One Day.

When in Eternity we dwelt, and had our primal
home,
We counted as the angels do—and Father willed
it so.
A thousand years of earthly time are but One over
there;
Perhaps we called it time e'en then, if we could
only know?
A thousand queries spring at once, and ponderous
comes the force—
Was that a land of glory then, and did we know
the King?
Why, were we not His children then, had friends,
and lovely homes,
'Mid gardens fair and fountains grand, and
music's gladsome ring?
Were there not schools of every grade, and all the
soul could wish,
To cultivate, and wisdom gain among angelic
throngs?
Had we not friendships, love divine, free from all
earthly stain—
Nay, did we not with rapture thrill and sing
Celestial songs?
For earthly ills and sickness found no place 'neath
His control,
Grim Death had not invaded those blest circles
pure and good!

'Twas bliss and light and innocence, untested yet,
'tis true—

Earth's blunders, sins and trials were by us not
understood.

Perchance we heard or knew of those who destined
were for earth,

Ere its foundations first were laid, when all its
face was void;

Knew Adam, Eve, and hosts who left to here a
mission fill,

Or aided those who left us, or preparing were
employed.

Or, maybe, we were found 'mid those who met to
greet again

A soul, returning from that trip, to all a glorious
boon;

As guests we sat, or tables set, or waited in our
pride,

And wondered why some tarried long, or some
returned so soon.

This was by Wisdom all arranged—none scrambled,
laughed, or cried;

For peace, obedience, order, rules in all that
vast domain,

And going, coming, is the rule, till all for earth
have formed—

For good or ill, or bliss or woe, a body they may
claim.

On lines of progress each one moves—as he the
 Truth may love,
 Beneath the darkness, sins of earth, in their most
 testing spell!

The stay is short, though much it seems, from
 cloud and moving Sun.

Earth's longest span—one hundred years—
 Celestial time doth tell,—

Two fleeting hours and half at most—oh, brief, oh
 passing strange!—

As when two neighbors visit in the quiet after-
 noon;

When past, 'tis like a dream made up, of fact or
 fancy's whim,

Yet fraught with life or death to all, so long and
 yet so soon.

And which the oldest, no one asks, in all those
 realms afar,

Though here 'tis on our tongue full oft, we
 judge by what we see;

Here gray hairs tell, here youthful bliss, are tests
 by mortals used,

Yet no ways fix the spirit-age in God's eternity!

E'en sex eternal is—no change in all that mighty
 round,

For man is man, and woman will for ever wear
 their crown;

The latter, in Celestial orbs, are as the sands in
count,
For in all glories less than this, they must be near
unknown!

And so, life's record we turn down—a glimpse is
all we have;

Yet His revealing makes it plain, if we would
wait and think.

Amid this crowding, bustling life, list to the
Prophet's voice—

“As man is now, so He once stood” upon an
earth's rude brink.

“As He is now, so may man be,” if he but over-
come—

A King and Priest to God for e'er, joint-heir with
Christ the Lord,

To rule his own and given ones, if worthy of that
crown;

A Lord 'mid Lords, a King 'mid Kings, one hon-
ored and adored!

Mysterious, true, this stirring thought, of prog-
ress multiplied;

When, where this glorious destined end? “A
thousand years a day,”

And vast Eternities to win, this Crown and Throne
is given,

Yet all who have and love the Truth have found
“The King's Highway!”

My Unexpected Friend.

Distant, though near when music of thy greeting
 Falls on mine ear, inspiring as it rings;
 Unsatisfied if chance prevent a meeting,
 Until dispelled by stress of other things.

Alike in taste, alike in aspiration,
 And yet distinct enough for mental interchange,
 Because of age, experience or association,
 As known alone through less or wider range.

A subtle something tells that each can feel transi-
 tion,

As here and there expression freely flows;
 A certain something whispers both have mission—
 Have individual spheres which neither knows.

But drifting onward, upward, all uncompre-
 hended,

Save through philosophy but half revealed;
 All human lore is e'er by this transcended,
 For loftiest purpose never is repealed.

The was, the is, the will-be, God provided,
 And kindred thought may kinship mean supernal;
 Who asks, or knows, or doubts, that method ruling?
 To fill its purpose cycles move eternal.

Full many a dream is memory, sleeping, waking—
 A rifted cloud, a curtained glimpse, a vision;
 In weakness, strength, to save from that for-
 saking

Which mars, prevents, destroys Allwise provision.

So, soul meets soul—no why or wherefore giving,
Save interchange, which makes two, one for ever,
Howe'er by custom, circumstances parted;
These are but transient—time can best dis sever.

Yet, where High wisdom marks this loving leaning,
It points the path by which such hearts are
blended;

So that which men and time call folly, blindly,
Will welded by the Gods be, all unended

True love waits often sadly for the lifting
Of that dense curtain hanging o'er today,
Assured that "like will cleave to like," eternal,
As is decreed by Nature in its final sway.

"When all our dreams come true," the Poet wrote,
"Eternal fitness" will be found to reign—
Shadows will be the substance, dreams the real;
Souls kindred, only separate to meet again.

What I Would!

I'd have my Sons as true as steel
In every work of God and Right;
I'd have them brave, and truly feel
As soldiers in the fiercest fight.

I'd have them worthy sons of toil,
Creative, as with skillful hand;
Redeemers of earth's sacred soil,
By cultured head and duty's wand.

I'd have them fathers of a flock—
 As proud of numbers as of skill;
 And many wives, though some 'twould shock,
 To rule with kind but royal will.

I'd have them train this kingdom small
 With words and wisdom, all divine,
 A nucleus, aiming to enthrall
 Increasing hosts, by Truth to shine.

I'd have the whole in touch with Heaven,
 And lit by its Celestial fire;
 Beyond the power of any leaven
 To urge one thought or mean desire.

I'd humbly ask the King of Kings
 To grant *this* prayer as He sees best;
 I then would fold life's weary wings,
 And lay my burthen down, to rest.

I'd soar to loftier spheres in peace,
 And deem earth's labors all well done—
 Though Love's glad effort ne'er should cease
 Till all basked 'neath yon brighter Sun!

I'd join with them that stirring song,
The victors' song, whose surge and swell
 Eternities should help prolong,
 With myriad-voiced united spell.

I'd have my Girls as pure, and sweet,
 And innocent, as flowers of Spring;
 Of open hand and ready feet,
 To bless the lowliest suffering thing.

I'd have them as the light of home,
Its sun, its warmth, its richest bliss;
A power for good whene'er they roam,
And welcomed back with loving kiss.

I'd have them learn to "keep the nest,"
Where industry should have its sway—
A spotless Heaven of peace and rest,
With opening morn and close of day.

I'd have them win with loving deed
A *Man of Soul* and helpful thought;
I'd have each one a wife indeed—
A treasure by earth's gold unbought!

I'd have them taste of mother-love,
While dandling on the restless knee;
I'd have the rolling years to prove
Their boys and girls, all they should be.

I'd have them increase, have them spread,
And everywhere that welcome find
Which cultured souls have earned, as led
When virtues dwelt in them refined.

I'd have them live so they'd be missed
From out the harvest-field of life,
When to His garner God should list
To gather ripened grain so rife.

I'd have them welcomed 'yond the stars,
Within the Palace of our King,
Its gates should ope their golden bars,
And Victory's anthems 'round them ring!

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